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VACATION SEX
You won't come home without it p.122

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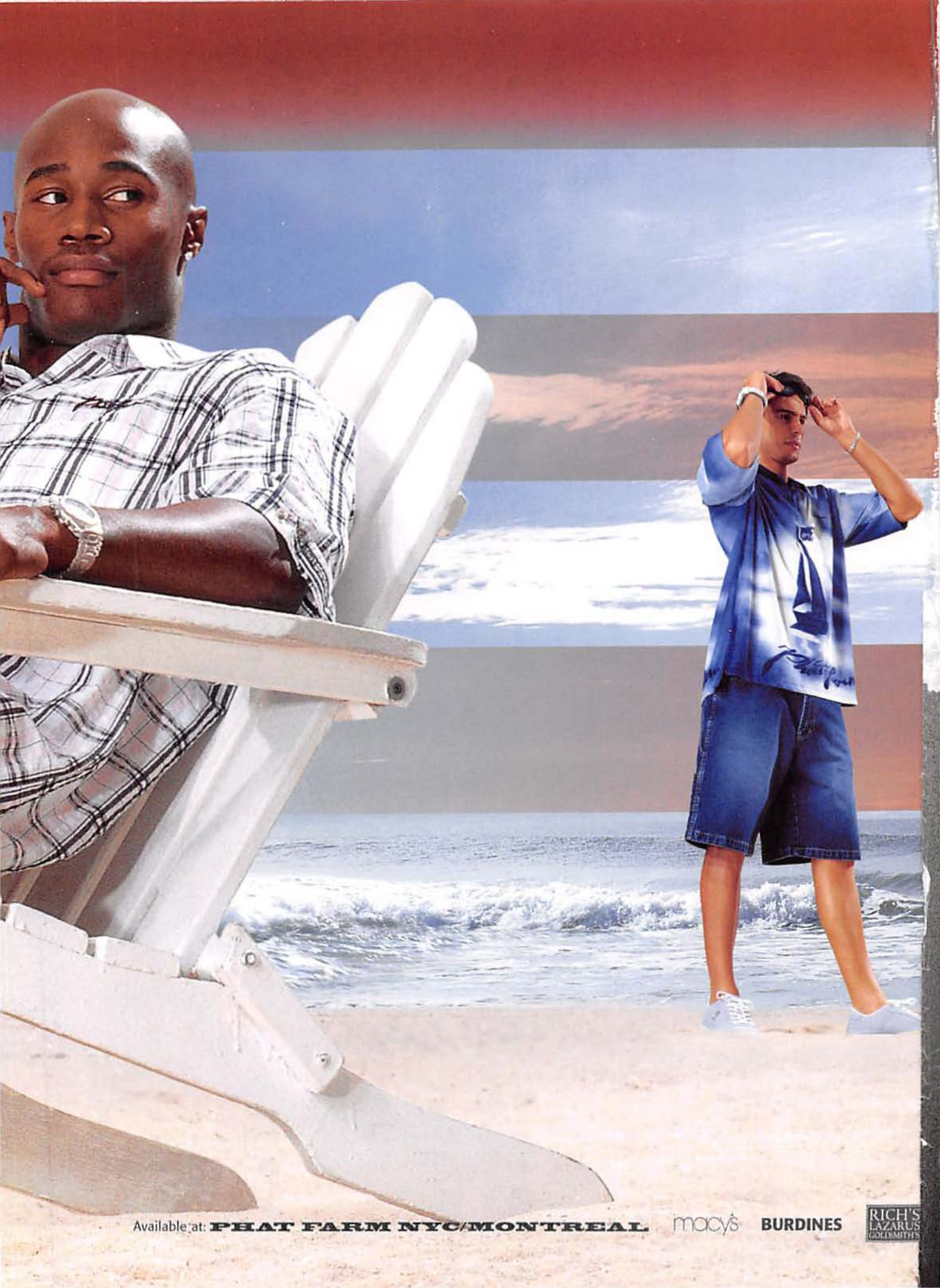
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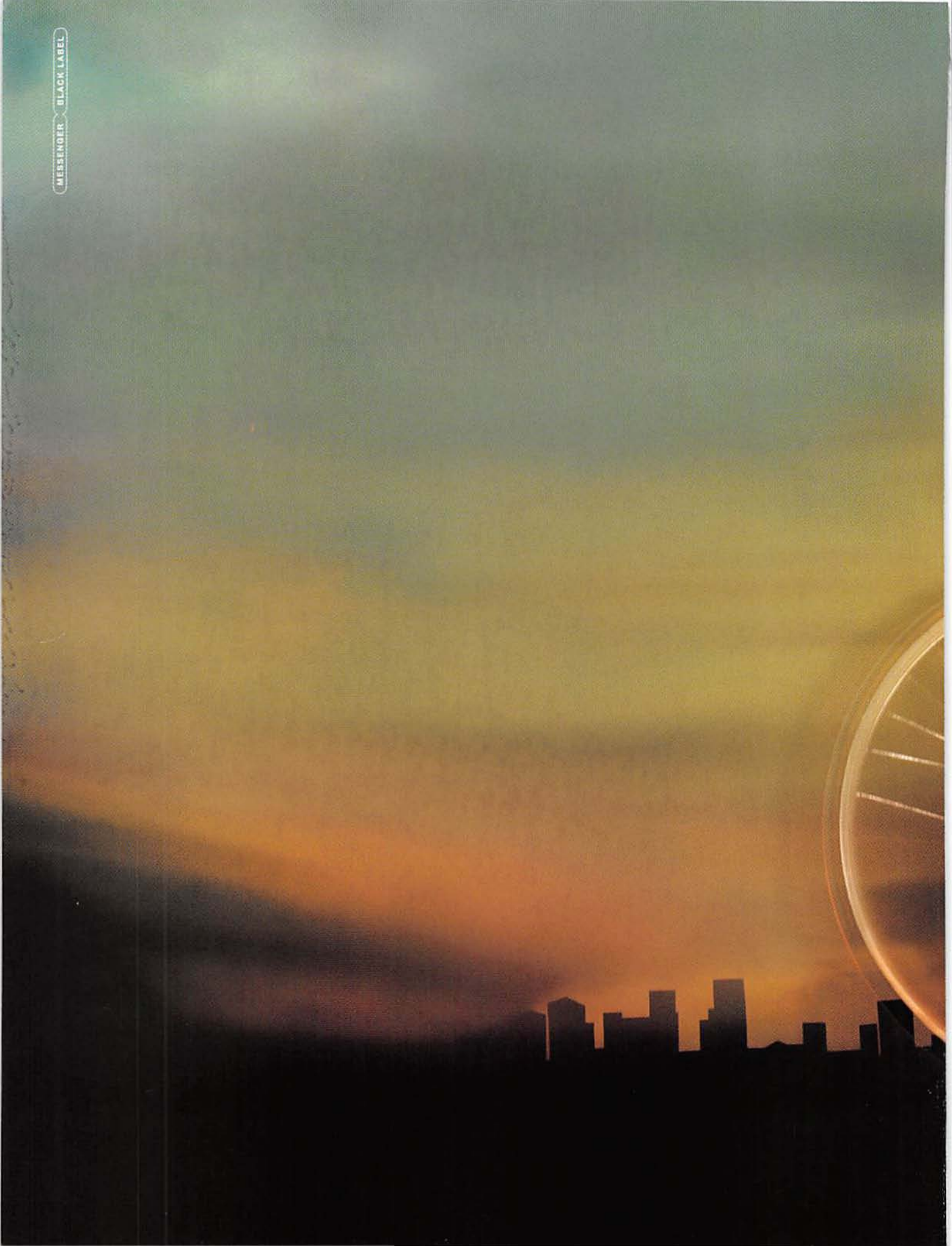
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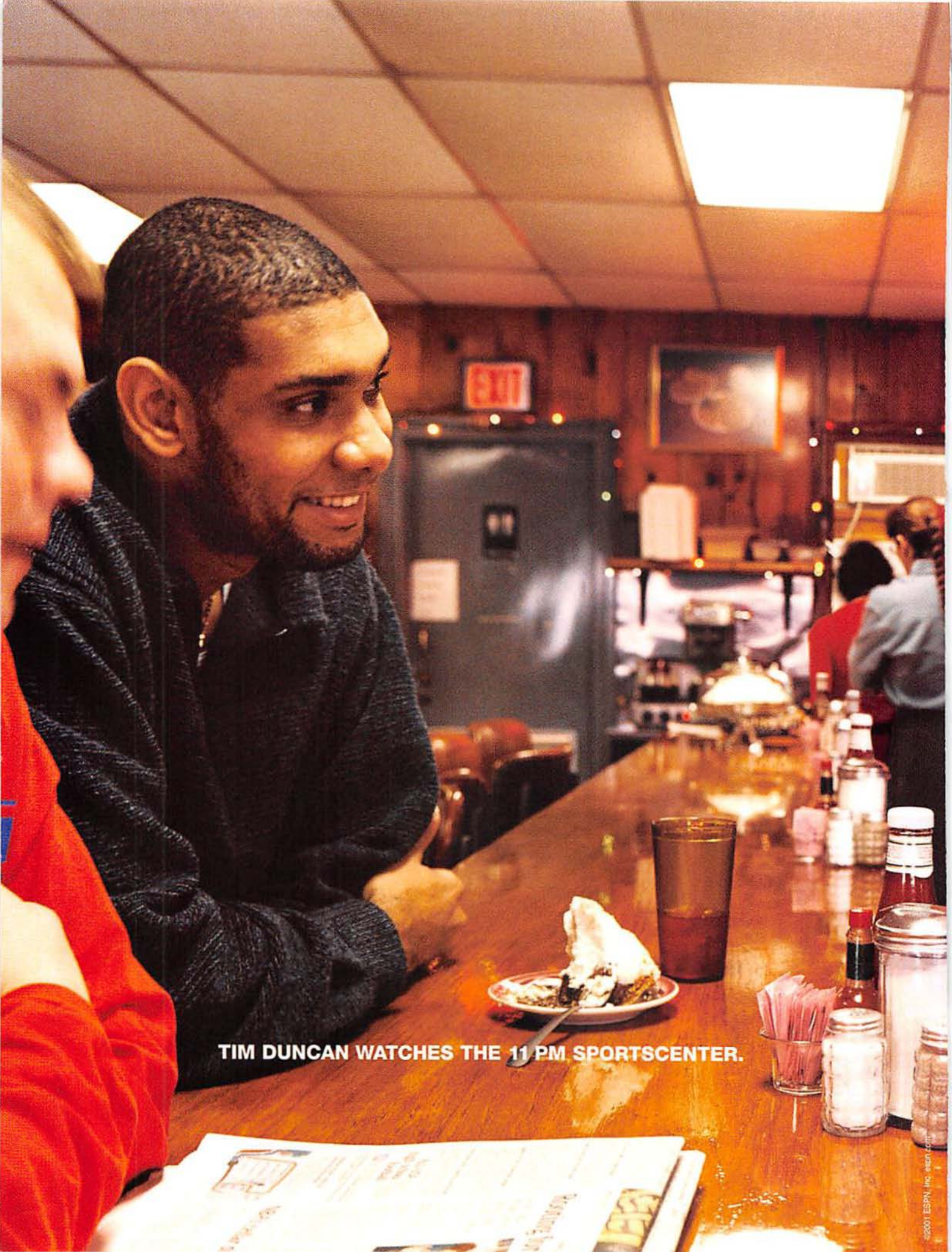
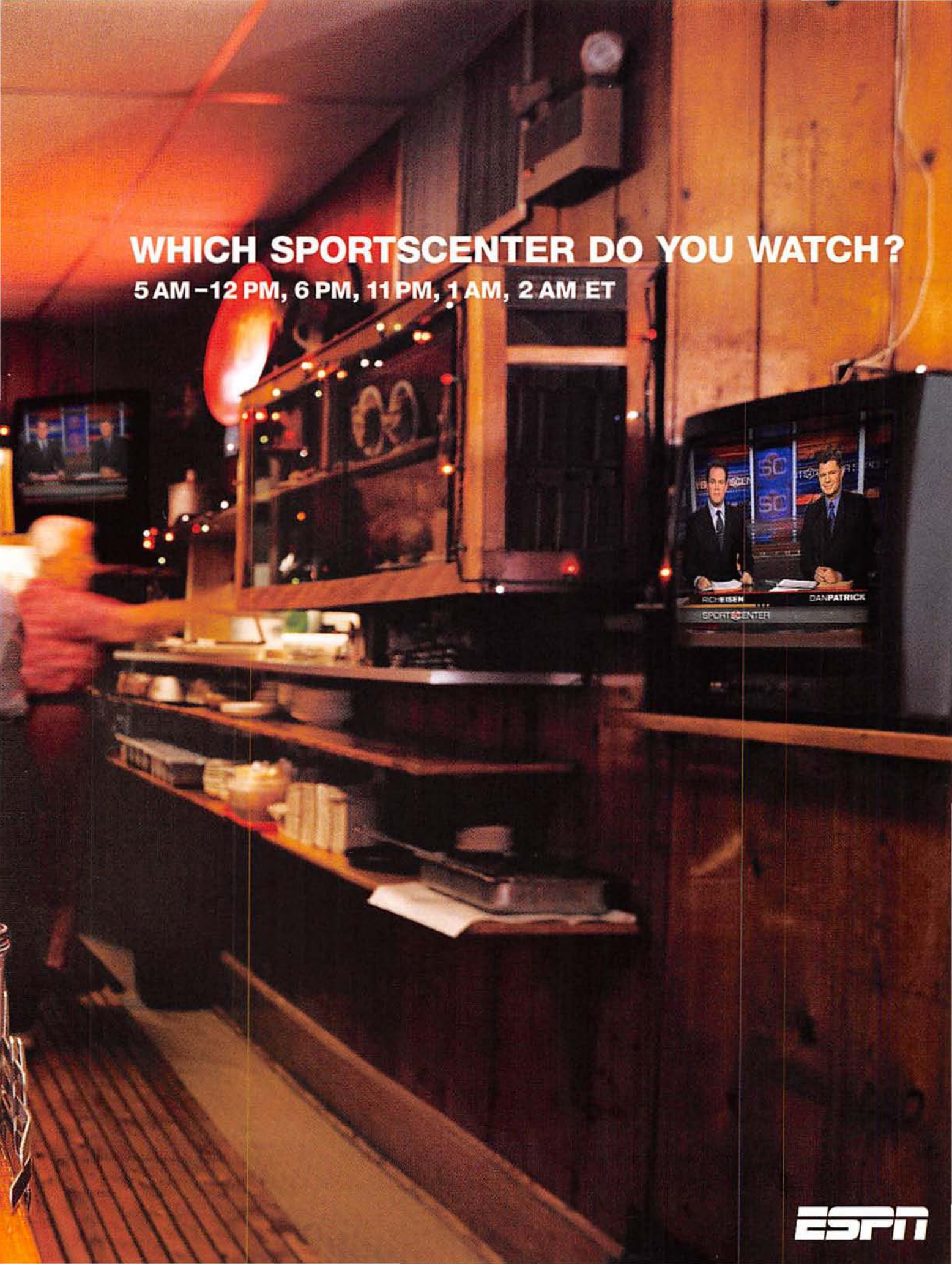

EXIT
TIM DUNCAN WATCHES THE 11 PM SPORTSCENTER.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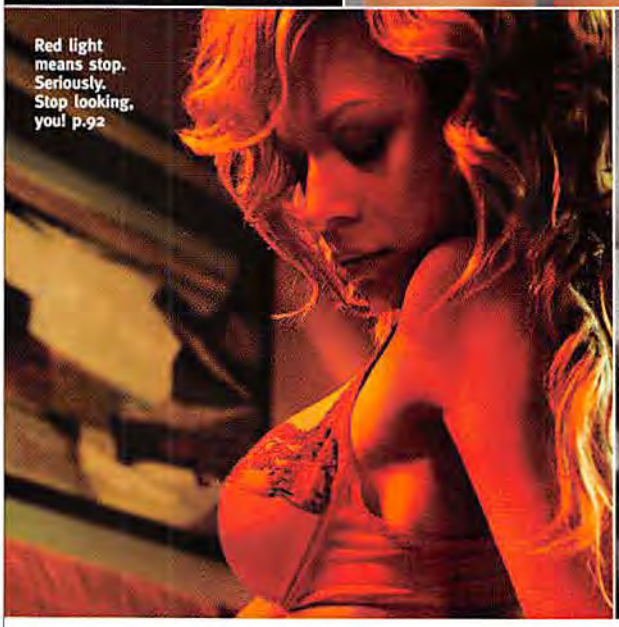
Bulldog stripped of dignity, p.108

They're real; she's fake, p.114

The Clash need cash...immediately, p.76

Whose child? Destiny's Child, fool! p.82



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He's watching *Just Shoot Me*, p.102

Stuff

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Albums you won't find on any self-important VH1 or *Rolling Stone* roundup. Buy one today and the proceeds will be used to help a former rock star feed his crack habit.

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The sexiest trio on earth agrees to go out with us, provided we get them home by 12...noon.

88 Michal the Magnificent

Her name comes from the Bible. But that's the only thing holy about her.

92 Fine Crystal

Crystal Sierra: The hottest thing in Latin since *e pluribus unum*.

98 Chicks with Hot Licks

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102 Can This Man Save The Blues?

He once killed a man with a gun. Now armed only with a guitar, R.L. Burnside gives new life to the blues.

108 Mercenaries Among Us

Give a guy a weapon and cash, and what do you get? Your neighbor, if you're not too lucky.

114 Plug In, Get Off

Robot sex will short your circuits and put circuits in your shorts.

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Thirteen-thousand readers tell you where to get it—all while earning sky miles.

130 The Worst Decisions Ever

Our salute to New Coke and other strolls down the dark path of stupidity.

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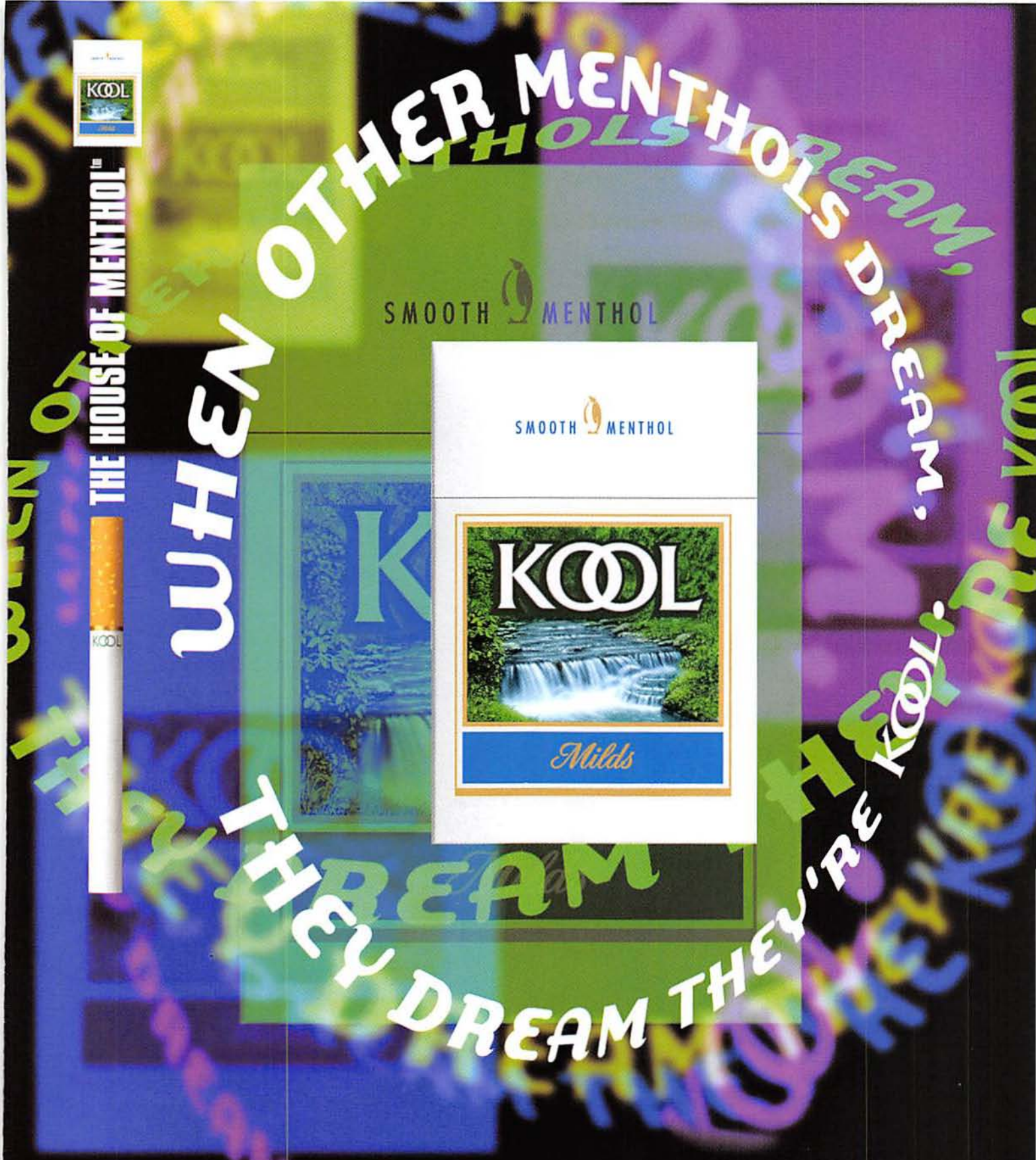
On the Cover

Destiny's Child

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL BIONDO.

STYLING BY KELLY RAE. HAIR BY TINA KNOWLES. MAKEUP BY SAM FINE FOR FINE BEAUTY. PROP STYLING BY ARIANNA SALVATO FOR BERNSTEIN & ANDRIULLI.



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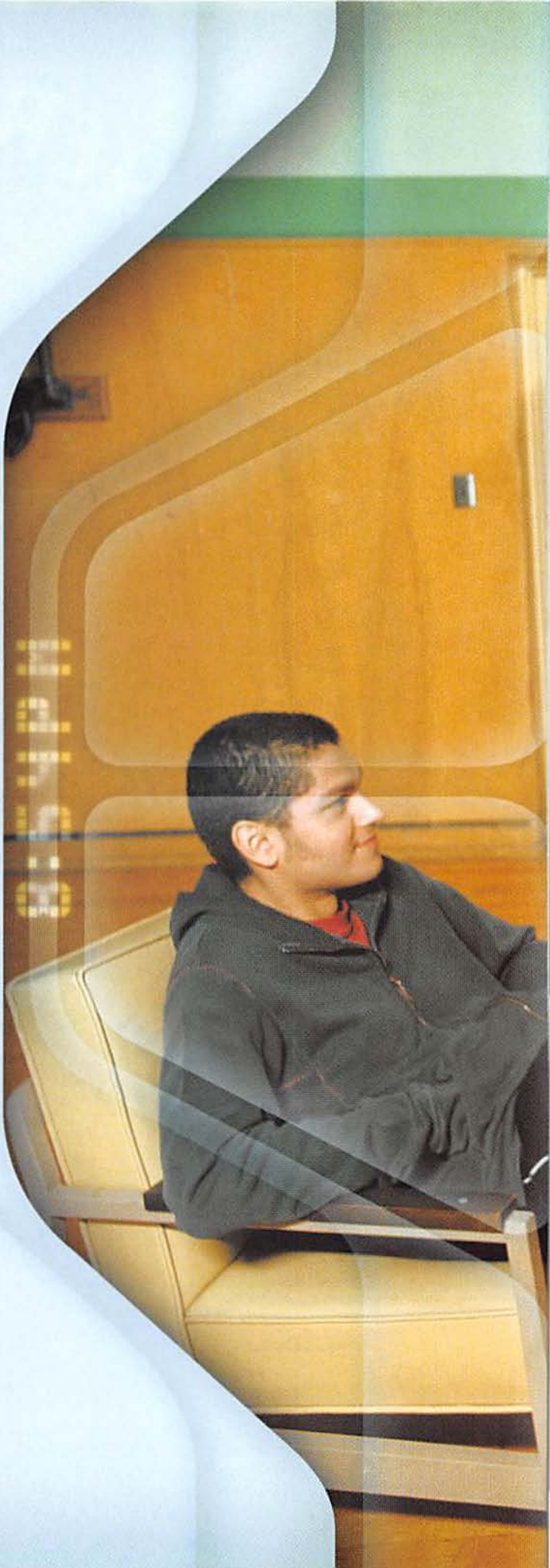
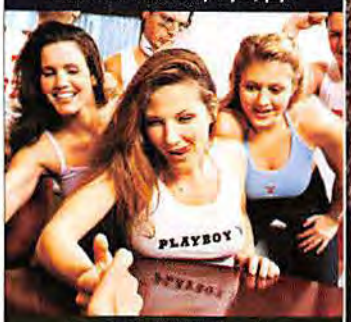


EXIT

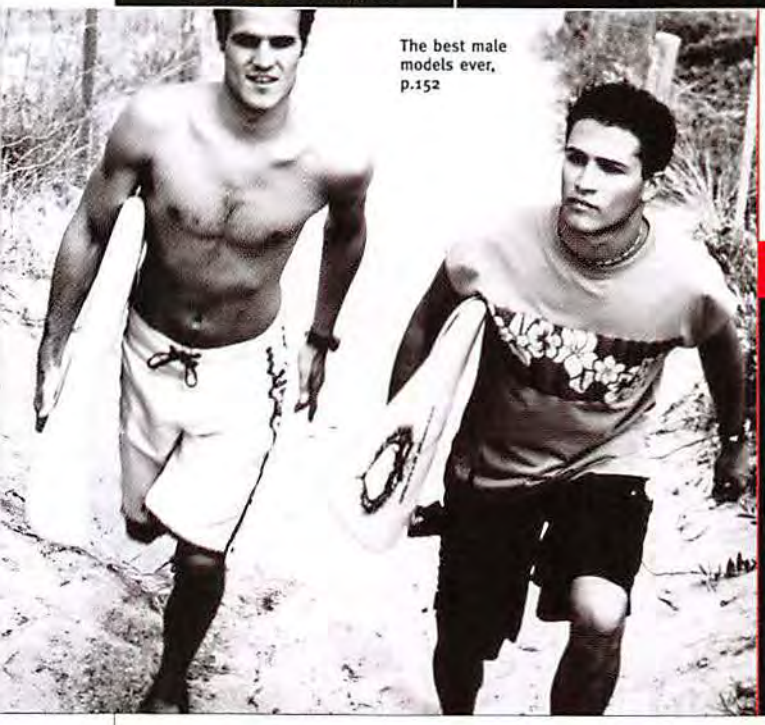
Antichrist or just snappy dresser? p.50

Break falls with old people, p.70



Low-tech table buffers, p.60

Blond, strong and down to get the friction on. She is, right? All right, I guess we can't confirm that, p.122



The best male models ever, p.152

Do you know what this is? Neither do we. Lets go to page 46 and find out!

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Our literacy campaign continues.

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Extreme bedroom maneuvers. Nipple clamps sold separately.

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Motorcycles, wine and recliners: Take them one at a time.

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Talk like a pimp, make alligator shoes and learn about Chee-tos.

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Easy to use...No nails, no glue, no hassle.

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158 Rawhide!
The best meat by-products that money can buy.

164 Snappy Shoes
We've got your toes covered.

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Music to Our Ears

You know what happens every April? Editors all around the world don their aren't-we-clever hats and come up with a fake story to run in their magazines, just to fool the reader. It's usually about how to eat tofu, or why you should buy a $3,000 suit, or how you can go to school to learn to be a race-car driver, or maybe even how hot and interesting Tiffani-Amber Thiessen is.

April fools! Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha, ha. Aren't they clever? Aren't they funny?! Look how they put one over on their readers. I bet they all get big laughs at the bars, punching one another's shoulders, saying, "Great one, Art!" and "Spot on, Graydon, you devil!"

We don't do that here. Because April isn't a funny month for us. No. It's not even remotely humorous. It's a dark, cruel, ugly scab of a month. In fact, we can't wait to pick it off and get on with May....Now there's a month! Full of promise! Full of days! More than four full weeks in every issue!

But April? For us, April is all about hate.

Naturally, at *Stuff* we love many things, or we wouldn't have these cute orphans here giving us sponge baths. But we reserve our deepest emotions for the things that we hate. What do we hate most?

Rock critics. Those smelly perma-grad students with their shitball shoes suck all the joy out of music. Really, have you ever read a review in *Rolling Stone* and actually understood it? There are morons *half a century old* writing about rock 'n' roll over there! Frankly, without that terribly original rating system of theirs, I'd be lost.

That's why we decided to do a special music issue for April. We decided to wrestle from the jaundiced arms of those whiny little cretins the turf that they have abused for too long. So we offer, as a result, a sensible filter for what's worth listening to in the world around you. Check out "Stick These in Your Ear" (p.76), a straightforward list of records that critics overlook because they're too busy trying to pick up bike messengers.

Meanwhile, I *love* vacuum cleaners. I mean, I *really* love vacuum cleaners! I confess, ever since I was but a boy, I've been fascinated by those machines that suck up dirt into their proud little pouches. Am I alone in this chat room, people? Have I said too much? Hey, where are you going?

Anyway, this leads me to our groundbreaking feature, "Robot Sex: It's Closer Than You Think" (p.114). In it, you'll see just how close we have come to creating the perfect sex partner—which, I think, is a cross between a Hoover upright and a Hooters waitress. With a few extra inputs and a lot less back talk. But I undress...I mean digress. Oh, come here, you little Dirt Devil. Suck this.

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ANOTHER PHONE MESSAGE FROM MY MOM

"Hi. Just got the issue. The colors are pretty. I'm getting old. It's a little over my head. The stickers are cute. The ones you wear on your fingers. I'll wear one. Has the print gotten smaller? Do other people have a hard time reading that? That's a nice picture of me. Does it say something on it? Imp's son-in-law liked it. Duane... something. Lives in Belmont. Can't remember his last name. So, how are you feeling?"

ATTENTION, FAT PEOPLE

The other day someone said I looked like Richard Grieco. But fatter. That gave me an idea. Do you—or someone you know—look like a celebrity...except 100 pounds heavier? Send us pictures. Like, now. Or we will hunt you down and kill you like the pig that you are.

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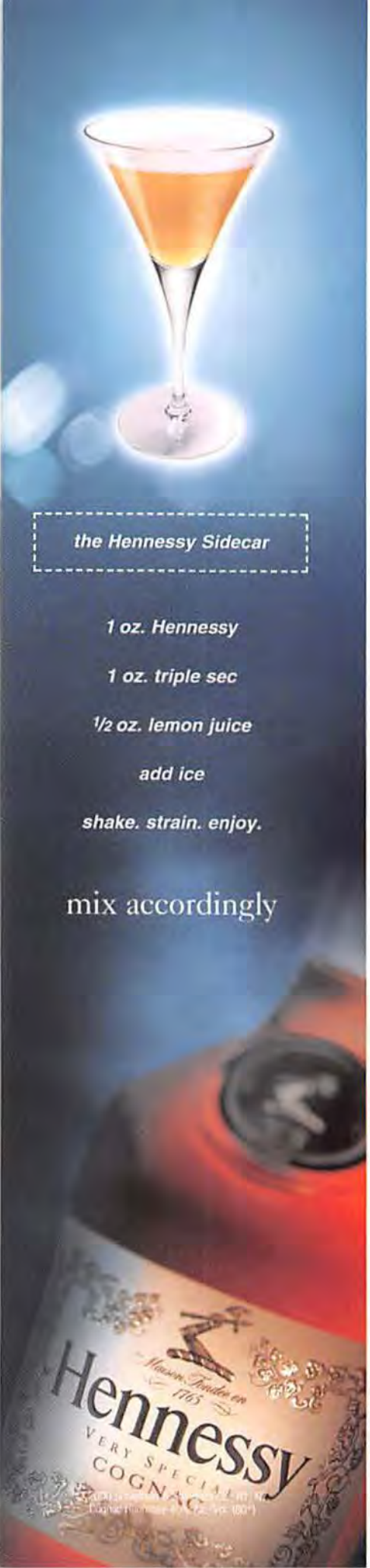

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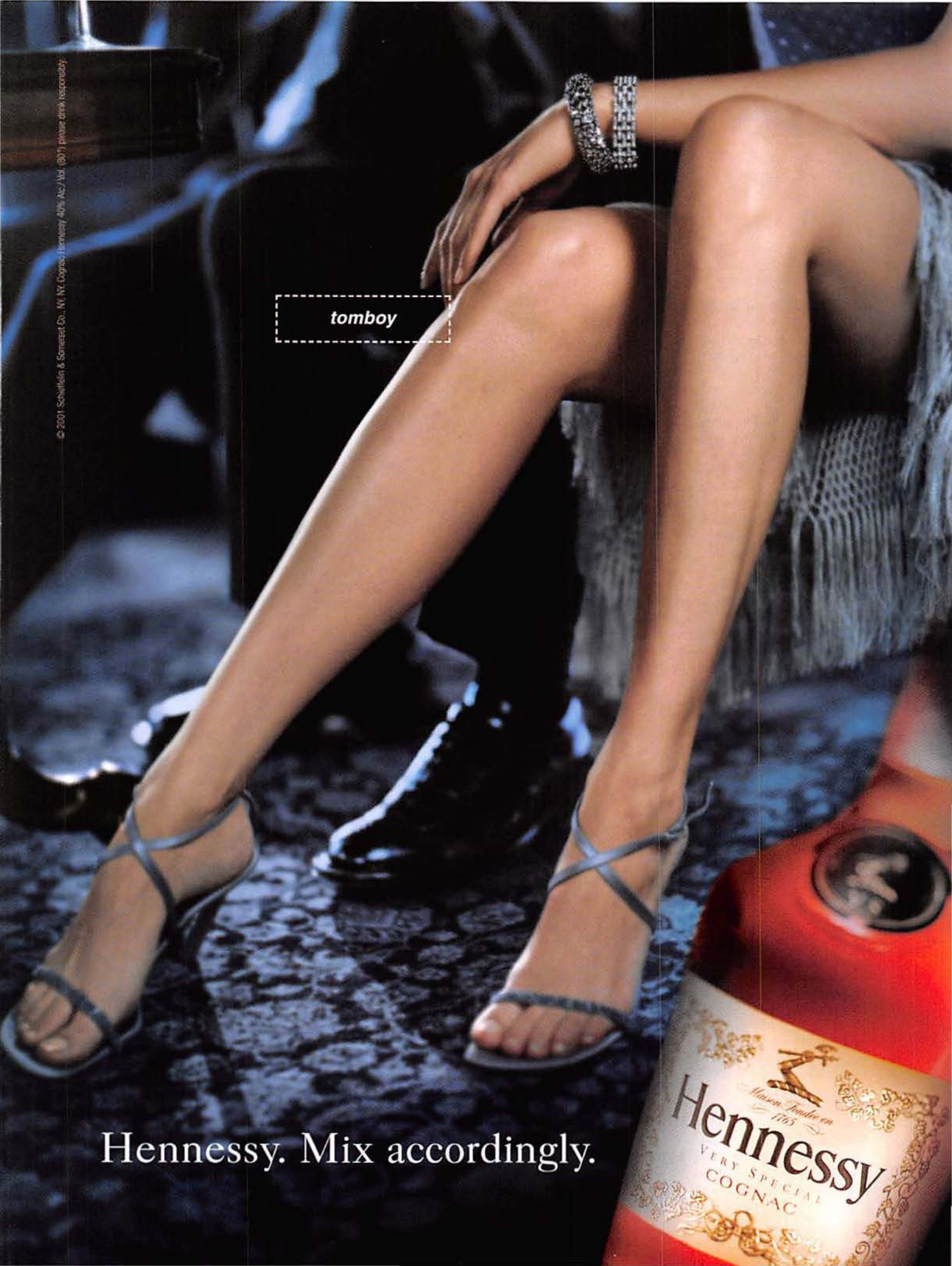

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It's Your Call

But it's our cell, so make it quick and make it funny.

We would kill for a body like that. Did we say "would"? We meant "often"

Something special in the air

While flying American Airlines recently, I took out the February issue of *Stuff*. I was about halfway through it when a male flight attendant confronted me. Pointing to the cover of the magazine, which featured a sexy yet tasteful shot of Amanda Detmer, he informed me that I was reading "offensive material." I was told that I had to either put it away, or he would take it away. Well, I've learned my lesson, Mr. Flight Attendant, sir. From now on, I'll fly Delta.

—Andrew G., via e-mail

Andrew, what the hell was he going to do—toss you off the plane? Try having a little backbone next time. After all, you're talking about a *male flight attendant* here.

The revenge of reruns

In your Babes of Yore No. 14, you presented the highlights of Tawny Kitaen's glamorous career. But you forgot one: She also starred in a short-lived TV show called *The New WKRP in Cincinnati*. Don't ask me why I know this—it's sad enough that I even brought it up. But still not as sad as *The New WKRP in Cincinnati*.

—James T., Alberta, Canada

You're right—we missed it. She's doing much better now that she's Chris Kattan on *Saturday Night Live*. But she's much creepier. The operation took a lot out of her.

Bacon bits

In the February issue, you have a name-this-pig contest. You say to go to the Web site to enter a name. I went there, and I couldn't find anything about a goddamn pig-name fuckin' contest. What the fuck! I love your fuckin' magazine and the Web site, but what is this? Trickery! Goddamn it! I want to name the goddamn pig! Please let me know how before it's too late. I love that damn pig, and I deserve a fuckin' chance. I have what I feel is a good name, and I feel very tricked!

—Petedamighty, via e-mail

Speaking of pigs: You know what makes us feel better when we're feeling tricked, Pete? Rolling around in our own filth. Remember, you need a computer to access our Web site (www.stuffmagazine.com). Try again.

CD or not CD

I was just reading through the February issue [Family Tree] and noticed that the picture you used for Ministry's *The Land of Rape and Honey* was incorrect. The CD cover you used was from *The Mind Is a Terrible Thing to Taste*.

—Jdelamat, via e-mail

OK...but where are you going with this?

Brothers in arms and pantsuits

I just read your article "Ask the Hawks" in the February issue. When you asked John which uniform gets the most girls, I can't believe he said the Marines. Marines scare the girls away with their corny haircuts and ugly green uniforms. The coolest military uniform goes to the Navy. There is just something about that uniform that women cannot resist. I know, because I am in the Navy and never have trouble gettin' the girls. If all four service members walked into a bar in their dress uniforms, not only would the sailor win the fight, but he would also win the girl!

—B. Tyler Luedke, USN

We didn't ask, so please stop telling

I'm writing in regards to what that bonehead Army guy said in the February issue ▷▷▷

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Letter of the Month

Thank you for that article on the mountain climbers and their frostbite, "Jack Frost Kicked My Ass," in the October issue. I teach high school English in the South Bronx. I used your story in class after we finished reading "To Build a Fire" by Jack London. My students were fascinated by the pictures of frostbite. I love *Stuff*, but I never thought that I could use the magazine for educational purposes! You guys never fail to surprise me!

–Kelli Anderson, Bronx, N.Y.

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That Time of the Month

Some cheese with this whine

You've got the best mag on the racks, but you need to step away from the bong before Felix Dennis goes postal. First off, Greg Gutfeld better justify why he has taken away the You Go, Girl page and replaced it with pictures of his doll collection. There's also been a decrease in butt shots and nipple sightings in the pictorials. Does Gutfeld have an aversion to exquisite female nudity? And no one consulted me on the format deviation even though I have a viable interest in these matters. Don't you know that my input is indispensable? You can make it up to me by sending me some of the unprintable pics from your Alyssa Milano photo session.

–Brent Andre Parris, Anniston, Ala.

Hey, we sent you the page proofs and all you did was make the *O*'s into little breasts. Also, there is no such thing as an unprintable photo of Alyssa Milano. Oh, and is Brent Andre your real name, or is that just your out name?

[Letters], that the Air Force is full of pussies. Maybe you should've asked him what he does during peacetime. I guarantee you it involves a mop of some sort and more than likely the peeling of potatoes. The Air Force may not be the toughest, but then again I have seen drunk Marines dancing in unison to Ricky Martin. I've also seen Navy guys dancing with each other holding those fucking annoying glowsticks. So, in short, if you want to call me a pussy, come knock on my door and do so. We can talk about it over a cup of tea.

—Paul DuChateau, Kadena Air Force Base, Japan

OK, OK. Break it up you guys. You're both way off-base. The uniforms that we like are the ones with the little plaid skirts and the kneesocks. Which army's that?

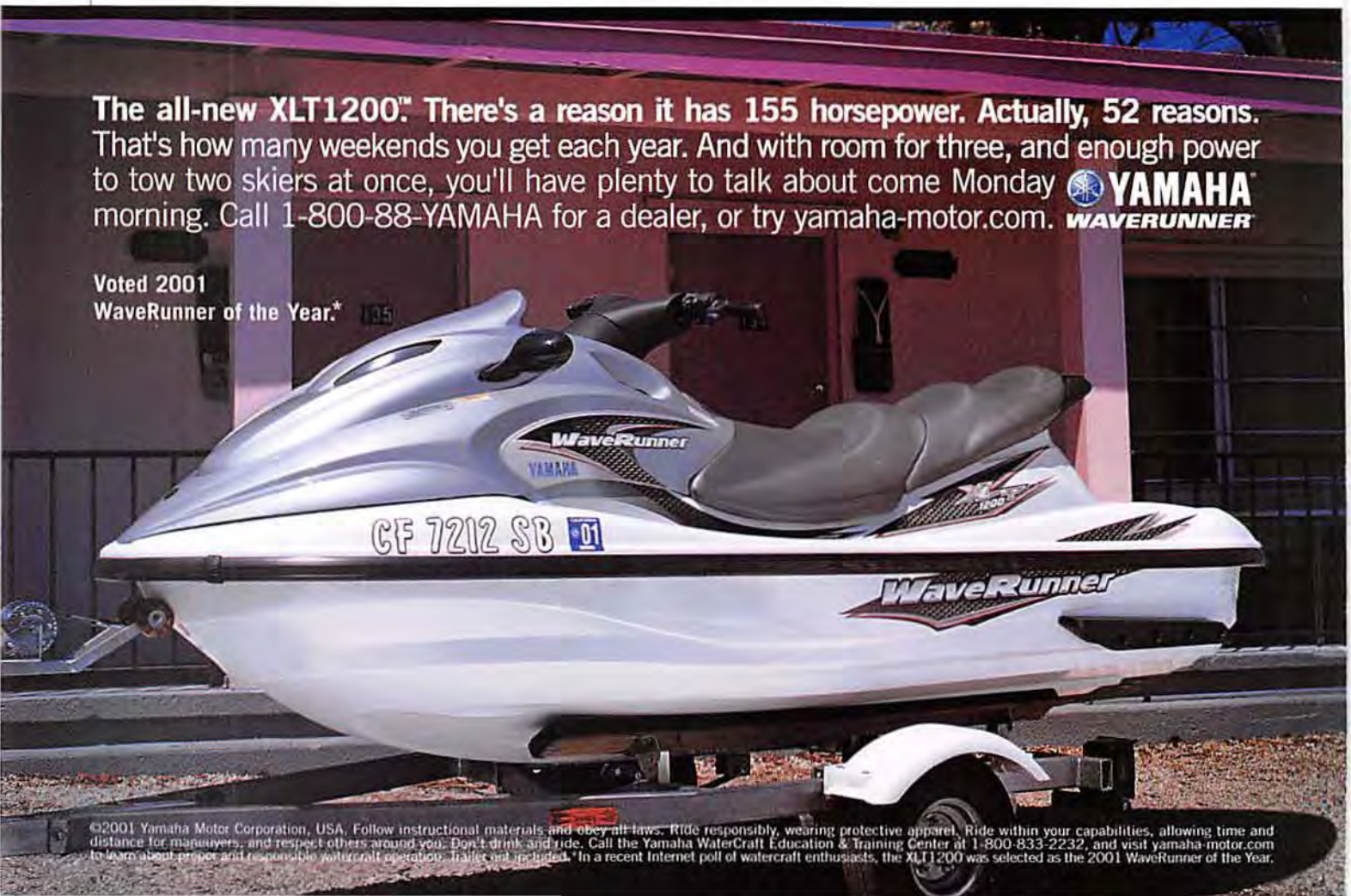
Inexplicable Bitterness

I always anticipate the arrival of the latest *Stuff*, but the February issue shot off a flare. An interview with Andy Dick? Come on. You should have ended the interview with his first comment about being "inconsequential." Then there's an interview with Vinnie Jones, who until this article I just assumed was a pretty cool actor—now I find out he was a soccer player! A soccer-field enforcer? Isn't that pretty similar to being a brave French soldier? As for his scary off-field behavior, I offer up a couple of American sports heroes who, by the way, were never considered enforcers: O.J. and Rae Carruth. Vinnie suddenly sounds as feminine as a pasty, rotten-toothed English soccer player, doesn't he? If you must interview another soccer player again, please change the response from football to soccer or "the boring-assed game that is totally irrelevant outside of non-English speaking countries" (England doesn't speak English—go see *Snatch*).

—Ryan Haack, Beaverton, Ore.

Ryan, we can't get into your head and figure out why you're such an angry man. At least not until we catch you off guard and crack your head open with a ten pound sledgehammer. Thanks for writing!

Photography (Rat Bear) Damien Donck.



Catfight!

Oh, I am bitter! Bitter, I say! Harmony? Some ho named Harmony (who, might I add, is a 23-year-old *freshman*) gets a half-page in the February issue and gets to go ho-in' in her picture! I wanted to go ho-in'! They wouldn't let me go ho-in'. That ain't right. Baby, don't hurt me like that. That I'm miffed I didn't get to show my twins in a national magazine probably says something about my character... or lack thereof. Well, what do you want from me—I go to an Ivy League university.

—*Noelle, inaugural Women's Studies applicant*

Who are these twins, Noelle, and what are their names? Are they identical? And can you ask them to stop by the office, say, six-ish?

Girl interrupted

Hey there, you dirty little cock-toting creatures! My name's Tiffany, and I'm a 19-year-old phone-sex operator/feminist/bitch. I was in my office the other day, working hard as usual, moaning and groaning to my heart's content, when I found your magazine on our shelf. I took one glance at it and was thinking, *OK, this has to be like* Details, *but for guys who read up on which cologne is gonna make that ho at the bar blow them*. But to my cynical surprise, all of your articles are well written, quirky, semi-intelligent, fucking hilarious and fabulously trashy! I have to say, it does have that totally guy-oriented piggishness about it, but you somehow make it appealing. I ended up reading the entire thing and definitely enjoyed it a hell of a lot more than I hated it.

—*Tiffy, Cleveland*

Hey, Jeff, it's really good to hear everything's going well.

Off to kill the wizard

What's up with your Wizard of Odds column? Thanks to your Lions vs. Patriots pick in the December issue, I lost $50. I know nothing of sports and figured that I'd take your advice to win a little cash since I'm in prison and money is hard to come by. Losing that money has made my life here that much more miserable. Thanks. Also, why did you give some guy a $1,500 bike just for watching someone get stabbed in the eye? I stabbed someone in his chest and split another guy's head with a baseball bat. What are you giving me?

—*Alfonso D., Greene Correctional Facility*

Five more years.

Corrections

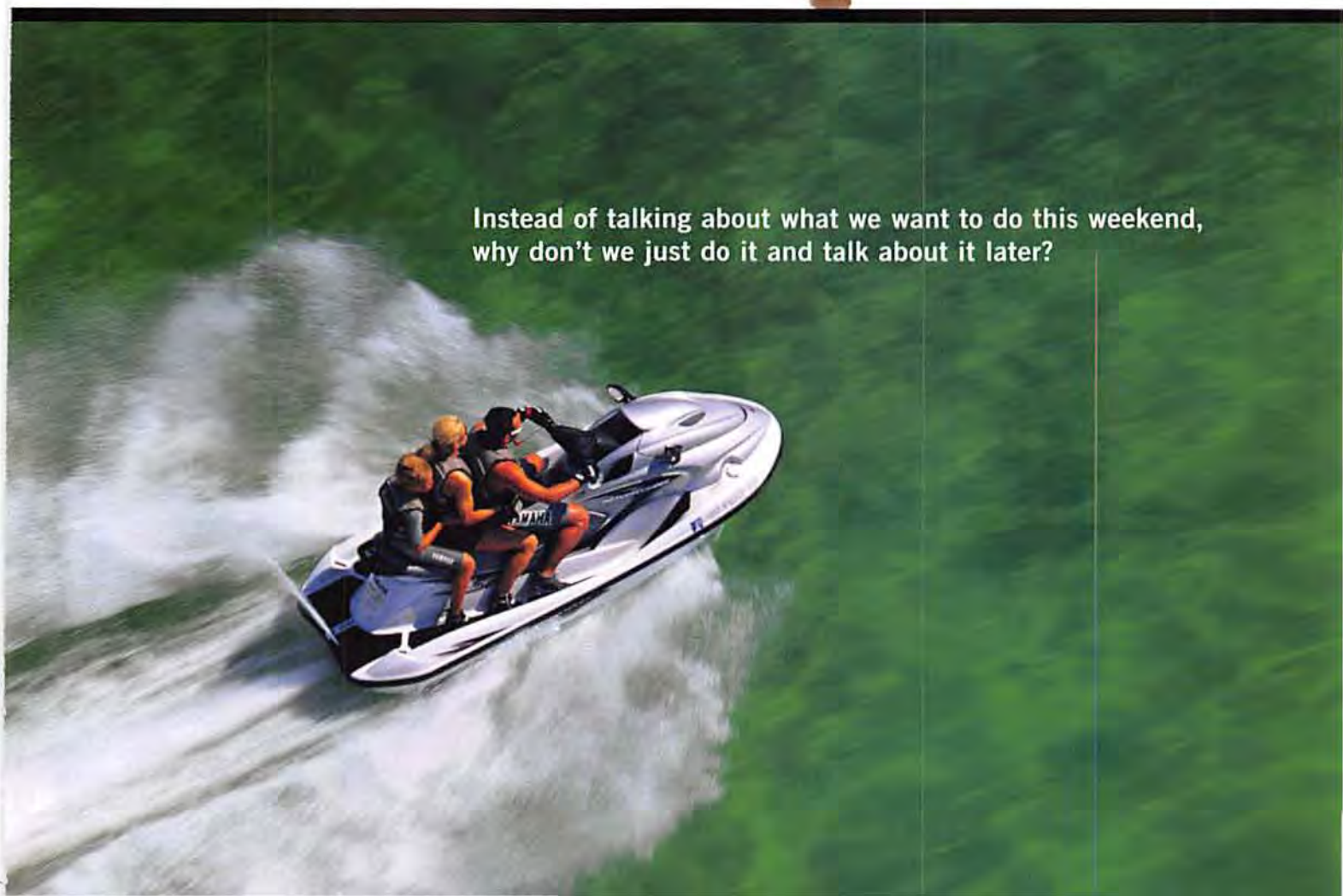
In the February issue, we reported that "the apparently insane news anchor Dan Rather was caught screaming Morley Safer's name while urinating off the 57th Street subway platform." It was actually the Fifth Avenue subway platform. We regret the error.

In Blitz (February issue), an editing error resulted in printing the Grand Inquisitor chapter from Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* instead of the pictorial "Housecleaning Sluts of the Baja." We should have also included the last few pages of the novel's preceding chapter, because it made no sense, especially when Ivan goes off on that poem business.

In the Encyclopaedia Britannica, we inadvertently omitted the entry for Montana. Replacement entries have now been added to all existing copies of the encyclopedia. Readers should not be inconvenienced.

American Airlines flight 214 was delayed on the runway while *Stuff* associate editor Bill Schulz took a urine test. We regret the results.

Photography: (Noelle) Greg Federman; Styling: Jennifer Schwartz; Hair: Travis for Artists; Makeup: Lorin Cole.



Did You Hear the One About...

The bionic history teacher, sticky balls and choking on a fishbone.

Unbreakable

Years ago, I was a student at the toughest high school in the city. At the start of my junior year, some thugs and I were eagerly awaiting the arrival of our new history teacher. We couldn't wait to make his life a living hell. He entered the rowdy classroom with confidence, but he still looked like easy prey to a bunch of punk-ass 16-year-old kids. The first thing he did was open the window as wide as possible, then he busied himself with desk work. We completely ignored him as he went through his paces. Suddenly, a strong breeze blew into the room and his tie flapped over his shoulder. Without missing a beat, he put the tie back in place, picked up a stapler and banged five staples right into his chest. Then he looked up and said, "There. That'll keep it from moving." For the rest of the semester, we didn't mess with the guy. It wasn't until much later that we learned he was wearing a plaster cast around his chest.

—Rocky Myerson, via e-mail

Win a Case of Kremly Vodka

In Russia, vodka means "water of life." This may explain why Boris Yeltsin looks the way he does, and he's only 27. If you would like a free case of this libation, send us a depraved but true (or almost true) story. Once we deem it the best of the bunch, we'll ship you a 12-pack of 80-proof triple-distilled Kremlyovskaya vodka worth $300. This smooth-tasting booze comes in regular, lemon, chocolate, black currant and pepper. Yeltsin prefers lemon for his colonics. For more info, check out www.kremly.com.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Check out more True Lies at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Unpleasurable

A few weeks ago I went on a ski trip to Quebec with some buddies. When we arrived the slopes were closed, so we went to the general store and got lots of Molson. At the store we met up with four chicks and invited them to our condo. They accepted. After a few hours, we were wasted and sweaty, so we decided to go outside and play hide-and-seek. We had fun chasing the girls, but after, like, an hour I started wondering where my friend Tom was. No one found him, so he was declared the winner, and we went back to the condo and passed out. The next morning we got a phone call from Tom. He was at the hospital. Apparently, he had hidden deep in a pile of snow—so deep that when a plow barreled down the road, he couldn't escape in time. He was dragged and salted for about five minutes before being dumped on the side of the road. A station wagon full of skiers found him broken, bloodied and so cold he was wearing his nuts as earrings.

—S.J. Park, Fairfax, Va.

Unbelievable

I have a friend who works for a record company. He had backstage passes to the Counting Crows and asked me to come along. After the show, I was hanging out backstage when this groupie came up to me and asked if I was in a band. Thinking quickly, I said, "Yeah, I'm the bass player for Fishbone." She's so impressed that we went to this back room, got high and started fooling around. Just as I was nearing bra release, her groupie friend walked in and started talking to us. Groupie No. 1 introduced me as Mick from Fishbone. "I thought Fishbone was black," her friend said. "Uh...they are," I said, "but I played on their album." "Oh, right. Which album?" That's when I decided it was time to leave.

—David B., Houston

True Lie of the Month

A couple months ago, some buds and I escaped the city to attend the state touch-football playoffs. We drove across mid-Michigan with unbridled enthusiasm. In no time at all, horns were honking and asses were hanging from car windows. Bags, one of my buddies, decided to flash his butt to another vehicle—a mistake he soon regretted. While displaying his freckled buns, his testes, dropping into a vulnerable position, became exposed to the frigid outdoors. Within seconds, his sac was stuck to the window. Turns out, the sweat had frozen to the glass. We quickly pulled over. Bags sobbed in pain as we brainstormed a way to defrost his ice cones. Our first effort was to douse them with beer. The plan failed and we wasted beer. Second plan: Cup his bag with warm hands. But whose? Screw that. Finally, we tried the leftover salt packets from Burger King. We dressed his nuts with salt and watched, with delight, as they lost their adhesive properties. Our game plan the following day was not as creative. We lost 34–6.

—Name withheld, Minneapolis

It's not such a stretch to mix beer with salty nuts, but for Bags' pain, here's your case of Dewar's 12 Year Old Special Reserve scotch. Next time keep the window closed.

Unpardonable

On Monday, after five years at the same company, I was laid off. By Friday, I already had six unsuccessful job interviews and was at my wits' end. As I walked around Chicago, I decided to take a stroll through Lincoln Park. I was past the point of depressed and was just pissed at the world. That's when this punk walked right into me, practically knocking me off my feet. He didn't even say "excuse me"—he just kept walking. A few seconds later, I reached for my wallet. It was gone. That son of a bitch had robbed me, and I wasn't going to friggin' take it anymore. I ran after him yelling, "Hey, you, stop!" Once the guy saw that I was chasing, he ran. After 50 feet or so the mugger tripped and fell, so I jumped on him and started punching him, shouting, "Give me my fucking wallet!" He finally relented after a struggle, giving back my wallet, then running away. As I was walking out of the park, I realized it wasn't my wallet.

—Lou K., Chicago

Photography (Vodka) Damien Donck. Illustration: Josh "Shug" Agile

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First lady

And Dido Was Her Name-O

Dido (rhymes with Fido) Armstrong first came to our attention as the haunting chorus behind Eminem's violent ode to an obsessive fan in "Stan." The Real Slim Shady didn't just steal (er, we mean sample) her single "Thank You"—he also snagged her to star as Stan's pregnant and mistreated girlfriend in the subsequent video. The collaboration springboarded her 1999 album *No Angel* into the Top 40 and earned her critical praise to boot. I met up with the lovely Limey at a New York City restaurant. I ordered a coffee—as black as my toenails—while Dido ordered tea. Tea! I mean, c'mon. Want a nice scone or crumpet with that? Feed into the U.K. stereotype a little more there, darling.

STUFF: Your birth name is Dido and your brother's is Rollo. What kind of drugs were your parents on, and how can I get some?
DIDO: They weren't hippies. They're just a little bit loopy. Rollo was nearly called Sexwulf, and I was almost called Sexburger. Can you imagine? Apparently they're old English names. My father was a literary man.

You used to work at a literary agency. How would you critique the overall prose within *Stuff* magazine? For example, we recently did a hard-hitting feature on balls.
Well, I have to say I never read that issue. But testicles? I think that's fantastic. Testicles are a great thing.

I was referring to the kind of balls you throw, Miss Naughty Pants. How sick are you of talking about Eminem?
No, I'm still cool. If I hated the track, I would be sick of it. It'll be over soon. I don't really mind. I like him. He's cool.

Cool. After your song appeared in HBO's muffketeer flick *If These Walls Could Talk 2*, did you notice a rise in your lesbian audience? Ever had any overtures from fans?
There's always been a huge lesbian following. You get the occasional overture. I don't care. No one is ever pushy. They'll just make a joke about it. It's funny.

The whole "I'm No Angel" thing—I'm still not convinced. Give me an example of one of the more depraved things you've ever done.
One night my friends and I went into this club. I was drinking, I headed straight for this guy and—this poor guy!—I bit all the buttons off his shirt, then just walked away. I instantly forgot doing it. My friends were like, "You just bit the buttons off the shirt of a complete stranger!" And I was like, "Get rid of him. He's bugging me, man." There were a lot of instances like that. I'm not like that anymore. When you're young, you have a laugh.

I must say, you are magically delicious. Who's better in the sack? Yanks or wanks?
I've dated only one American, so I think I would have to go with British boys.

D'oh! Well, know this: While they study up on the *Kama Sutra*, we're busy policing the entire free world, honey face. Friggin' fish-and-chippers. *—Bill Schulz*

"I bit all the buttons off his shirt."

Photography: Naomi Kaltman/ARTmix the Agency. Hair: Steven Wind for Garren New York. Makeup: Sandrine Van See for CMI.

While the hotshot monkey lawyer pushed papers all day, little Chim-Chim was growing up without a father

Wrong!

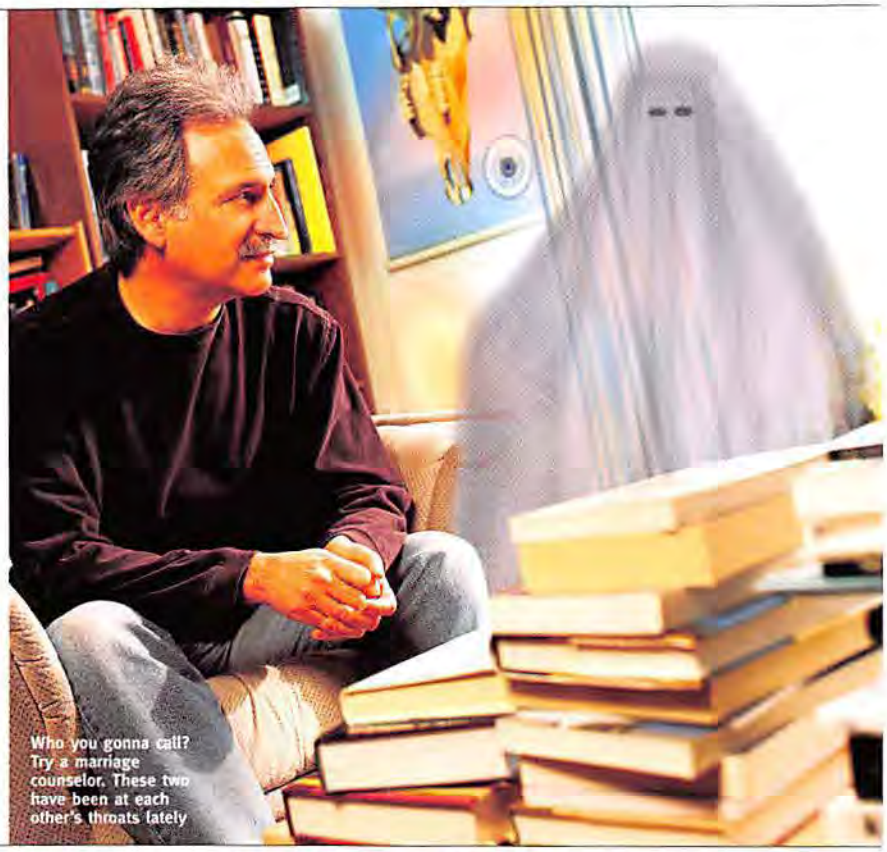
Gorilla-plaque collector Larry Ramirez sent us this request: "I understand that your [sic] going to be sending me some Air Jordan 11 Retro Kicks. Hopefully, I pray every day. If you could send me some Jordan kicks, I would be happy, very much. But I still would like the shoes. Anyway, guess I'll be going now so you could get my tight shoes in the mail." Larry, your complete inability to proofread your own five-sentence letter–coupled with your love of simian sensibility–makes you our winner! But, in a textbook case of tragic irony, you're getting a Nike watch.

If we publish your wrongest item we'll send you an item that's–dare we say?–oh-so-right. How does a Nike watch sound? Eh, like we care what you think. Mail to: Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. *For rules, see the Where to Buy page.*

All the normal little pigs went to market, while this one killed homeless drifters

SW PIG SEEKS...IDENTITY

In February, we asked you, the reader, to visit StuffMagazine.com and give our office pig, Pinky, a new name. The response was overwhelming. Like, when it comes to being whelmed, we were way over. We've whittled down the nominees to five-tastic finalists and we'd like you to log on–yet again–to vote for the winner. Names that didn't make it: Capigula, Ram Rod and Ex-wife.



Who you gonna call? Try a marriage counselor. These two have been at each other's throats lately

He Sees Dead People

Patrick Huyghe studies the paranormal. Why? Because, frankly, Patrick Huyghe is paranormal himself.

Patrick Huyghe believes that ghosts are really time travelers. Huyghe is the coauthor of *The Field Guide to Ghosts and Other Apparitions*. We think the other coauthor was in the room with us—we got that clammy feeling. You know, chills up and down our spine, the sense that something undead was right next to us. Finally, we called over the waiter and sent the shrimp curry back. We felt better the next day and channeled this Q&A.

STUFF: In your book, you theorize that ghosts have access to a time warp. Could you explain what in sam hell it is that you're talking about? Have you ever even been to Sam Hell? It's creepy.

PATRICK: We gathered various types of ghost experiences and stuck them on a time line. We found that some were "ghosts of the past," which are from people who have died, others were "ghosts of the present," which are people who are about to die, and then there are ones who seemed to be "ghosts of the future." One way to explain their existence is a time warp of some kind.

Well, duh. Why did you write a book about scary things?

I was interested in UFOs. My first book was called *The Field Guide to Extraterrestrials*. I also wrote a series of field guides to the unknown. The second one was called *The Field Guide to Bigfoot, Yeti and Other Mystery Primates Worldwide*.

Stop with the self-promotion, already! You gonna pay for this ad space? Anyway, what are some unfair stereotypes that ghosts and apparitions have to deal with?

The conventional explanation of ghosts as dead people doesn't hold up because you have ghosts that represent living people.

Like Mike Wallace?

You also have ghosts of things, whether it's airplanes or cars or ships, and you have entire scenes that are ghostly apparitions like the ghosts at Gettysburg.

What should an average joe like me do if I spot a ghost?

There's not much you can do. Certainly don't tell the police, because they have no interest.

Could I make naughty love to a ghost?

Yes. There are instances of ghostlike forms that appear in bedrooms and have sexual encounters with people.

Back in the jar with you!

How do I look in this sheet? Think it'll work?

—Salvatore Tuzzeo Jr.

Photography: (Wrong) Jens Mortensen. (Huyghe) Carrie Prophett. (Watch) Damien Dunck. (Pig) April R. Boyles.

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USELESS FACTS

Three thousand cows are skinned to supply the NFL with a season's worth of footballs.

- Eighty-seven percent of Ford Explorer owners have never taken their vehicle off-road.
- There are 1,600 calories in a pint of hippopotamus milk.
- The first bomb that the Allies dropped on Berlin during WWII killed the only elephant in the city zoo.
- The U.S. government estimates that Americans spend $7 billion a year on marijuana.
- In 1930 in Paris, women competed in a nude indoor bicycle race wherein the winner was the first to orgasm from rubbing on her seat.
- The number of human ova necessary to repopulate the world could fit in a chicken egg.
- The number of sperm needed to repopulate the world would fit in an aspirin capsule.
- In the U.S., 220 public schools own a Taco Bell.
- Paul Winchell was both the voice of Tigger in the Winnie the Pooh movies and the inventor of the first artificial-heart prototype.
- In 1946, Mahatma Gandhi admitted to having brought naked women to bed with him.
- Swans are the only birds with penises.
- In 1997, of the 535 free subscriptions to *Hustler* that were offered to members of Congress, only 16 were rejected.
- Though rumored to be modeled after Albert Einstein and the poet Carl Sandburg, ET was based on the special-effects engineer's cat.

Carl was hunky, but Al had a car. How could he choose?

"Now where did I put that pen?"

Jeanette Ann Wingler

COLLEGE	UNC Chapel Hill
MAJOR	Political science
BIRTHDAY	December 11, 1982 [Damn, we're getting old.]
CAREER GOALS	Corporate lawyer
ACHIEVEMENTS	High school valedictorian, perfect score on SAT verbals, had sex in a dressing room
ATTRIBUTES	Abs of steel and a penchant for Zeppelin

Women's Studies Applicant No. 4

Jeanette Ann Wingler

Our latest college hopeful vies for the $4,999 scholarship.

STUFF: Why on earth do you want to be a corporate lawyer?
JEANETTE: Basically, the money. I could make about $500 an hour. It beats the $5.50 an hour I made waitressing at a seafood restaurant. It was awful because nobody likes to smell like fish.

Speak for yourself. What are your thoughts on the electoral college and the fact that a candidate can win an election without a majority of the popular vote?
It sucks. Bush is an idiot. He got into Yale with a 490 on his verbal SAT! I'm afraid he's going to try to overturn *Roe v. Wade* and affirmative action. Florida is one of the three states I haven't been to, but I don't even want to go there anymore.[1]

Phys ed: How would you rate?
I do 1,000 crunches every day. I also run and lift weights.

Only 1,000 crunches? Looks like someone needs to work on a little thing we like to call "dedication." Those are some classy pictures you sent.
Those aren't even the raciest ones. In pictures, I want to look provocative, not slutty.

Your thoughts on women's studies?
I've always enjoyed looking at pictures of women, and I believe that this scholarship is a way for a woman to take charge of her life. I love *Stuff*, and I read *Maxim*, too. Am I allowed to say that?

No. Have you got a boyfriend?
Well, me and this guy had been going out for about two years, but it looks like he has been cheating on me. We pretty much broke up about two hours ago.

Oh! That's too bad.[2] Any crazy and/or sexy stories from your happier, lovemaking-er times?
Yeah. We did it in the dressing room of JCPenney once. And, one time, on a mountaintop. It was very, very early spring, so it was pretty cold.

Excellent. So, Backstreet Boys or 'N Sync?
Neither. Zeppelin. I'm actually wearing an old Led Zeppelin T-shirt right now. I love being comfortable. There's a time for booty pants and tight tops, but there's also a time for an old concert T-shirt and shorts for just lying around.

Sister, there's no such thing as an inappropriate time to wear booty pants. Memo to research: Find out what the hell booty pants are.
—Mike Olson

FIG. 1 LACE

FIG. 2 BELLY

FIG. 3 THIGH

1 By "we," we mean *GQ*.
2 She's, like, got opinions. Bad ones, but who cares!
3 We're lying. This makes us happy. Does it make you, the reader, happy? Please send us a 50-word essay on how happy this makes you. Use footnotes. And do not limit the use of ellipses.

Do you know a female student that looks good enough to, er, study with? She just might win our $4,999 scholarship. Send a photo and stats to: Women's Studies Scholarship, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.
For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

The new album from Kool DJ Red Alert coming soon...

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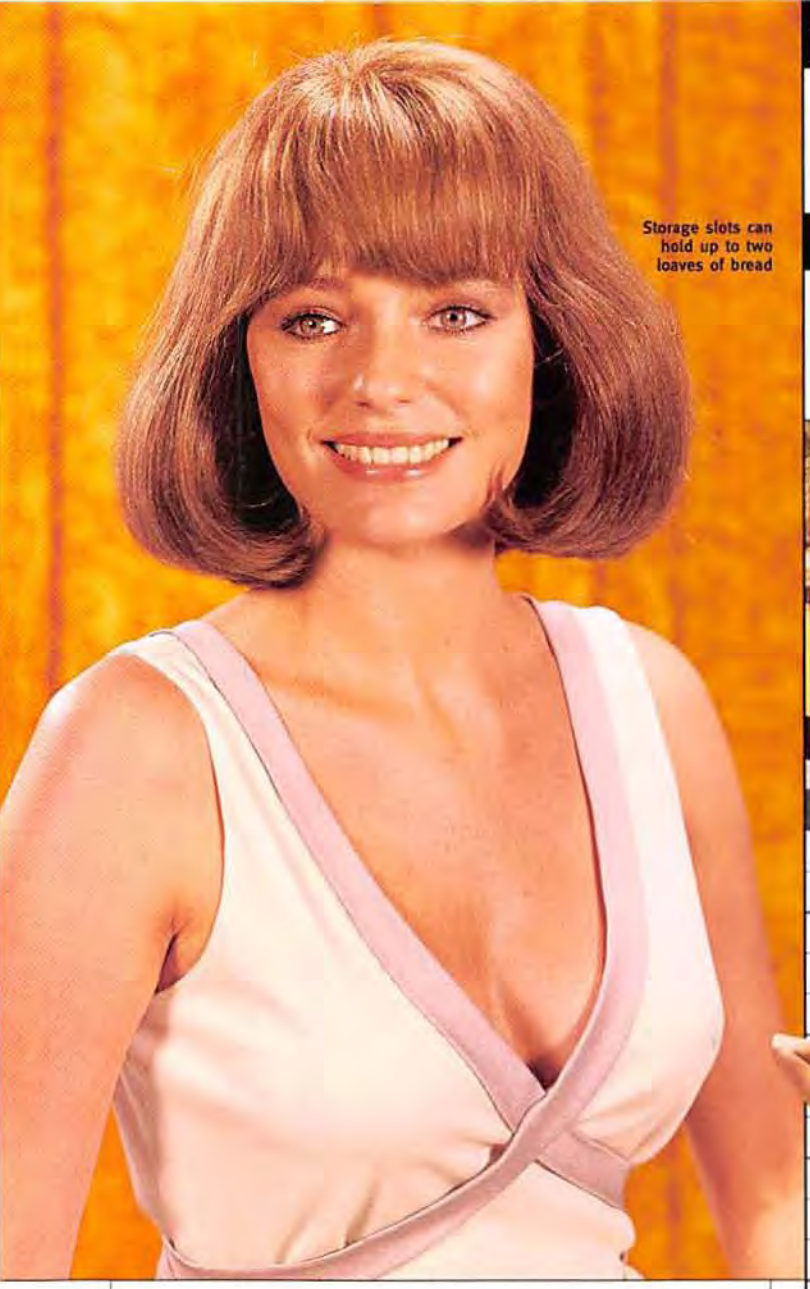
Sky Blue



Storage slots can hold up to two loaves of bread

It's true: Jackie has only one hand

BABES OF YORE NO. 16

Jacqueline Bisset

The *Deep* star dove for treasure and surfaced with our hearts.

Wet suit. Dry humor

Hair-orrible!

Rats! No armpit hair

Dress doubles as a plant holder

Nice and gluey

Bisset Barometer

1944 Born Winnifred Jacqueline Fraser-Bisset in Surrey, England. Jacqueline quickly dumps Winnifred and Fraser. Focus groups like the change but admit that her name could be Fred Sanford and they'd still do her.

1964 The ingenue starts modeling to pay for acting classes, and she begins using pretentious words like *ingenue*.

1965 Jacqueline lands an uncredited bit part in *The Knack...and How to Get It*, not to be confused with the 1955 educational film *The Clap... and How Not to Get It*.

1967 Plays Miss Goodthighs in the Bond spoof *Casino Royale*.

1968 Jacqueline costars with Steve McQueen in *Bullitt*. Mysteriously, he dies of cancer 12 years later.

1969 Her appearance in *The Sweet Ride* earns Jacqueline a Golden Globe nomination. At least 20 fat men in the audience make jokes about Jackie's golden globes.

1977 *Newsweek* declares that Jacqueline "is one of the great movie beauties of this or any other time." Sadly, the piece is positioned near the declaration, "Elvis gets clean bill of health from doctors and looks ready to Jailhouse Rock into the next century and beyond!"

1999 Senegal issues a postage stamp of Jackie in *Bullitt*. The Senegalese lick accordingly.

1999 Appears in the mag *Inside Kung-Fu* with her much younger beau, Emin Boztepe, a martial-arts master. Sweet, sour and sad. *–Sal Tuzzeo Jr.*

1944 1960 1970 1980 1990 2001

Weird Gestures of the Past No. 4

Air Quotes

When cavemen found the need to be ironic (which they did around the Pleistocene era), they invented this simple hand movement.

1a Put on your pompous ass hat.

1b Butt into a discussion where you are clearly not welcome.

1c Extend your pointer and middle fingers in unison.

2 Curl (2a) and uncurl (2b) fingers when saying a word. EXAMPLE: *Steve and his "roommate," Bob, are moving.*

BONUS MOVE: Chortle while dabbing brow.

Next month: The "Check, please"

 From this moment on, Vietnamese boy prostitutes will be referred to as VBPs.

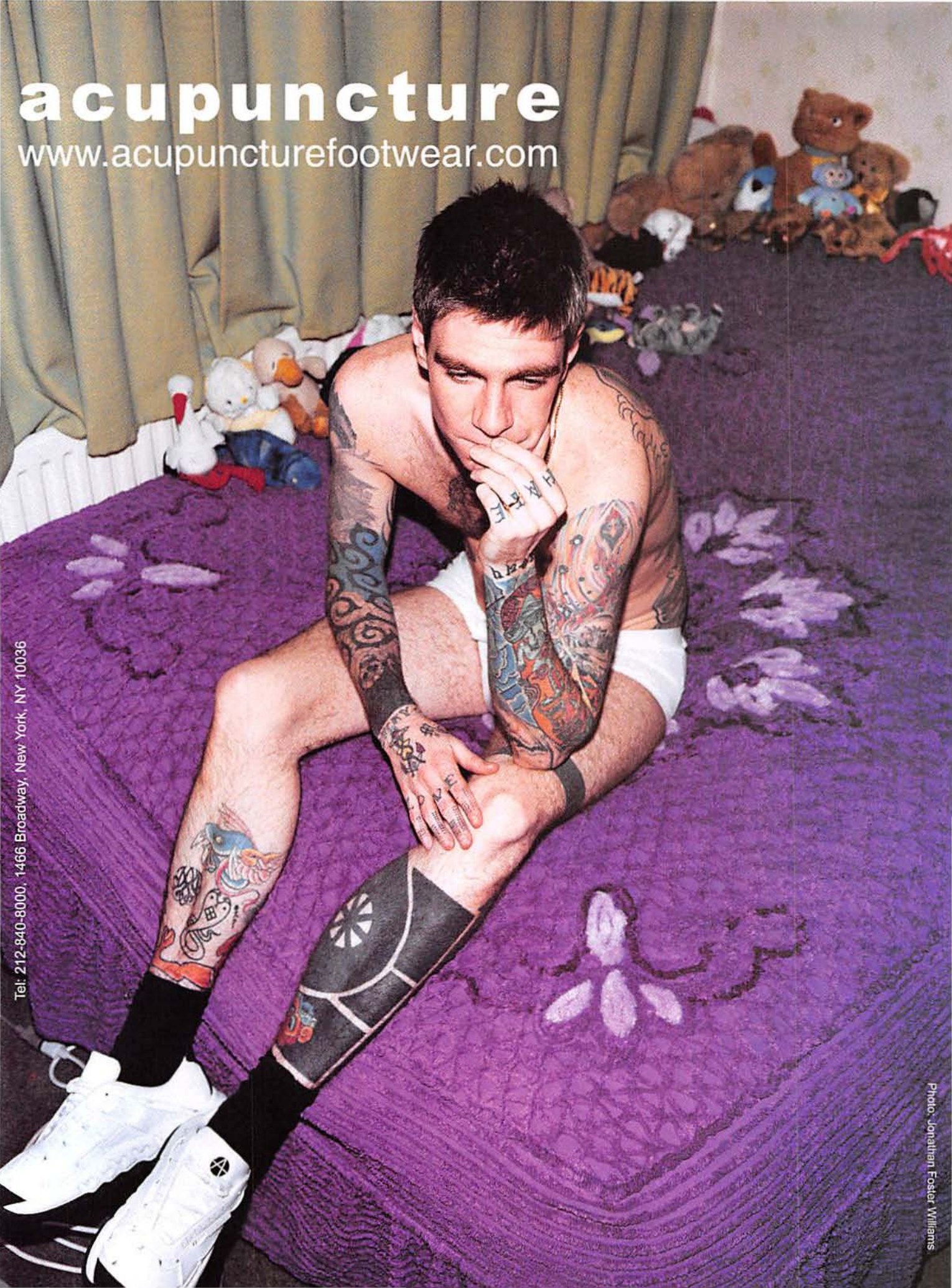

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Photo: Jonathan Foster Williams

MALE OR FEMALE BELLY BUTTON?

Answers: A. Kid Rock; B. Chyna; C. Gabrielle Reece; D. Lil' Kim; E. Madonna; F. Puff Daddy; G. Marion Jones; H. Christian Bale; I. Boris Yelsin; J. Carré Otis.

STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF...IDIOTS
Not exactly the fleshy erection we're used to, but then again, a good portion of the office is impotent. You are looking at how Spaniards have fun. Last August, local "artists" in funny, sunny Barcelona celebrated the national holiday of San Felix by creating this human pyramid. It is at this point that you, the reader, are probably asking, "How did they do that?" But perhaps the better question is: "Why? Why did they do that?" Answer: They are a very bored people who've never been introduced to the pleasures of basic cable.

IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our roundup of a world gone wrong.

BIGFOOT'S BAD PLACE

The most conclusive evidence that Sasquatch does, in fact, exist has come in the form of bigfoot's (surprisingly taut) ass print. The Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization (aka BFRO, aka a bunch of dudes who have never so much as held a girl's hand) attempted to snare one of the legendary Meatloaf look-alikes at Washington's Gifford Pinchot National Forest. The team set out food, spread pheromones and played what are thought to be recordings of actual bigfoot yelps. The next morning, the team was overjoyed to find an impression of a "large, hair-covered hominid's" buttocks in the mud. Scientists are currently studying both the print and the bigfoot recordings, the latter of which have subsequently turned out to be a CD of some of Celine Dion's early work. Who knew?

GULLS GET GOOFY

Last July, on a beach in Monaco, two giant seagulls flew up to an innocent Yorkshire terrier and carried the canine out to sea—and to its eventual death. For members of PETA, this poses a difficult dilemma, as they are unsure whom to rally around.

 This issue's superfluous third nipple is on page 132.

Conker is a squirrel. Squirrels hunt for acorns.
Can you help Conker find some acorns?

Rare® and Nintendo® have been very naughty. They put fuzzy little Conker in a raunchy, raunchy world. Now only people 17 and older can play. Find out why at www.conker.com.

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Gonorrhea opted out of the ensuing orgy, saying it was "tired"

THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

1 Japanese Men

A Japanese railway company started running women-only train cars after receiving 351 complaints that drunken office workers had been groping female passengers like so many plates of spicy tuna rolls. One of the reported come-on lines: "The sun ain't the only thing that's rising, honey pie. Bonsai!" And by "bonsai," he meant, "I'd like to grab your most honorable boobies. Cool? Cool."

2 Jesse Jackson Jr.

The son of one of the most unintelligible political figures ever has an even odder habit than his old man's penchant for having love children with his biographers: He vacuums obsessively. The congressman Hoovers up his office each day. Jackson Sr. told reporters that his son's love of vacuums helps him relax, but went on to say that he'll stick with the overall relaxation that is extramarital sex, thank you.

3 Queen Elizabeth

Her royal highness is losing both her manners and mind. A tabloid reported that Lizzie has been performing duets with a rubber singing fish named Billy Bass. Several weeks later, the limber Limey was lambasted by both the press and PETA for breaking the neck of a pheasant during a hunt and later allowing her corgis to maul a trespassing baby rabbit on royal grounds. God save her sanity.

4 James Brown

Mr. Brown ushered in the New Year by traipsing about the stage of the Blue Note club in Las Vegas in a bathrobe, sans pants. He announced to the crowd that he was getting 30 mil for the gig and that he was more popular than the pope. James and his giant peach (meaning his chutzpah) then argued with two women and threw a chair. Apparently this is how sex machines get on up, as it were.

5 Gonorrhea

According to our staff's favorite hangout, the Centers for Disease Control, the gonorrhea rate rose more than nine percent from 1997 to 1999, after a 72 percent decline from 1975 to 1997. Wait, it gets better: The reported gonorrhea rate in America is currently the highest of any industrialized country on God's green earth. Yeah, baby! Take that, Sweden! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

All of these people have wonderful home lives, really

IN THE ZONE NO. 1

Making It

Stuff's monthly look at the psychology of success.

This month, we talk with Erik Everhard, star of *The World's Luckiest Jock*, in which he had sex with 101 cheerleaders.

STUFF: Who do you credit for your success?

ERIK: My testicles have made me a lot of money. I can't picture life without them. You have to take care of them mentally.

Mentally?

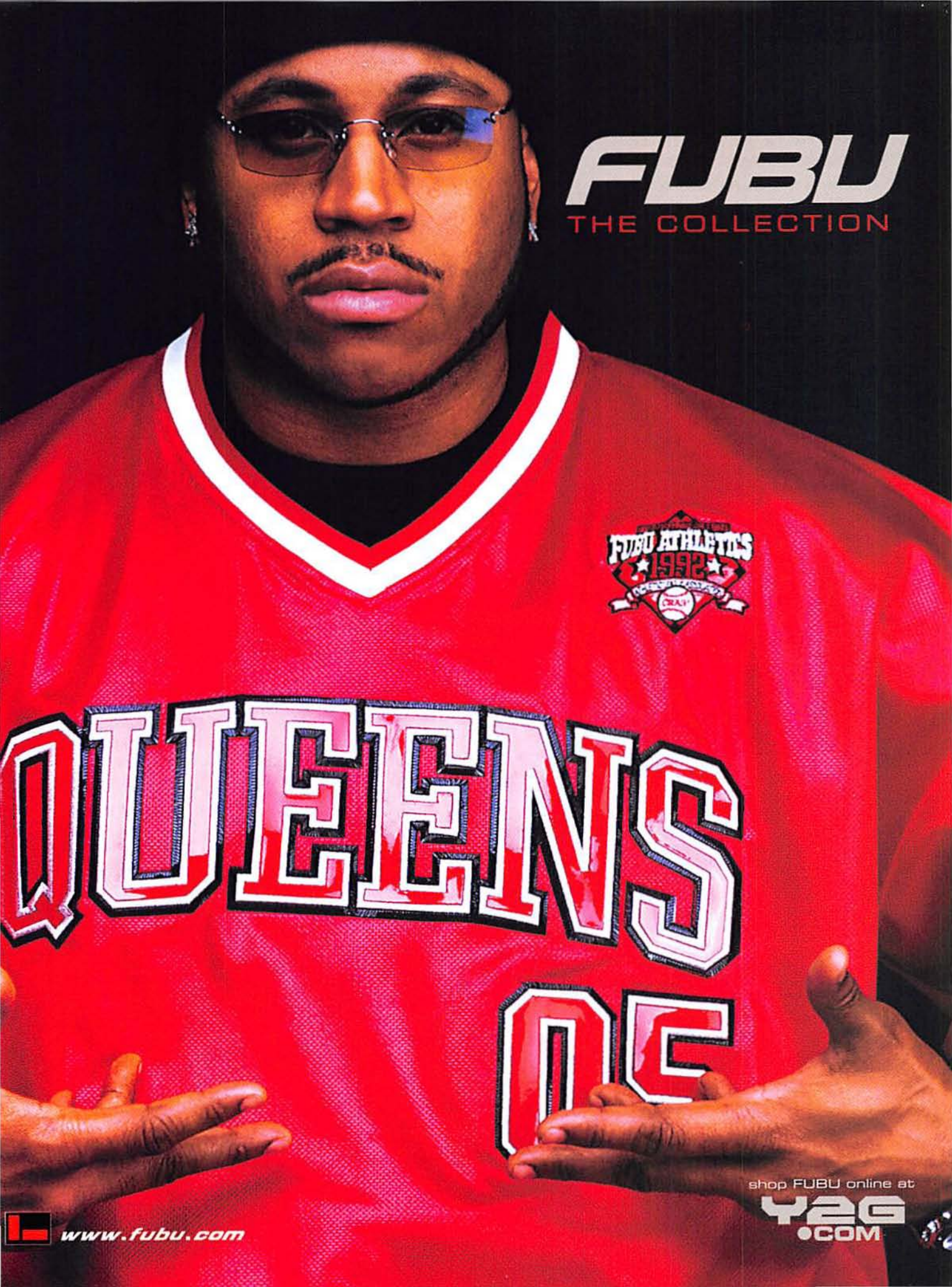
Most of it's mental. Everybody has a different name for it. I call it getting in the zone. I'm focused on the girl and not hearing or seeing anything around me. If you were at home with a girl, you'd have no problem getting wood. You'd probably have no problem doing three or four pop-shots. Why should it be different with 30 to 40 people around you? Block that out and it's not really that much different than at home, except you've got to give angles.

How do you keep in shape?

I work out all the time, which is paramount to being a good performer. If the rest of your body is not in shape, [your penis] is the last thing that wants to work. It's like, it will say, "Fuck that." After *Jock*, I was sore because I lost about a layer of skin, but I still pulled off 12 pop-shots, so that was good.

Next month: A shiatsu massage therapist.

Photography (Lineup) Jens Mortensen, (Video box) Damien Benick. Illustrations: Simon Brown.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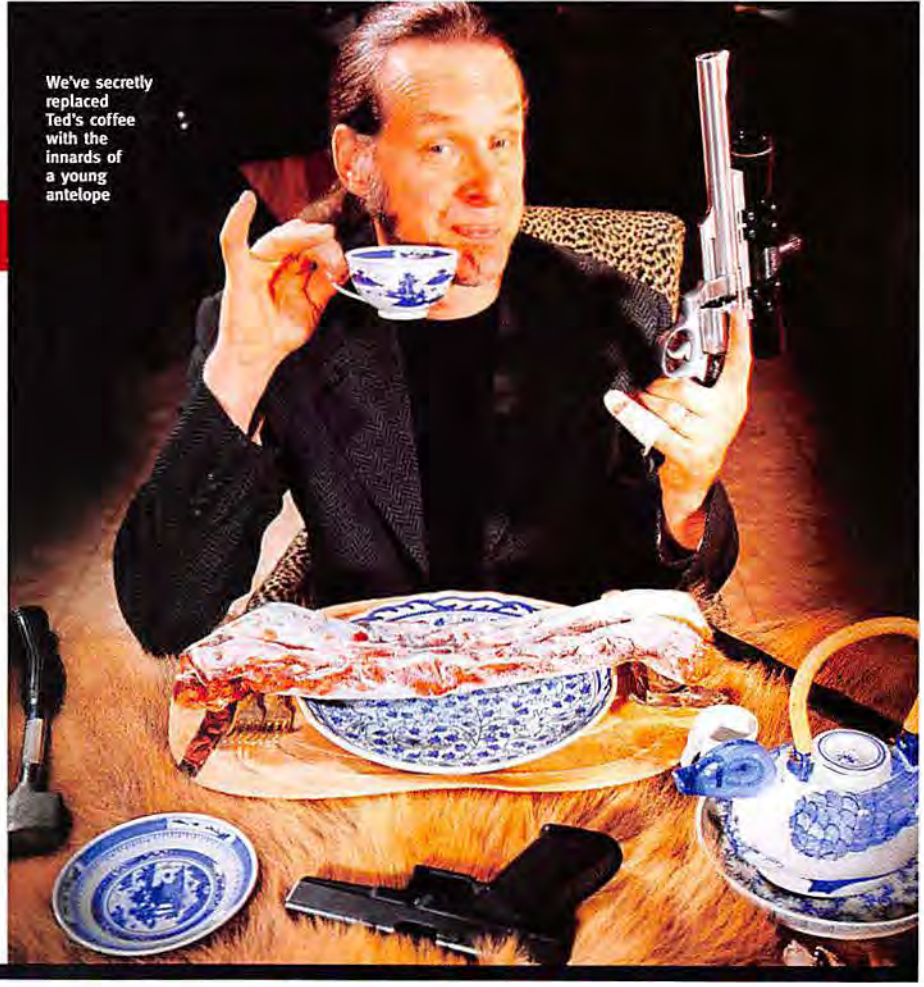
In a world gone rude, Ted is our only hope.

BY TED NUGENT
PHOTOGRAPH BY SILVIA OTTE



We've secretly replaced Ted's coffee with the innards of a young antelope

DEAR MR. TED,
How do I discreetly let a waiter know that I am finished with my meal and ready for my plate to be taken away? I hate to make a big scene.
–Christian T., Bismarck, N.Dak.

Once I'm done eating, I want out. I want to pay the check and get on with an evening of well-fueled animalistic sex. There are two different strategies I use to make sure I'm not ignored. Either I call on the depths of my manly plumbing and, with garlicky bellows, emit a harmonic belch-fart, then place my Glock 10mm and my S&W Navy SEAL switchblade on the table while I toss dinner rolls at the waiter. Or I throw my utensils on my plate with the knife and fork tips at the 10 o'clock position and handles at four, and push back slightly from the table. But at the types of places I eat, pulling a stunt like that can make a big scene. So go with the Glock.

Betting makes golf fun!

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

The Masters

MONEY BET	TIGER WOODS	6-5
LONG SHOT	COLIN MONTGOMERIE	20-1

Forget Tiger. He's so good it's just about worthless to bet on him. Monty, however, reigns as the best player without a major championship, which means he just might be due. Then again, the pasty Scotsman may do what many Scotsmen do: use his club as a broadsword, thwack participants with extreme prejudice and respond with a terse "Freedom!" to any and all questions from the press.

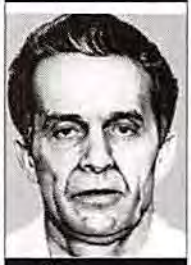
Will Hillary Clinton ever become president?

THE ODDS 14-1

She probably won't run in 2004, seeing as she'd be proving right every critic who claimed that the Senate seat was nothing more than a stepping stone to commander in she-chief. But the oddsmakers expect her to eventually make a go at reacquiring the office of oval shape and odd-smelling cigars. Then she and Ellen DeGeneres can move in and redecorate the house with a Southwestern motif.

Picks by *New York Post* betting guru Hondo and odds by William Hill.

Most recent photo of the accused



Artist's rendering of him today

Artist's rendering of him as a turtle

Crime pays...you!

Fugitive of the Month

Put Donald Eugene Webb in the pound and 50 grand is yours.

WHAT'S HE LOOK LIKE?
He's a master of assumed identities, which probably explains why he's eluded the FBI for two decades. Still, he shouldn't be too difficult to spot with a tattoo on one hand that says "Don." Surprisingly, this has nothing to do with his name. It actually stands for "digs otter nookie." Investigators think that he might have small scars on his right cheek and his right forearm and that he could be working as a real estate agent, a butcher or one of them holier-than-thou vending-machine repairmen.

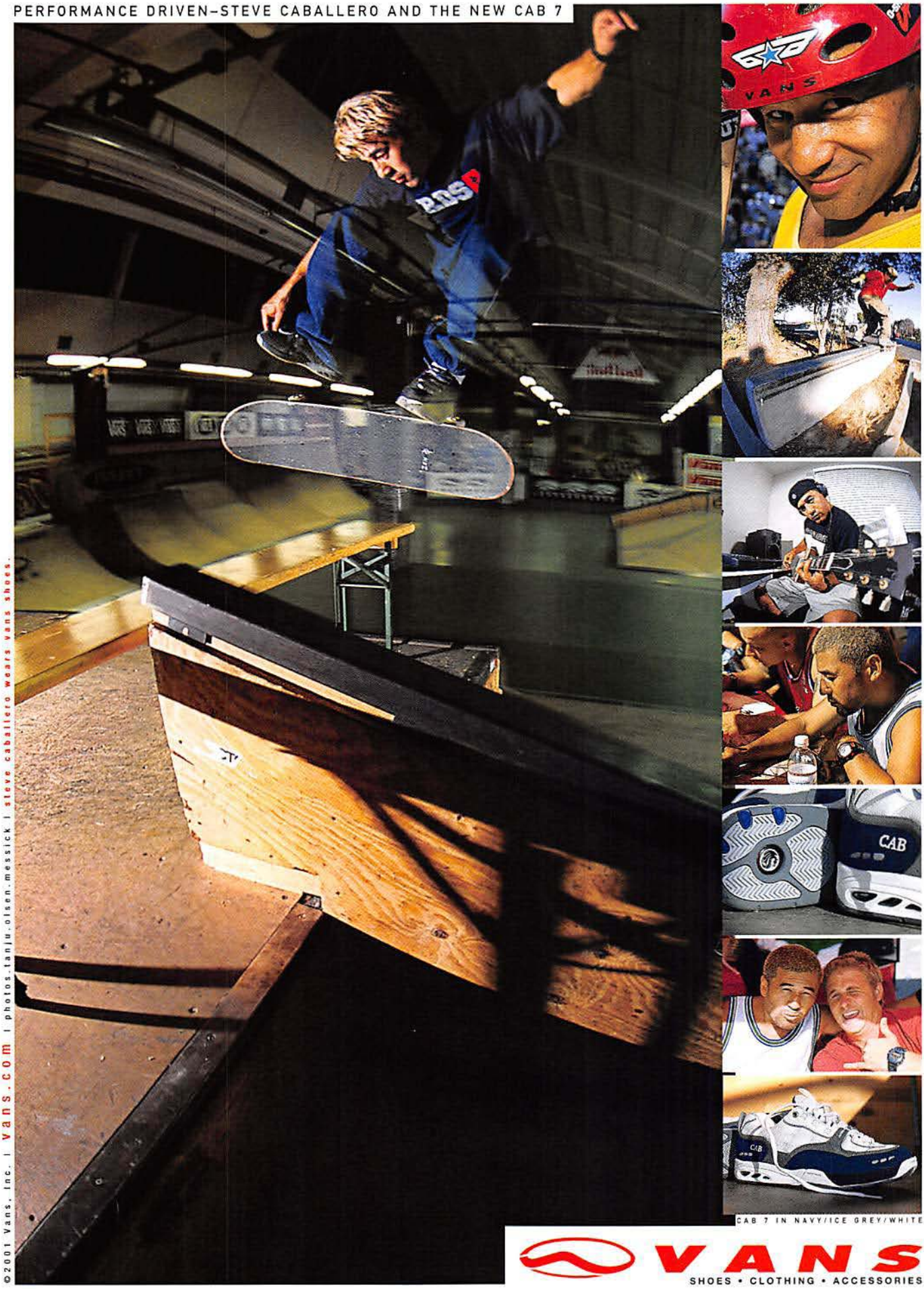
ANY ASSOCIATES?
Just a dog. Webb loves dogs. And he doesn't like it when people kick them. Trust us on this one. Our editor-in-chief is currently enjoying a two-month visit at Mount Sinai Hospital after a brief–but hideously violent–encounter with one of Donald's Lhasa apsos.

WHY $50,000?
Back in December 1980, a cop pulled over the two-bit jewelry-store burglar after he ran a stop sign in the small Pennsylvania town of Saxonburg. (We hear it's one big speed trap, but the cheese steaks make it worth the risk!)

THAT'S WHY HE'S ON THE RUN?
Well, there's the traffic violation thing–and the fact that the vicious bastard shot the cop dead. Investigators found Webb's blood at the crime scene, leading them to believe that the cop got a bullet off before Webb killed him. Check your suspect for telltale bullet-wound scars. Of course, to do that you'll have to get him naked. We suggest red wine and maybe a movie.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?
Nobody knows where this guy is. There have been claims of sightings all over the U.S. and as far afield as Montreal, but none of the leads have panned out. The problem is that nobody really knows what this guy looks like now. Hell, he could be playing the lead role in *The Geena Davis Show* for all we know. So you've got to get him to come to you. Try opening a jewelry store for dogs. He won't be able to resist it.
–John Parrish

PERFORMANCE DRIVEN–STEVE CABALLERO AND THE NEW CAB 7



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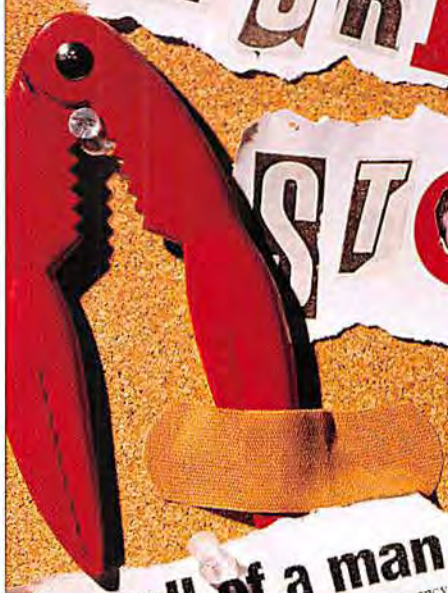
Emasculating Lobsters! Blind Crooks! Man-Biting Dog Fences!

WORLD OF STOOPID



A shell of a man

BRISTOL, ENGLAND—A shoplifter found that seafood and nuts don't mix when he stuffed two live lobsters down his pants and ended up with an unplanned vasectomy. According to police, the 24-year-old man stashed the sassy shellfish beside his family treasures and tried to run past the checkout girls, only to stop suddenly when the crustaceans clamped down on his privates. Emergency medics had to use pliers to pry the tenacious lobsters loose. Although doctors expect the shoplifter—who is not being charged with any crime—to regain his sexual function, he won't be able to father children. Upon hearing this, American authorities dropped live lobsters into the pants of every Baldwin brother.

Stevie Wonder on lookout

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND—You've heard of being robbed blind—but being robbed *by* the blind? According to police, Kenneth Bartelson, 35, had his brother Eugene Allen, 29, serve as the lookout while he robbed an apartment—even though Allen is legally blind. The not-so-dynamic duo might have gotten away with their caper if not for a few, well, oversights on Allen's part. First, the seeing-deprived crook missed the approaching police officers. Then Allen thought he was confiding in his brother when he was actually confessing to a neighbor. But, hey, at least the poor guy's got a good excuse: He's blind. —*Lisa Lombardi*

Man dies doggie-style

LAKEWOOD, COLORADO—All Charles Darun Taylor wanted was to keep dogs out of his yard. So the contractor ran a 12-foot extension cord from his house to his yard and electrified his garden fence with a whopping 120 volts of power. It sounded like a swell plan—until one day when his wife, Janine, returned home to find her husband facedown in the yard, fatally fried. It seems Taylor had been picking tomatoes when he got a little too close to his doggy death machine. To make matters worse, when Janine tried to free her husband from the live wires, she succeeded only in zapping herself. Perhaps most shocking of all: The neighbors didn't report anything to the police, and had a delightful barbecue for the entire block.

Consumer Watchdog Report No.3

Diaper Diatribe

When it comes to adult diapers, they all talk a good game–but which cushion can take the most pushin'? As *Stuff*'s most incontinent reporter, I'll give you the straight poop on Granny's best friend. –*Jacob Kalish*

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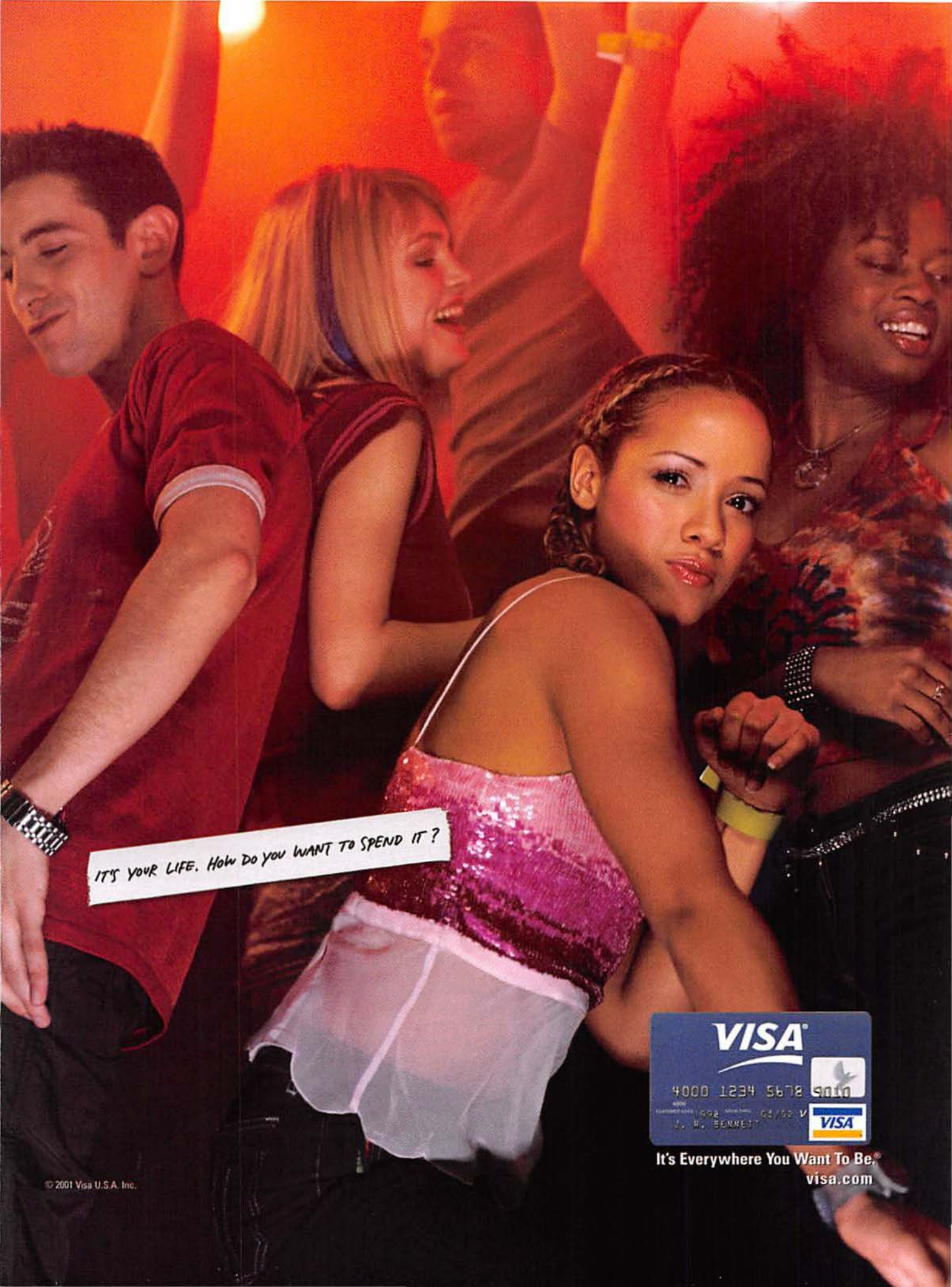
COMFORT LEVEL		
Like wearing a soft, soft pillow. A pillow that I will soon take a dump in.	No ass coverage. I'm wearing a three-inch-thick plastic thong.	Fitted for who? A 12-year-old gymnast? Terribly uncomfortable.
CONSPICUOUSNESS UNDER JEANS		
Completely inconspicuous. I'm friggin' Cary Grant in these.	Only noticeable if you're looking hard. And my landlord sure was.	Just call me Lumpy. Everyone knows my horrible secret.
URINE ABSORBANCY		
Exxxcellent. I'm as dry as the Sahara.	Great! I'm singin' in the (yellow) rain, baby.	Not a modicum of moistness. And I drank an entire Big Gulp!
LOAD-BEARING CAPACITY		
Adequate, unless you've been backed up for a good while.	Hope you eat like a bird, 'cause this bad boy buckled under my intense fecal pressure.	Takes whatever you've got. And I brought a world of hurt via last night's burrito.

Photography: (Stoopid) Jens Mortensen. (Diapers) Carrie Prophett.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THIS MONTH

The Guy Who Really Loves You, Man

He's never told you how much you mean to him–really, he's not jerking your chain, but you mean a lot to him. Really, dude, it's the truth.

The wrapping paper said TEQUILA, which killed the surprise for Mom

DEAR GUY WHO REALLY LOVES ME,
Which is the most authentic martini: one made with gin or one made with vodka?
–Richard F., New York City

What a great question! It's funny how sometimes just asking a casual question like that makes it possible for two people who barely know each other to sort of bond–and I don't mean in that cloying way some people mean it. I know that would make you nervous. Hey! It would make *me* nervous! So it's cool. It's just that when you ask me a question like that it gives me a certain... I don't know–you validate me. How many people can do that for each other? That's really terrific of you. It's like a gift. Thank you. I really appreciate it. Just a little question and there! The world is made better! It's like when you ask the bartender for a martini. If you just ask for a martini, and not a vodka martini, he's going to feel good about you and about himself. Why? Because you validate him by assuming he's going to give you one made out of gin. He'll like that. It's this thing you have about you. Just a little question and–*poof!*–so much is made better. You know what it is? It's empowering! You are one very, very special person. I'm not gay or anything, but I love you for being so special. And I love you for making everybody else feel special, too. If I have sons, I hope they all turn out just like you. Thank you–and I mean thank you–for asking.

Hooch of the Month

TEQUILA NACIONAL
You may not remember, but those were good times you had on tequila. That bank robbery? Just a blur. Well, now it's time to start *enjoying* tequila–instead of using it to erase past misdeeds. Start with a bottle of 100% Agave Azul Tequila Nacional. Made with high-altitude agave plants that are slow roasted for two days, this sweet-tasting booze tastes, er, sweet. $35

The Prank Crisscross

THE BET
Acquire a shot of water and one of bourbon, and a playing card. Dare someone to get the bourbon into the water glass and the water into the bourbon glass without using a container or his mouth.

THE SETUP
After several lame attempts by your rival, ask him if he's done trying. Then take over. Place the playing card on top of the water shot, and invert the combo over the bourbon shot with the glass edges lined up.

THE PAYOFF
Slide the card to leave a very small opening between the two glasses. Water is heavier than alcohol and will displace the bourbon. Then move the card back into place, turn it and the top glass over and you've won.

The Jokes

Ha...

A man comes home from work, sits down in front of the TV and says to his wife, "Gimme a beer before it starts." So she brings him a beer. Fifteen minutes later he again says, "Gimme another beer before it starts." So she brings him another beer. Another 15 minutes pass and the man says it again. This time his wife says, "Haven't you had enough? It's been a half-hour and you've already had two beers. You're a drunken couch potato!" The husband grumbles, "Now it starts."
–Manuel Betancourt, San Bernadino, California

Ha...

One day a man comes upon a frog who calls out to him saying, "Kiss me and I'll turn into a beautiful princess." He picks up the frog and puts it in his pocket. Later the frog says, "If you kiss me, I will have sex with you constantly." The man smiles at it and keeps walking. Finally, the frog asks, "What's the matter? I'm a beautiful princess, and I'll do anything you want. Why won't you kiss me?" The man replies, "Look, I'm a computer techie. I don't have time for a girl, but a talking frog is cool."
–Kelly Cunningham, via e-mail

Ha!

A man wakes up in a hospital bed after being in a car accident. He immediately cries, "Doctor! I can't feel my legs!" The doctor comes over to the poor man's bedside and says, "There's nothing to worry about–your legs are fine. I just amputated both your arms."
–Matt R., via e-mail

Send jokes. Win cash.
OK, joy boy, you may think you're a joke star, but can you prove it? If you want to try, send your jokes to: Jokes, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or go to www.stuffmagazine.com. If we use your joke, you'll score $50.

Photography: (Guy who loves you) Silvia Otte; (Hooch) David Weiss. Illustrations: (Prank) Gary Brandham; (Joke) Josh "Shag" Agle.

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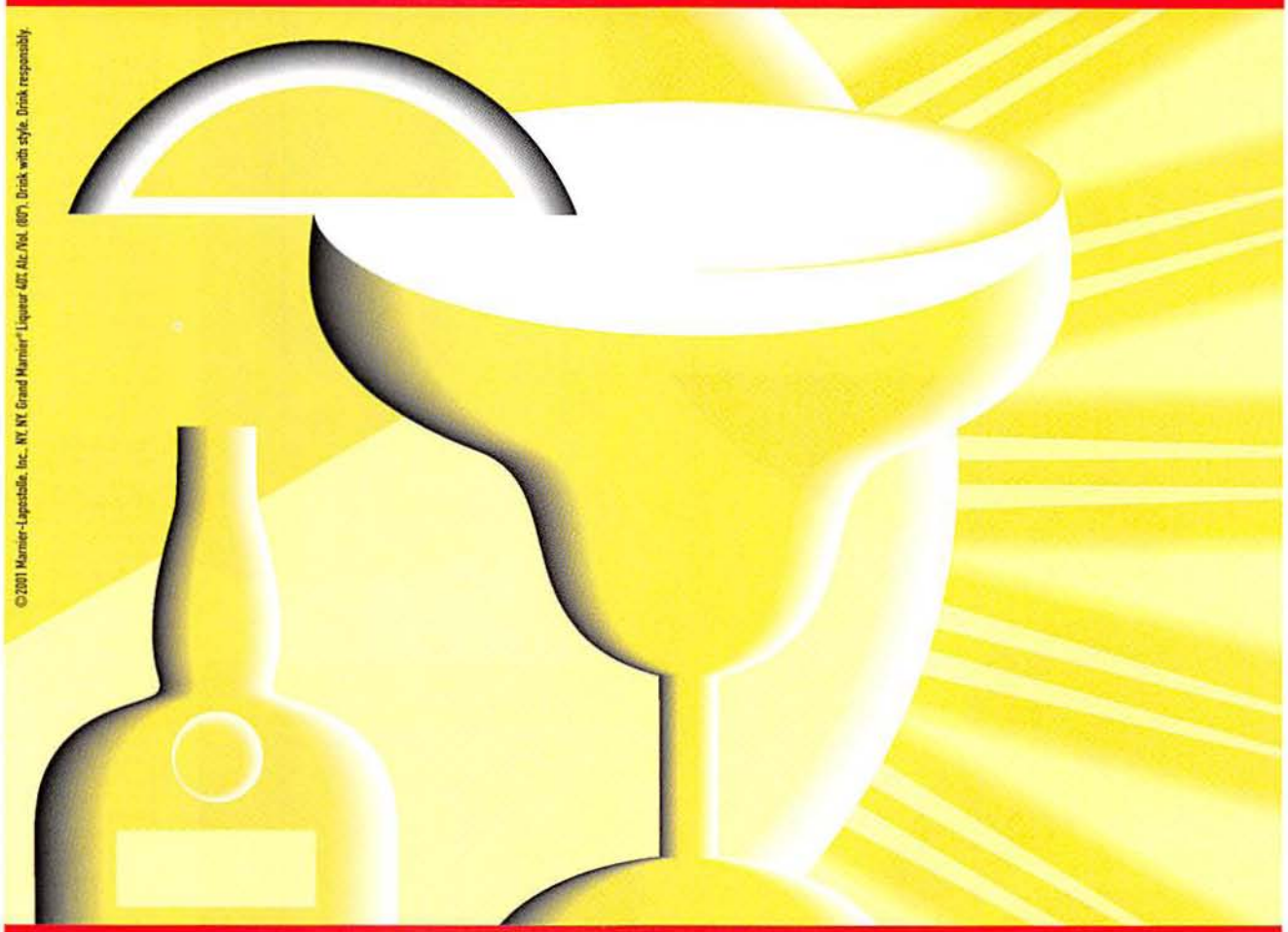

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MOST WANTED

Twelve more reasons why California will run out of power this month.

BY GRANT DAVIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

2

3

4

5

1 **MOST VALUABLE PLAYER**
Connect the Cambridge SoundWorks PlayDock PD200 to a NOMAD MP3 jukebox and you've got 150 CDs' worth of music at your disposal. Caution: Listening to it all in one sitting may cause urinary-tract infections. $200

2 **A BEACHED WAIL**
With MTV's Beach Radio, housed in a plastic splash- and sand-proof tube, turn on Dr. Laura to drive the seagulls away. $30

3 **E-GADS!**
The new Timex ironman sports watch receives 100-character e-mails from folks with better things to do than sweat. $99

4 **SCREEN GEM**
The backlit jumbo screen on Panasonic's tiny e-wear SD audio player makes it easy to track songs but, in turn, exposes your Michael Bolton obsession. $400

5 **LOOKY THERE**
UltimateTV lets you record 35 hours of *The Sopranos*, log on to the Net and flip channels all at once. Your girlfriend will hate it. $399

6 **TRIGGER-HAPPY HELP**
With the Kodak Advantix Preview's slick LCD screen, you decide if a subject is film-worthy. If said subject looks skank on the screen, the camera also serves as a bludgeon. $300

7 **MUFF FOR EARS**
Philips' HP910 headphones make canned music sound better than live music. Wear 'em to a concert tonight and compare. $129

8 **TINY TUNES**
Share Neil Diamond with the masses: Break out a pair of Si-5's CD-jewel-box-size speakers for your Walkman. The speakers sound great as you get your ass kicked. $90

9 **TAKE CONTROLLING INTEREST**
Intel's wireless game controller/mouse is horseshoe-shaped, allowing us to play horseshoes in the hallway between parole hearings. $64

10 **SCAN OVERBOARD**
Polaroid's handy scanner, the i-Zone Webster, stores up to 20 small images in its container–stuff like dimes, keys and Tom Cruise. $50

11 **BURN UNIT**
Sony's Digital Relay CD player can burn 11 hours of music from normal and MP3-format discs onto a CD and play it, too. That merits a Cub Scout badge. $399

12 **LESS TUBE, MORE BOOB**
Not more than two inches thick, Sharp's 20-inch LCD TV is thinner than a waffle though much more expensive. $6,000

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PHILIPS

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Polaroid
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Webster

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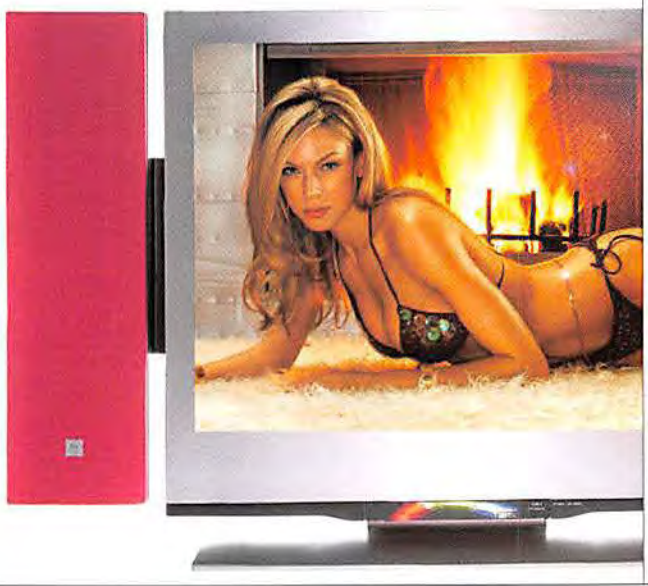

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STUFF MUSIC SPECIAL

The Musical Web of Evil

Is George W. Bush responsible for a disproportionate share of terrible music? We think the evidence speaks for itself.

While so-called professional journalists prattle on about George W. Bush's education initiatives or his faith-based porn theaters, the real story has been left untold. Until now. After minutes of exhaustive research, we uncovered evidence linking the president with...*really bad music*. Perhaps it's all a coincidence, you say? Perhaps, if you looked hard enough, you could link similar evidence to any random public figure, and we chose President Bush out of pure spite? Yes, perhaps. And perhaps you're a big stupid-head. This conversation is over.

"What's that, my sweet violin? Kill them? All of them?"

ASIA

Bush's dad puked there in 1992.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS

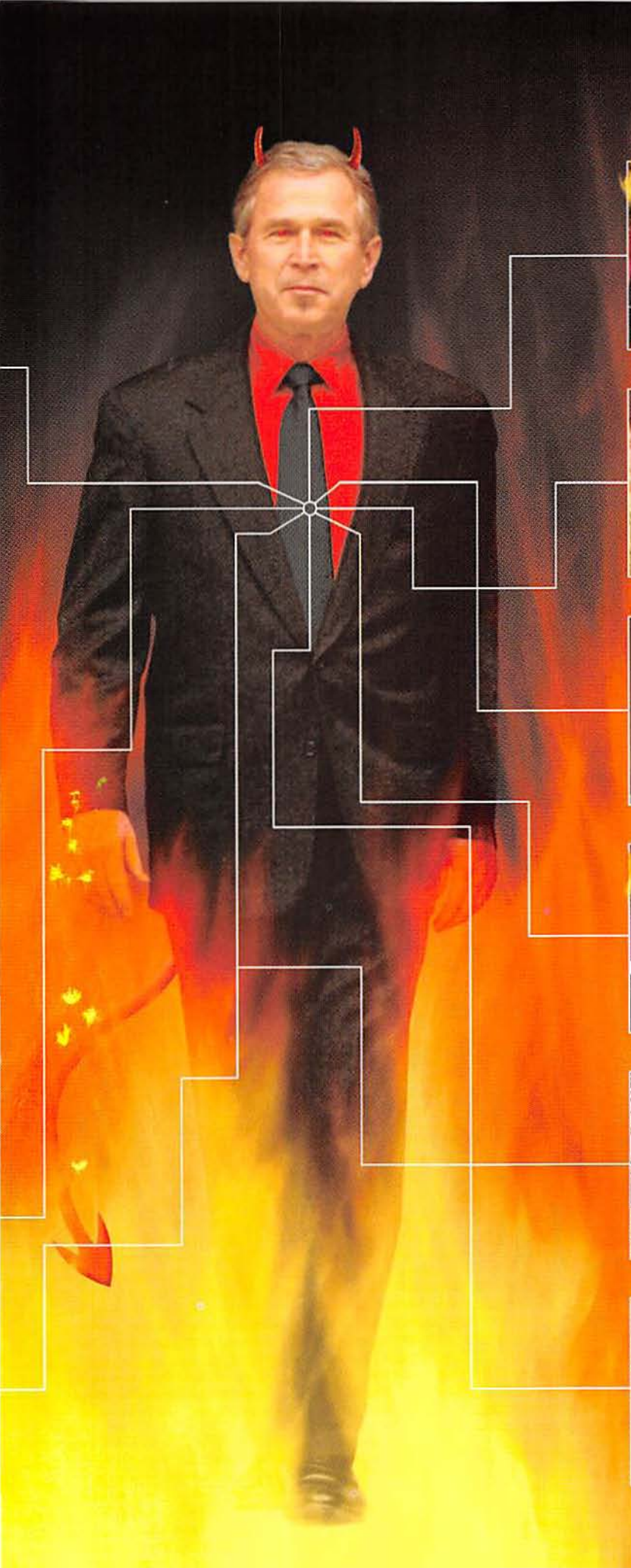
His signature song, "Sailing," is a recollection of his youth when a friend invited him sailing...in Texas. Also: Another guy named Christopher Cross (at least, we hope it's another guy) was assistant secretary of education under W's dad.

STARSHIP

Just 14 years after the album *Knee Deep in the Hoopla* was released, Bush would launch his Iowa campaign, according to *The New York Times*, "amid Texas-size hoopla."

LOVERBOY

"I gotta do it my way or no way at all!" wailed these Canadians, foretelling the partisan bickering that Bush would vow to end.

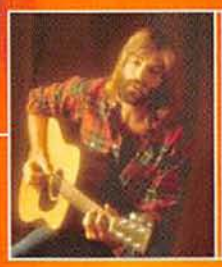


RICHARD MARX

In 1989, Richard Marx released his second album, *Repeat Offender*. In 1985, Governor George W. Bush signed Ashley's Laws, aimed at cracking down on sex offenders. Was Bush listening to Richard Marx at the time? Possibly.

KANSAS

Shortly after being bypassed for a seat in George W. Bush's cabinet, Bill Graves said he wasn't disappointed and couldn't imagine a better job than being governor of Kansas.



KENNY LOGGINS

Early in the presidential campaign, then-VP nominee Dick Cheney appeared on CBS's *The Early Show*. Fellow guest: Kenny Loggins. Later, at an Arkansas campaign rally, a high school band welcomed Cheney with a rousing rendition of "Danger Zone."

WANG CHUNG

Until late last year, Bush thought Wang Chung was the leader of China. He was right.

THE HOOTERS

Got their start in Philadelphia—host of the 2000 Republican National Convention—where W earned his party's nomination. The sign at an area Hooters restaurant, promoting its chicken wings, read: "Hooters & Bush: We're both winging it."

AIR SUPPLY

Bandmates Graham Russell and Russell Hitchcock first met as cast members in *Jesus Christ Superstar*. As the governor of Texas, George W. Bush signed a proclamation declaring June 10 to be Jesus Day.

Though the album is named *Roll On*, they ironically never use deodorant

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

The Living End

ROLL ON *Reprise*

★★★★★

Kylie Minogue. Silverchair. Men at Work. We could go on and on, naming as many as two more Australian bands that rock. But is there a band alive today that can take the sonic genius of "Down Under" to the next level? Try the Living End. This Aussie trio infiltrated the States two years ago with their punky anthem "Prisoner of Society" and landed a sweet gig on the Warped Tour. On *Roll On*, the guys graduate from three-chord rock to American rockabilly, catchy power pop and Marley-worthy ska-reggae, usually all in triple time. In their quest for musical nirvana, however, the End didn't forget about the kids back home: Band leader Chris Cheney's guitar solos are straight out of the AC/DC playbook (in fact, "Silent Victory" is a direct rip-off of "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap"), and the band's politics ("Killing the Right") would make Midnight Oil seem positively square—if anybody actually remembered Midnight Oil's political messages. —*Kirk Miller*

CRAZY TOWN
"BUTTERFLY"

On the Wings of Love

"This girl I'd met, her thing was butterflies," says lead singer Shifty Shellshock. "We covered her whole room with colorful butterflies—it got kind of crazy, we were smoking too much weed—and I was writing this song about her, and I was like, 'What am I going to call this song?' I was lying on our bed, and I looked up and there's butterflies everywhere."

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

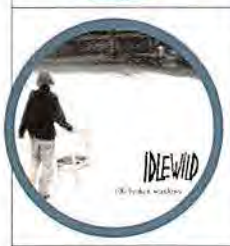
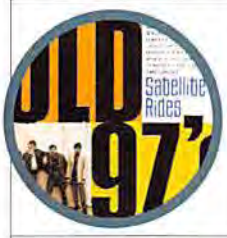
	H3llb3nt HARDCORE VANILLA *Invisible* ★★★★	An all-star crew of electronica and industrial rockers mixes drum 'n' bass, evil vocals and enough thumping percussion to kill a small dog.	**DID YOU KNOW?** There's an *amazing* story behind the spelling of the group's name. But we aren't telling. Ha-ha!	**STUFF SAYS:** If Trent Reznor had really let his freak flag—and his electronica impulses—fly like these guys did, he might have stayed interesting. But he didn't. So he's not.
	**Idlewild** 100 BROKEN WINDOWS *Odeon/Capital* ★★★★	Scottish rockers invoke the angst of Morrissey. Sample lyrics: "I must be scared of something," "I am just too gullible for words," "This stain will *never* come out," etc.	**DID YOU KNOW?** The group is named after a setting in *Anne of Green Gables*, which just makes us want to punch someone really hard in the arm and run away.	**STUFF SAYS:** The first bit of moody guitar rock to hit the mind *and* the gut since Cobain threw in the towel. By which we mean "blew his brains out."
	Daft Punk DISCOVERY *Virgin* ★★★	French duo mixes a techno-funk cocktail of slap-happy bass, high-energy beats and wa-wa guitar. And if you think those adjectives suck, *you* try writing this crap.	**DID YOU KNOW?** The Punks refuse to show their faces in videos or photos. Is it because they're hideously ugly? Could be. But it never stopped Everclear.	**STUFF SAYS:** Funkier than Prince, these guys are our favorite French import since *Jules and Jim*. We could watch that movie over and over.
	John Digweed GLOBAL UNDERGROUND: LOS ANGELES *Boxed Records* ★★★	House DJ superstar has his legendary seven-plus-hour live set from Los Angeles condensed into a five-and-a-half-hour, two-CD pack. OK, so it's *sort of* condensed.	**DID YOU KNOW?** Digweed was the first U.K. spinster to hold a resident DJ gig in a U.S. club, back in the early '90s. Plus, his name sounds like dickweed. Tell him that.	**STUFF SAYS:** These throbbing beats, synth squiggles and swooshing siren noises could reanimate the dead. But they still won't bring back your dog.
	Buckcherry TIME BOMB *Dreamworks* ★★	Last year's one-hit wonders ("Lit Up") return with more of their glam-rock odes to drugs, alcoholism and porn stars. What did you expect: origami and whittling?	**DID YOU KNOW?** There's a hidden track here ("Open My Eyes") that'll make you yearn for the subtlety and craft of Yngwie Malmsteen. You know, more than usual.	**STUFF SAYS:** Singer Josh Todd is an Axl Rose wanna-be, but he lacks Axl's vocal range and lunatic edge. Plus, he has two first names. Two lame first names.
	**Old 97's** SATELLITE RIDES *Elektra* ★★	They used to be twangy, but these good ol' boys from Texas have decided to add a lot of rock to their tales of suburban woe. It seems to help.	**DID YOU KNOW?** Singer Rhett Miller once told *Seventeen* that "grooviness is essential" in a woman. Hello? We stopped reading that mag, like, months ago.	**STUFF SAYS:** A bunch of clichéd love songs. Pick up their previous album, *Fight Songs*, instead. Now hop on one leg. Wow, you're gullible!
	Our Lady Peace SPIRITUAL MACHINES *Columbia* ★★	Canadian alt-rockers drone on about man and machines. Didn't Rush already do this? Don't answer. It's a rhetorical question.	**DID YOU KNOW?** The lyrics were inspired by the obscure writer Ray Kurzweil, and the author is sampled on the CD. This is the high point of Ray Kurzweil's life.	**STUFF SAYS:** The band actually churns out some rather ass-kickin' modern rock noise. But Ray Kurzweil just ruins the whole thing.

Illustration (Song Story): Margaret Cutsack

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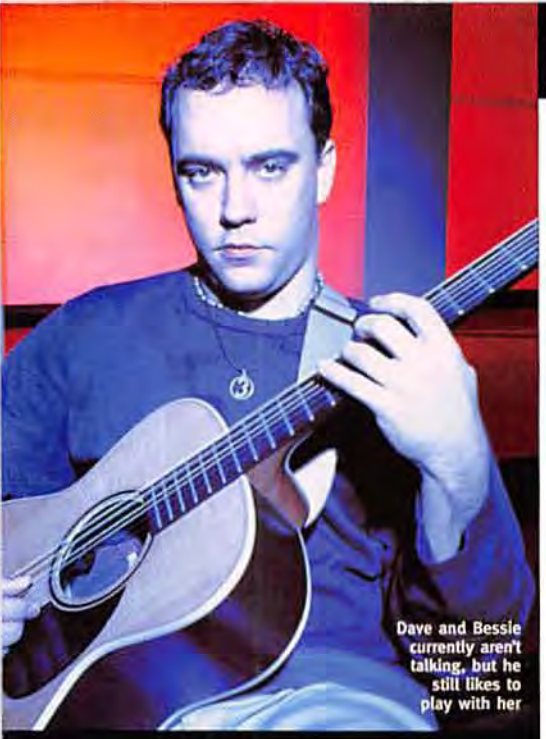

Dave and Bessie currently aren't talking, but he still likes to play with her

FAMILY TREE

What Are You Doing, Dave?

Dave Matthews albums may as well be standard issue to every college freshman, along with Abercrombie & Fitch catalogs and that certain kind of naive self-righteousness that makes us want to puke all over our leather underwear. That's OK. It's part of growing up. And besides, *Under the Table and Dreaming* and *Crash* weren't that bad in the context of those topsy-turvy times known as the mid-'90s. Indeed, the Dave Matthews Band was a Toad the Wet Sprocket in a Hootie & the Blowfish world.

Now solidly in the '00s, after a tepid studio effort and a few lazy-ass live albums, the Dave Matthews Band returns with *Everyday*, their fourth studio release. And you know what? It's not bad. But don't take our word for it. Just ask DMB bassist Stefan Lessard. "The drums are phatter than I've ever heard the drums sound before," he says. "They speak, they breathe, they...they're just phat." OK, enough with that phat bullshit. Here's who Dave & Co. can thank for their trademark sound. *–Jaime Lowe*

Just like the JV soccer-team pic: No smiling

FUNKY STUFF

FUNKADELIC
ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE
(Warner) 1978
They both have horns and funk, and they both cram about a million musicians onstage. The really spooky part? *They both have secretaries named Lincoln.*

JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA
THIRD WORLD CHILD
(Capitol) 1987
The amiable Dave gets his groove from Clegg, the godfather of ethnic fusion rock. He gets his laundry detergent from Sam's Club. It's so much cheaper that way!

PAUL SIMON
SONGS FROM THE CAPEMAN
(Warner) 1997
It's not an obvious link, but DMB's sax, eclectic folkiness and dulled-out groove all point to Simon. So does Art Garfunkel, but no one notices.

CLASSIC STUFF

THE BEATLES
SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND
(EMD/Capitol) 1967
The layers, the tripping chords, the instrumental interludes...DMB owes it all to the Fab Four. Then again, who doesn't? The surviving Beatles, we suppose.

GENESIS
TRESPASS
(UNI/MCA) 1970
Dave's layered vocals and the band's power percussion would make Phil Collins green with envy. Which is cool, because Phil really needs something to do–and turning green is a start.

GRATEFUL DEAD
AMERICAN BEAUTY
(Warner) 1970
The Dead and the Dave Matthews Band are both known for layers of jam, and–let's face it–they're both a lot more tolerable when you're stoned. Kind of like those kids you volunteer with at the hospital.

OTHER STUFF

YODELERS
We can't *prove* that Dave spent months in the Swiss Alps to study the yodelers who so clearly influenced his singing. But, hey, we can't prove a lot of things. Why can't you just accept that and move on already?

SCATMAN CROTHERS
Dave punctuates his songs with scat-style gibberish ("woo doo whup"), just like Scatman Crothers. Also: Scatman provided the voice of the title character in Hanna-Barbera's *Hong Kong Phooey*. No lie!

JAZZY STUFF

OSCAR PETERSON
OSCAR PETERSON AT CARNEGIE HALL
(Mercury) 1950
Dave uses his guitar to tunnel his way through beats in a way reminiscent of the jazz pianist. He also uses it to crack pecans. He loves his pecans.

KEITH JARRETT
THE IMPULSE YEARS
(UNI/Impulse) 1973
Dave's an *impulsive* guy, judging from the funky improv stylings that he shares with this creative jazzman. That's a delicious play on words. Trust us–we're editors.

EARNEST STUFF

PETER GABRIEL
SO
(Geffen) 1986
Dave and Peter both sound good on a boom box outside an ex-girlfriend's window. Just ask the poor saps at *Gear*. We steal their chicks like matchbooks.

STING
BRING ON THE NIGHT
(UNI/A&M) 1986
Just like Sting, with his dreamy voice and bedroom eyes, Dave speaks to the ladies. Girls think, *He knows what I'm thinking–he understands me for me.* Clever bastard.

COUNTING CROWS
AUGUST AND EVERYTHING AFTER
(DGC) 1993
Dave has a warble worthy of Adam Duritz, and he's every bit as somber. Which one is cuter? You tell us, guy! E-mail us at letters@stuffmagazine.com.

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EXCUSE YOURSELF

The Song Remains The Shame

We all own embarrassing albums, but that doesn't mean we have to own up to them. Here's how to explain away some of your stinkers.

"Thank you both for coming out tonight."

		WHAT YOU WERE THINKING	WHAT YOU TELL YOUR GIRLFRIEND	WHAT YOU TELL YOUR GUY FRIENDS
	SADE *The Best of Sade*	*Owning this CD will indeed be the sweetest taboo.*	"I heard you say you liked Sade, so I bought this. That's so stupid, isn't it?"	"It renders chicks powerless, my brothers. Powerless."
	SPIN DOCTORS *Pocket Full of Kryptonite*	*I'll never get tired of "Little Miss Can't Be Wrong."*	"I saw them live in '93. Let's have sex."	"I'm a sucker for anything engineered by Frank Aversa."
	MC HAMMER *Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em*	*This'll be great if I ever have that '80s party.*	"So much of today's rap is misogynistic crap. Not so with Hammer."	"This'll be great if I ever have that '80s party."
	TITANIC *Music from the Motion Picture*	*If I pay cash, tracing this purchase back to me will be virtually impossible.*	"I only wish I could freeze to death in the middle of the North Atlantic to prove how much you mean to me."	"It was a gift from my grandma, you douche bag. She's dead now."
	VARIOUS ARTISTS *Jazz for When You're Alone*	*Masturbation hasn't been the same lately. I need to put some romance back into this relationship.*	"I guess I started feeling very isolated after my parents abandoned me."	"It came with my *Hustler* subscription."
	INDIGO GIRLS *Indigo Girls*	*Wait, I get another CD for just a penny?*	"When I hear 'Secure Yourself,' I'm not afraid to cry."	"Lesbians."
	VARIOUS ARTISTS *Pottery Barn: Soul Divas*	*Hell, I'm already spending $200 on this lamp and these martini glasses. What's another 14 bucks?*	"Patti LaBelle is *so* underrated."	"You ever steal something just to see if you could get away with it?"

These guys would really do well in our prison system

CHECK, PLEASE

Really Cheap Tricks

Want a blast-from-the-past band for your nephew's b mitzvah? Start passing the hat. It'll cost...a moderate amount of money. Here's what you'll have to cough u

Frankie Goes to Hollywood	$6,0
Nelson	$6,0
Tommy Tutone	$7,500–$10,0
A Flock of Seagulls	$10,0
Jody Watley (including dancers)	$11,0
The Sugarhill Gang	$11,5
Grandmaster Flash	$12,0
Ice-T	$12,5
Starship	$15,0

**Plus airfare and hotel.*

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

New Gigs

Former rock stars still have something to give. Traffic reports, for example. Here's what a handful of artists are up to, now that the music's over.

Jeff "Skunk" Baxter
THEN Played guitar with **Steely Dan** and the **Doobie Brothers**.
NOW Advises members of Congress on missil defense. We'll pause while that sinks in.

Simon Crowe
THEN Played drums for the **Boomtown Rats**.
NOW Makes wooden clocks. His business, Like Clockwork, is named after a Boomtown Rats that he cowrote.

Dee Snider
THEN Was the vocalist for **Twisted Sister**.
NOW Hosts the morning show at Hartford, Connecticut's WMRQ, Radio 104, from 6 A.M. t 10 A.M. On Fridays, he brings in bagels!

Bill Leen
THEN Played bass for the **Gin Blossoms**.
NOW Deals in rare books in Mesa, Arizona. Pc to join a comeback tour should the need aris Really. He's free pretty much the rest of the

In the third season of *Too Close for Comfort*, the girls formed a band

IMITATION CHEESE

The Big Cover-Up

Tribute bands are alive and well. Or at least alive.

Tribute bands like Björn Again, the ABBA wanna-bes, frighten us–and not just because of their outfits (see disturbing photo, above). But some cover bands actually are worth checking out. By "checking out," we really mean "laughing at." We're so very, very bitter.

SUPER DIAMOND
Why Neil Diamond? According to the Super Diamond, "It's the only music we have ever played that our parents really like." Then again, their parents probably never imagined their idol encouraging stage diving during "Sweet Caroline." No matter. Since their first show in 1993, lead singer Surreal Neil (aka Randy Cordeiro) and his crew have developed a freakish following–Super Diamond sells out 1,000-seat theaters within minutes. Lots and lots of minutes.

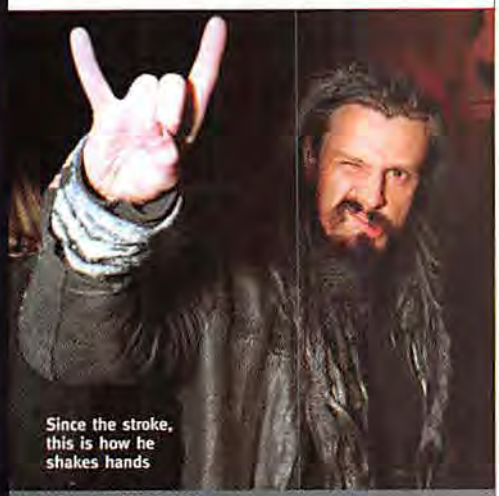
SKANATRA
On their self-titled CD and at their occasional New York City-area gigs, this crew from Hoboken, New Jersey, pumps out a very Specials-worthy tribute to Frank. One online reviewer named Anthony whines, "It's jokey novelty crap like this that keeps real, valid, vibrant ska artists from getting the respect they deserve." Which is reason enough for us to support them.

RICHARD CHEESE
This West Coast ivory tickler (his friends call him Dick Cheese) delves into lounge versions of alt-rock's greatest hits on his CD *Lounge Against the Machine*, from a jazzy samba version of Nine Inch Nails' "Closer" to a finger-snappin', Catskills-worthy take on the Offspring's "Come Out and Play." It's the only way we're able to listen to Limp Bizkit.

SAPPHIRE BULLETS OF LOVE
"The only They Might Be Giants cover band that matters!" their ads trumpet. Having scored the opening slot on TMBG's recent tour, the Bullets do uncanny renditions of tracks from the Giants' album *Flood*. It probably helps that the band is made up entirely of members of They Might Be Giants. Oddly, Sapphire gets more chicks.

APOCALYPTICA
These Finnish cello burnouts took their long hair and their love of Metallica's Lars Ulrich to scary heights, recording classical takes on metal favorites such as "Creeping Death" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls." The truly scary part? Three years after the first Apocalyptica album, the guys in Metallica recorded their own symphony CD. We've got it on MP3.

Illustrations: DJ Design.



Since the stroke, this is how he shakes hands

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Manual Instruction

Is that metal fan enraged or just thirsty? Relying on guesswork could get you killed. Instead, use our handy chart.

THE OH-SO-GLAMOROUS LIFE OF THE GROUPIE

ALMOST FAMOUS WAS ALMOST LAUGHABLE. IN REAL LIFE, ROCK STARS TREAT GROUPIES LIKE CRAP. BUT DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. TAKE THEIRS....

"I was with this chick on the back of the bus, we're going at it and she said, 'I've got to hurry up.' I asked why, and she said, 'Because my mom's outside.'"
—Jack Russell, Great White

"We were in, I think, Amarillo, Texas, and the whole band was in the room with this girl, who was showing us how much stuff she could put 'up there.' She finally got the telephone receiver up there and then realized we were out of booze. So she dialed room service—all you could hear were muffled sounds, and I was like, 'We need another bottle of gin.' And they're like—all muffled—'We'll be there in a sec.' We were talking into her crotch."

—Nikki Sixx, Mötley Crüe

"ONE NIGHT, THIS GIRL WAS VERY DRUNK AND I WAS IN THE MOOD TO BE A LITTLE BANANAS. I GOT SOME BOTTLED WATER AND COAXED HER INTO TAKING AN ENEMA. SHE SAID, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING THAT FOR?' I SAID, 'I'M GOING TO PLAY MR. WEATHERMAN. ASK ME WHAT THE WEATHER IS.' SHE SAID, 'MR. WEATHERMAN, WHAT'S THE WEATHER?' AND I GO, 'MR. WEATHERMAN PREDICTS A SHIT BLIZZARD.' AND, WITH THAT, SHE LETS OUT A MESS. THE BUS DRIVER ALMOST WALKED OFF THE TOUR. IT WAS A PISSER."

—C.C. DEVILLE, POISON

"On one tour, this guy bought us this giant sausage—about eight inches around and probably three feet long. For the whole tour, it just hung there on the bus and nobody touched it because it looked kind of dangerous. Then, after a record-store signing, we got on the bus and our crew was with this girl—and they were giving her that damn sausage. If you've ever seen a piece of sausage used in that fashion, it's definitely something that sticks in your head."

—Jesse James Dupree, Jackyl

"We were playing in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and this guy was willing to do anything to meet us. The guys were plying him with Goldschläger and Jägermeister, and the kid wound up getting all turned on when he was told that we wanted a 'show' before we met him. We were watching him already—he was sitting in front of a mirror next to all the deli stuff they give you backstage—and he climbed up on the counter and started humping the deli tray. He was really getting into it when he took off his boxers and grabbed the mustard. He squirted it all over his dick and started jacking off with it, wasted out of his tree. Eventually he 'finished,' and we sent a guy out to tell him that we'd have loved meeting him... if only he'd used the mayo."

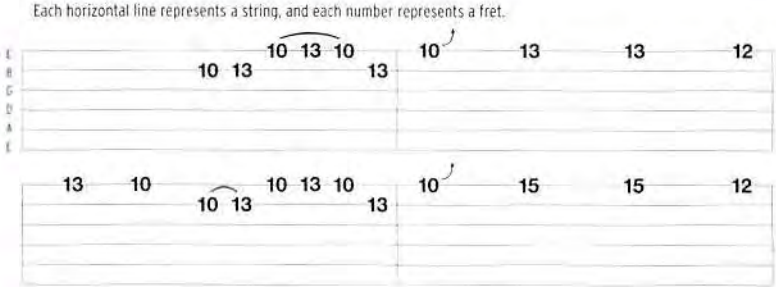
—Ruyter Suys, Nashville Pussy

HOOK OF THE MONTH

"Layla"

Eric Clapton wrote this classic for George Harrison's wife, and George couldn't do a damn thing about it.

Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.



IN MY HEAD WILL
NEVER STAY IN MY HEAD
WILL NEVER STOP
never be
tamed caged silenced
IN MY HEAD WILL ONLY
grow
spawn devour in my head will only
rattle buzz scratch tunnel
in my head until it's let out
allowed to
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JENNIFER

KALIN

DANELLE

The real winner in all this? Our conference table

DOWN AND DIRTY

Eco and the Bunny Women

We face off with three adventure-racing ex-Playmates–to the X-treme! PHOTOGRAPH BY CARRIE PROPHETT

Adventure races bore us. They're like Mountain Dew commercials that never end. But even we sat up (spilling our dip) and took notice when we saw the Playboy X-Treme Team in last year's Eco-Challenge race in Malaysian Borneo. In fact, the most compelling story in USA Network's *Eco-Challenge Borneo 2000* is the performance by the former Bunnies. Captain Danelle Folta (Miss April '95), Jennifer Lavoie (August '93), Kalin Olson (August '97) and Owen West (token dude of the coed squad) not only finished, but also flourished in this 11-day, 320-mile descent into lunacy. We gave Owen 10 bucks and sent him to a matinee while associate editor Bill Schulz chatted up the ex-Playmate portion of the team.

STUFF: So you're traipsing through Borneo for a week and a half. How extreme–sorry, *X-treme*–did the lack of hygiene get?

DANELLE: Oh, it was disgusting. There were some natives there and others who wanted pictures with us. You know, it was very flattering. But we smelled so bad, I was embarrassed to get near them.

JENNIFER: I wasn't due to get my period for another two weeks, but with the kind of trauma your body is dealing with...well, we were, like, all bleeding, all the time. Considering some of the other painful aspects of the race, it really wasn't that big a deal.

My period is always a big deal. But everyone's bodies are different. What was the wildlife like?

KALIN: Leeches were a problem. You would just pull them off or use iodine. And I got stung by this stinging plant. It injects microscopic hairs into your skin. It's like an electric shock. I was bawling, it hurt so bad.

You guys had a lot of people betting against you. Any particular naysayer you'd like to strip to her underwear and have a pillow fight with?

DANELLE: Oh, there was this one girl–I remember she was in the armed services–who was very condescending. She didn't think we belonged there because she was this military-trained person and she was so much better. During the testing she was almost laughing at us. Every checkpoint we hit, she would just get madder and madder. In the end, I don't think her team even finished.

What particular aspect of sex would be your mate's greatest Eco-Challenge, if you will.

KALIN: Oh, not a thing. He's perfect. He's gorgeous.

He is all that I am not.

Eco-Challenge Borneo 2000 *will air April 1-4 on the USA Network.*

THE ANSWER MAN

Ask Jack Maxwell

Got a serious personal problem? Suffering through another career crisis? Facing a life-threatening medical emergency? Turn to Jack Maxwell, the host of *National Enquirer's Uncovered*, for advice. Jack Maxwell is an accomplished actor and television personality who possesses a sharp wit and strong on-air presence. As an avid outdoorsman and sports enthusiast, Jack will apply his intuition and experience as a cast member on *Beverly Hills, 90210* to your most intimate dilemmas.

Dear Jack Maxwell,
My parents went through a bitter divorce several years ago and now live on opposite sides of the country. Both of them have become very ill and need me, their only child, by their sides to see them through their final days. I love them both very much, but I can't be in two places at once. I'm sick about this, and time is running out. What should I do?

–Frantic in Nebraska

Jack Maxwell is on location for *Uncovered* in Modesto and is unavailable to answer your question at this time. He wishes you the very best in all your endeavors. Watch for Jack as the cohost of *Movie Showcase* on DirectTV.

LIV TYLER MATT DILLON JOHN GOODMAN PAUL REISER and MICHAEL DOUGLAS

one night at McCool's

She's three men over the legal limit.

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If you want to keep your Web habits to yourself, you can destroy the electronic evidence every time you log off...or you can turn to SurfSecret.com. It deletes the list of sites you've visited, along with chat activity and other unsavory files that your computer automatically stores. SurfSecret costs about 40 bucks, but you can test it for free. In the meantime, stay away from that Cloris Leachman fan site. Fruitcake.

JOEY, DO YOU LIKE GLADIATOR MOVIES?

Ben-Hur

Gladiator? Feh. *Ben-Hur* makes it look like *Ernest Goes to Rome*. New to DVD, *Ben-Hur* follows Charlton Heston in the title role as he becomes a Roman slave, races some chariots and finds his center after chilling with Jesus. The release features a digitally remastered picture and soundtrack, cast screen tests, an original theatrical trailer and a free membership to the NRA. Just kidding! A membership to the NRA costs $35.

FOUL LANGUAGE-FASTER

TheSpark.com

Lacing your memos, e-mails and online tax returns with profanity used to be a time-consuming chore. Not anymore. Visit TheSpark.com and check out a feature called Burn Maker. It lets you enter text into a box, then click a button to turn it vulgar. For example: "Mom, your fly is open again" becomes "Mom, your sorry fly is open again. You are a shitbag." This is funny, even if your mom isn't a shitbag.

"I know. It's like we can finish each other's sentences."

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	THE INSIDE STUFF
	The Fast and The Furious MARCH 23 VIN DIESEL, PAUL WALKER, JORDANA BREWSTER, MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ, JA RULE DIR: ROB COHEN	A rookie cop (Walker) goes undercover in a gang of street racers. When gang members smell a rat, the cop has to make a case before he becomes a hood ornament. And when we say "smell a rat," we mean it only in the figurative sense.	The plot is a bit of a clunker, but Brewster really starts our engines. She'd better, though. After squealing to the Feds, we'd be nuts to start them ourselves.
	The Heartbreakers MARCH 23 SIGOURNEY WEAVER, JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT, ANNE BANCROFT, NORA DUNN, GENE HACKMAN DIR: DAVID MIRKIN	Mom (Weaver) lures porpoises* into marriage; then daughter (Love Hewitt) lures stepdad into bed. When mom "catches" them, it's off to divorce court for a settlement. Sexy stepdaughters are bad news. Don't even get us started!	This mother-daughter combo could charm the pants off anybody, anytime, including us. If we were actually wearing pants. They're so constricting.
	The Tailor of Panama MARCH 30 GEOFFREY RUSH, PIERCE BROSNAN, JAMIE LEE CURTIS, CATHERINE McCORMACK, LEONOR VALERA DIR: JOHN BOORMAN	An ex-con (Rush) who's a tailor to the rich and powerful is quite the storyteller. And when he tells a British spy (Brosnan) the manufactured yarn of the century, it leads to war. How fashionable is that?!	This story, based on the John LeCarré novel, has more threads than those really expensive sheets. You know, the ones with the high thread counts.
	Blow APRIL 6 JOHNNY DEPP, PENÉLOPE CRUZ, RACHEL GRIFFITHS, RAY LIOTTA DIR: TED DEMME	A young porpoise (Depp) who doesn't want to be like his blue-collar dad (Liotta) flees to California to sell weed (Mary Jane) and ends up moving coke for a Colombian drug lord.	Plenty of paranoid action and an intoxicating Cruz make this well worth your rolled-up $10 bill. But it makes us sick to see Hollywood glamorizing the use of Johnny Depp. Just say no!
	Bridget Jones' Diary APRIL 6 RENÉE ZELLWEGER, HUGH GRANT, COLIN FIRTH DIR: SHARON MAGUIRE	A thirtysomething Brit (Zellweger) chronicles her incessant smoking, weight gain and all the porpoises she meets for one year. We do that, too. Where's our movie deal? While we're at it, where's our ointment? That canker sore is acting up again.	Think *Sex and the City*, but with monkeys in corsets. Now think of a number between one and 100. This has nothing to do with the movie, but who cares? You're never going to see it anyway.
	Josie and the Pussycats APRIL 6 RACHAEL LEIGH COOK, TARA REID, ROSARIO DAWSON, ALAN CUMMING, SETH GREEN, PARKER POSEY DIRS: HARRY ELFONT, DEBORAH KAPLAN	Josie (Cook) and the Pussycats (Dawson and Reid) are sex-kitten garage rockers who stumble upon a plot to brainwash America's youth, only to discover that the three of them are really friggin' hot.	Skintight costumes, cat ears, Seth Green...but enough about our weekend plans. This is the best movie about sex-kitten garage rockers you'll see this year.

***NOTE:** In this month's movie reviews, we've replaced the word *guy* with *porpoise*.

Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2

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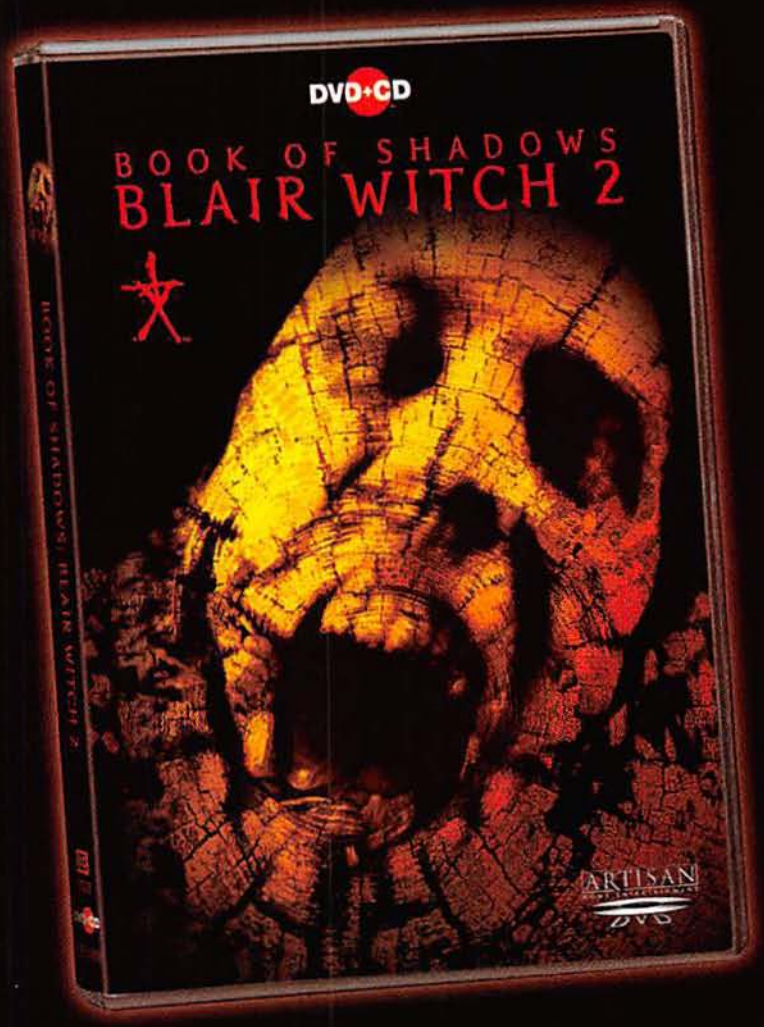

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Music from the "Blair Witch 2" Soundtracks

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- Tony Iommi (Featuring Dave Grohl) - *Goodbye Lament*
- Steaknife - *Tommy (Don't Die)*
- The Entire "Book of Shadows" Original Film Score Soundtrack by Carter Burwell
- Godhead Live Version - *The Reckoning*

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It was a fantastic death. But tell that to Julio. Julio had to clean it all up

VIDEO DATING

Just Stick To the Script

Further proof that Hollywood is the answer to all of life's problems.

When we went looking for advice on dating, we first turned to our local librarian. She called the cops. Next we turned to our local video store—and hit the jackpot. Turns out, everything you need to know about dating, you can learn through movies. Don't believe us? You can go to hell!

Prepping for the Big Night

"Oh, my God—he doesn't flog the dolphin before a big date? Are you crazy? That's like going out there with a loaded gun!"
There's Something About Mary

Deciding What to Wear

"Chicks dig me because I rarely wear underwear, and when I do it's usually something unusual."
Stripes

Approaching a Woman

"There's nothing wrong with letting the girls know that you're money and that you want to party."
Swingers

Setting the Mood

"When it comes down to making out, whenever possible put on side one of Led Zeppelin IV."
Fast Times at Ridgemont High

Waiting for the Green Light

"Would you look at that body language? Legs crossed toward each other. That's an unequivocal sex invite."
Clueless

Saying 'What the Fuck,' Making Your Move

"Sometimes you gotta say, 'What the fuck'—make your move."
Risky Business

Vomiting on Her Shoes

"If you blow chunks and she comes back, she's yours. If you spew and she bolts, it was never meant to be."
Wayne's World

IS THERE TRUTH IN FICTION?

IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND!

IT HAPPENS IN EVERY MOVIE

A guy gets thrown through a plate-glass window and walks away without a scratch.

THE REALITY

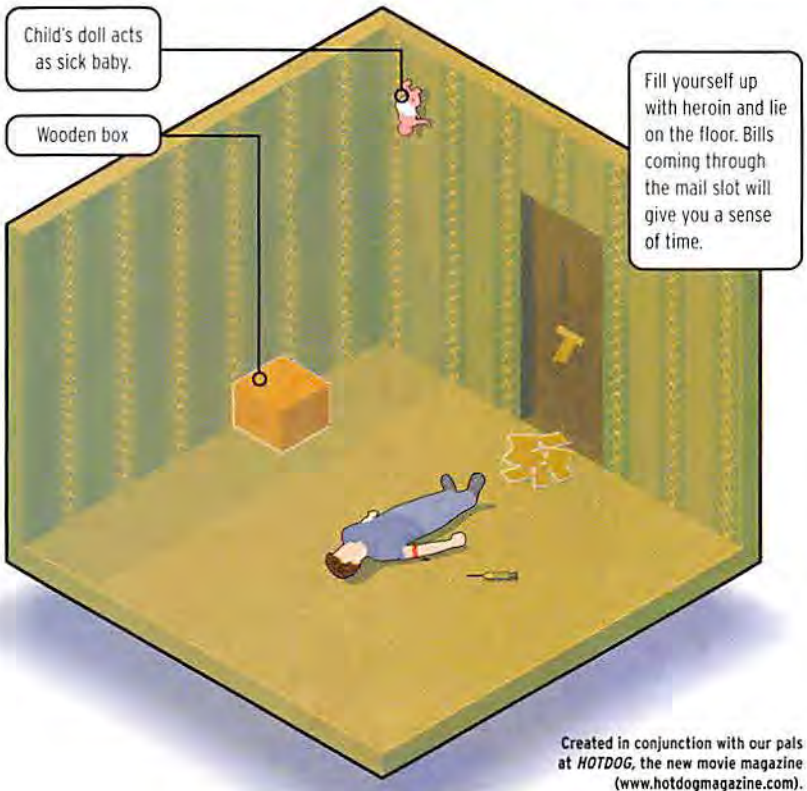
Unless you aspire to be ground beef, avoid passing through the pane of pain. According to Dr. George L. Higgins III, chief of emergency medicine at Maine Medical Center in Portland, "It is nearly impossible for anyone to pass through plate glass without substantial tissue injury, which can result in gaping neck wounds, extreme exsanguination from major blood vessels or even life-threatening lacerations." We knew there had to be more exsanguination than we were hearing about.

REAL HOME MOVIES No.2

Trainspotting

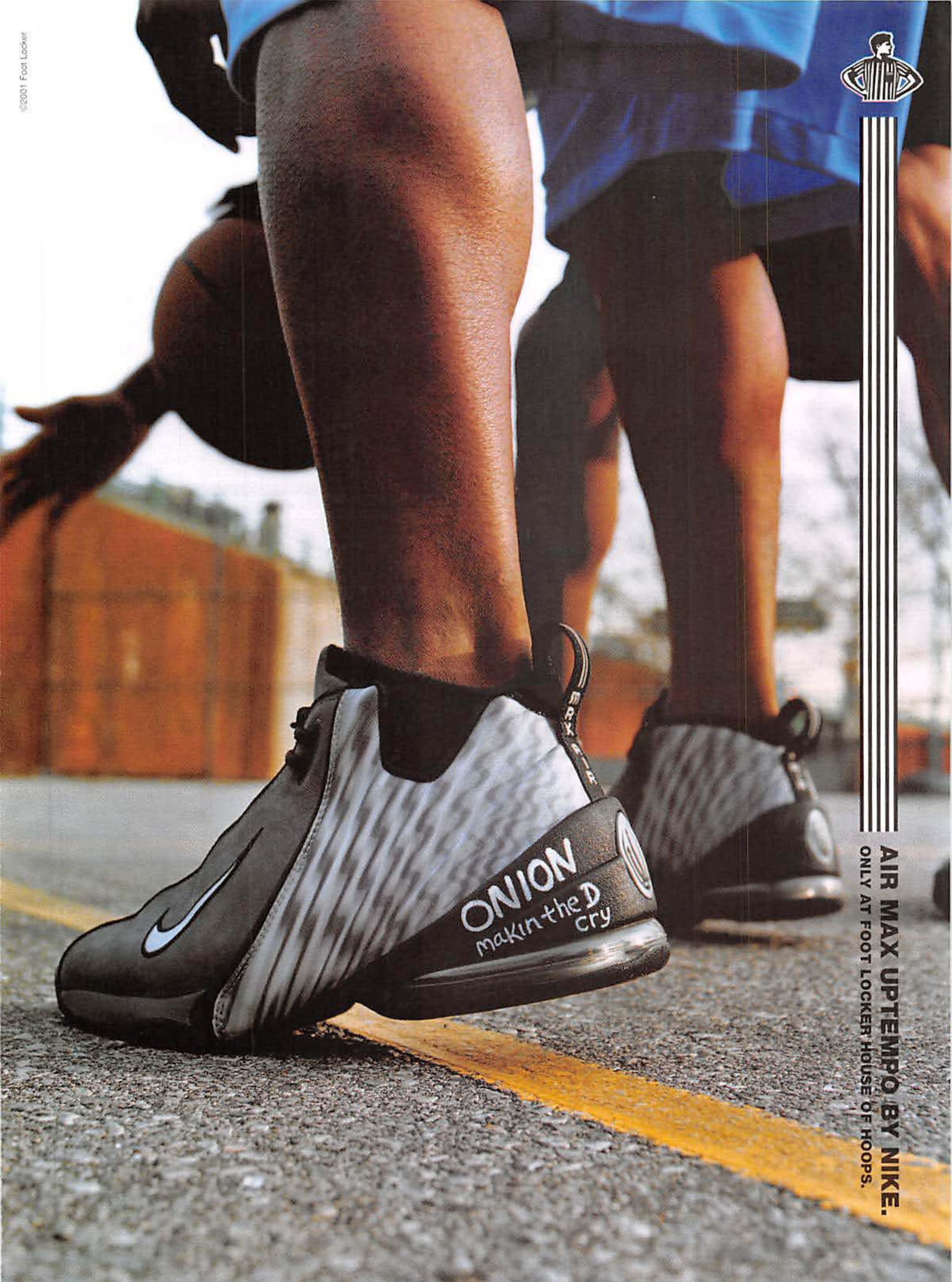
This 1996 heart-warmer brought to life the twin horrors of heroin abuse and Ewan McGregor. With a minimum of fuss, you too can inject a little filmic fun into your life and turn your home sweet home into a soulless smack shack.

Ewan watches *Phantom Menace*



Created in conjunction with our pals at *HOTDOG*, the new movie magazine (www.hotdogmagazine.com).

Trainspotting illustration: Jason Pickersgill. Words: James Brown and Jon Link.



©2001 Foot Locker

"Don't worry, sweet Sion. I watched *Road House*, like, seven times."

GAME OF THE MONTH

Operation Rescue The Bouncer *(PS2)*

Most bouncers we know—and we know a lot of bouncers—are barrel-chested goons who spend their evenings frowning at clipboards. Not these guys. Instead, the lovable rogues in *The Bouncer* are out to rescue a damsel in distress from a heavily armed military corporation. And if you think that's far-fetched, you've got a lot to learn about heavily armed military corporations, my friend. A lot.

Here's the story: When Dominique, Club Fate's mascot, is kidnapped by kinky maniacs from the Mikado special forces, she's secretly thrilled because it's always been a fantasy of hers. But that doesn't matter to the three bouncers who set out to get her back by chopping, punching and kicking their way through the entire population of Japan. Sion (a scruffy skate kid) is the hero, and he's backed up by Kou (a posh tattoo boy) and Volt (a giant with horns and a secret past). The game varies slightly, depending on which character you've chosen. As Kou, you go undercover and must remember passwords and hand signals to get to the next fight; as Sion, you speed through rooms while emergency doors snap shut just behind; as Volt, you must come to grips with your secret past and confront your uncle once and for all. Volt has kept these things bottled up for far too long. You can play with yourself (insert joke here) or with as many as three others. Guaranteed fun—until, of course, May's Game of the Month makes you forget this one ever existed. —*Simon Munk*

They were two boys from opposite sides of the tracks, but wow, could they dance

THE PLAY LIST

Typing of the Dead

(Dreamcast)
In this version of the arcade smash *House of the Dead 2*, you stop zombies by tapping out phrases on their chests with a keyboard. We haven't had this much fun with a keyboard since that night we ate an entire rum cake and couldn't stop laughing. At our keyboards.

Ring of Red *(PS2)*

It's war–Japanese style! That means giant walking tanks and cities in ruins. Your trigger finger gets a workout as you control ground troops and the aforementioned walking tanks in this real-time strategy and combat game. If you lose, you will bring great shame on your family. And we think you'll know what to do then.

Anachronox *(PC)*

In this role-playing adventure, you're a private investigator named Sylvester "Sly" Boots, who's hired by a mysterious old man to untangle a sinister plot and save the universe before it collapses. You're also deeply in debt, and people are out to kill you. We're serious–that last line wasn't about the game.

Steel Soldiers *(PC)*

When your army of dimwits accidentally gets involved in an interplanetary conflict, it's up to you to save their bumbling hides by seizing territory and mashing the enemy into a bloody pulp. When it's all over, you're angry with your dimwits. They could have been hurt! Then they give you that *look*, and your heart just melts.

Driving Emotion Type-S *(PS2)*

Yes, it's another car-racing game. Don't vomit in disgust–this one is worth a look, with pin-sharp graphics, a gut-rattling view from behind the steering wheel and a handling system that gives your car realistic lurch, skid and spin. We're still shaking! Oh, wait...that's a seizure.

Hostile Waters: Antaeus Rising *(PC)*

Despots and arms dealers have seized a chain of islands. This really cheeses you off, so you fire up an old warship and commence whupping ass. Initially, you pilot a variety of crafts arcade-style, dodging missiles and blasting enemy bases. Later, you feel all empty inside. *–S.M.*

Ray didn't like the way Jim was looking at his briefcase, which was filled with homemade cupcakes

The Game of Life

Most video games train you to slay zombies or blow up tanks–skills you use once, maybe twice, a year. Here's a title that hones skills you need every day.

LEVEL ONE First stop: the coffeehouse. Goatee Guy will try to sell you something called chai tea. He is evil and must be killed. Once you've maximized your coffee levels, it's off to work. Look for magic yellow coins during the commute phase of the game–they reveal hidden portals through which you can travel great distances, below the city, in a fraction of the normal time.

LEVEL TWO Surrounded by bosses and underlings, you navigate an increasingly complex maze of deception (from "Sure, no problem" to "That's not my blood"). To survive, you'll need to master excuses, pinpoint scapegoats and employ faulty logic. Hint: The secretary has a bullshit detector, but you can jam it with the FLOWERS button.

If you stare at it real close, it's sticking its tongue out at you

LEVEL THREE Lunchtime. There's a deli a few blocks away, but to get there you'll have to fight tractor beams from Arby's, McDonald's, Dunkin' Donuts, Burger King, Pizza Hut, Dairy Queen and KFC. Plus, there's a mysterious wizard who appears onscreen and demands spare change.

LEVEL FOUR The scene is the boss's office. It's performance-review time. That means you have to undermine your colleagues while heaping phony praise on your boss. But be careful: Lay it on too thick and you'll exhaust your stores of self-respect. Then it's off to law school.

LEVEL FIVE The action shifts from the office to the neighborhood pub. The picture gets blurrier as you progress through this level, so pay attention. Keep an eye on your cash supply as you jockey for position at the bar, carry full pints back to your friends and whiz without splashing your pants. Look out for Ball Cap Guy–if he gets near the jukebox, you'll hear blink-182 all night.

LEVEL SIX You have precisely two minutes to pull on your pants, fish around for your keys and silently exit her apartment before she wakes up and suggests brunch. Watch out–your dignity level is dangerously low!

LEVEL SEVEN Still alive? Congratulations. Now you get to do it all over again!

Photography: David Weiss. Illustration: Gary Brandham.

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NO ONE'S SURPRISED THIS STORY IS CAPABLE OF THIRTEEN CLIMAXES.

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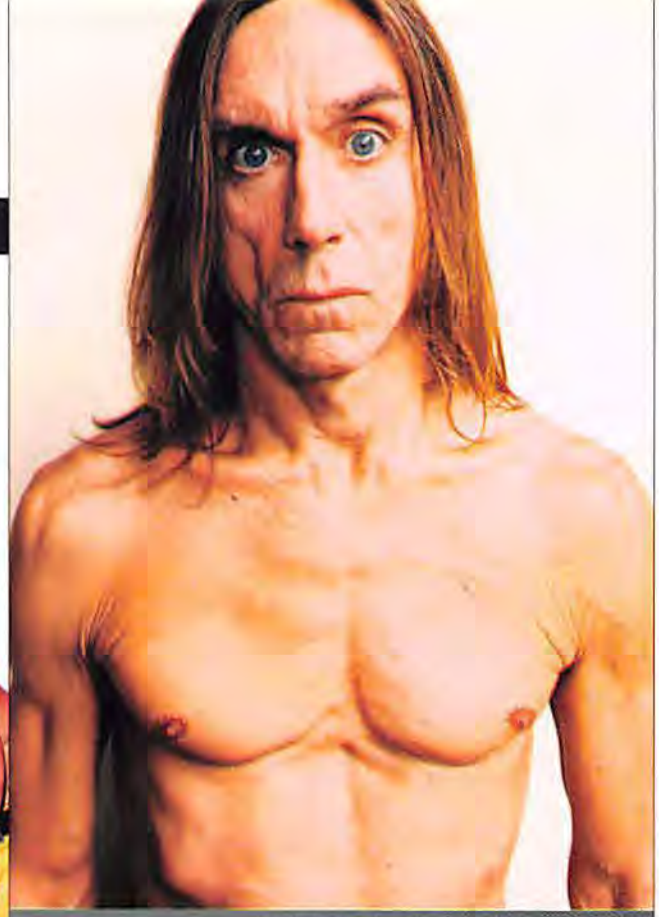
Greatest American Hero No. 17

Iggy Pop

The ex-Stooge looks as old as rock 'n' roll. He should, because he is.



Hanson in two years

During one of his first shows in 1969, Iggy Pop began stabbing himself with a drumstick, causing him to bleed all over the stage. "As I was doing it, the music sounded better and better," he explains. And—as with the great Lady Di—a love affair with self-mutilation began.

Mr. Pop was born with a far more normal name—James Newell Osterberg—in 1947. He grew up in a Michigan trailer park where, as an underfed asthmatic, he developed a strange fondness for inhalants, beginning a drug binge that would last until well into his 40s. Dedication. Devotion. Drugs. The three *D*'s of many early rockers, most of whom have added a fourth *D*—because they're Dead.

In high school, Iggy formed the Iguanas with some of his musical buddies, and he later became the leader of the Stooges. Iggy celebrated his maiden performance (opening for Detroit's prepunk legends MC5) by shaving his eyebrows and slathering his face in baby oil. Pretty! Within two years he had graduated to antagonizing fans and, when he was feeling romantic, flashing his genitals. Iggy turned exposing himself for fun and profit into an art form. In fact, to avoid 'Nam, he worked up a hard-on while waiting (buck naked) for his physical at the induction center. "It only took me an hour to evade the draft," he later bragged. No one ever called him a patriot.

Left behind by Uncle Sam, Iggy concentrated on the band. While the Stooges would prove to be monumentally influential, they didn't automatically elevate his economic status to top trailer in the park. According to Iggy, record sales were limited to "social deviants, people with lousy jobs, alcoholics and drug addicts." In other words, he played to his demographic. Unfortunately, those people don't have much money.

And—here's a surprise—the drugs didn't help. In 1970, just before a four-night stand in New York City, Iggy asked his record company for several hundred dollars' worth of coke. He wanted to do something thoughtful for the guys in the band. Soon after, they took a year off to wait for him to sober up. That took a really long time.

Not long after a 1974 concert highlighted by self-mutilation with a carving knife and an encore whipping courtesy of his guitarist, Iggy checked into a mental institution. He was visited there by one of his biggest fans, David Bowie, who whisked him off to the heroin haven of Berlin, where they cooked up some of Iggy's best work (*Lust for Life* and *The Idiot*). According to Iggy, the weekly schedule consisted of "two days of drugs, two days of recovery and three days of recording." Workaholic is just one of the many hats he wore.

Later he released a truly great album, *New Values*, but the '80s sadly found Iggy all cleaned up with two mainstream hits, "Real Wild Child" and "Candy," which were also his lamest efforts. A short while later, his music became fodder for car commercials, movie soundtracks and luxury cruises. If you have the stomach to see him close-up, rent a copy of *Snow Day*. His comparatively cute costars are Chevy Chase and Chris Elliott.

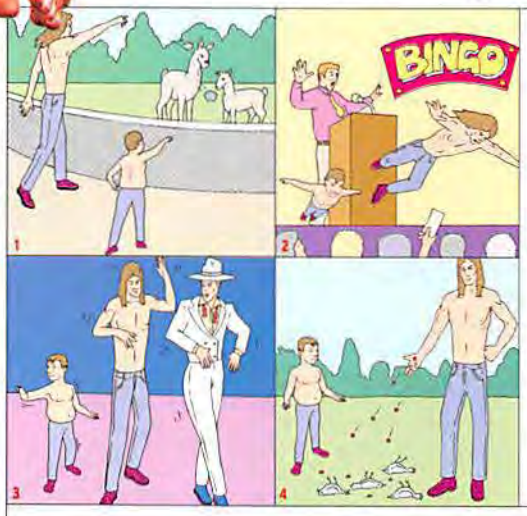
Asked to reflect on his career, all Iggy will say is "I'm proud of everything I did onstage. I apologize for nothing." And yes, good people, that includes the incredibly ballsy decision to wear white Capezio jazz-dance shoes on more than one occasion.

The towel hid his two small vestigial wings

How to...

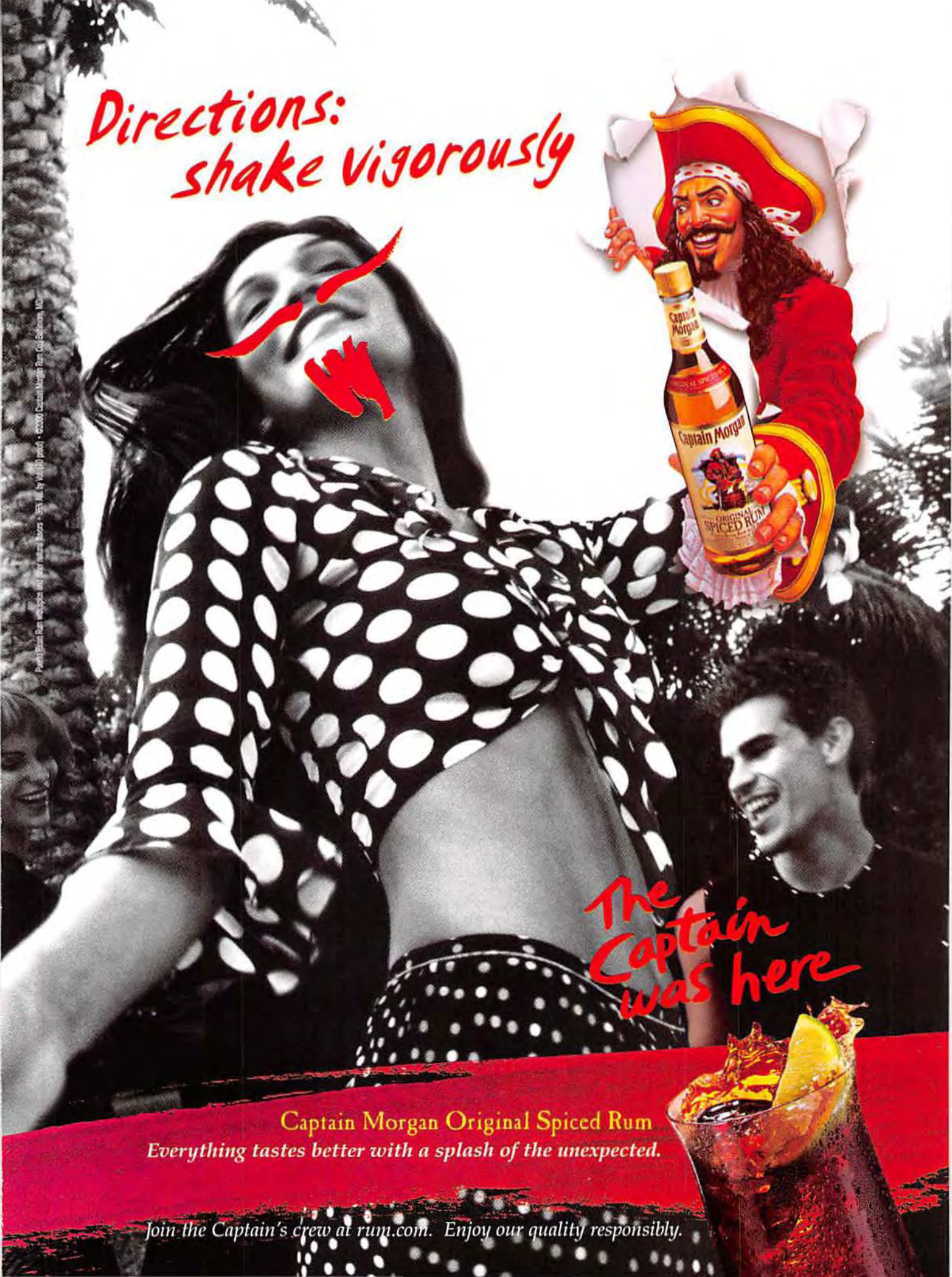
Hang with Grandpa Pop

We plan a fun weekend for Iggy and his grandson.



STEP 1 Grandpa Iggy takes junior to the zoo to throw rocks at the little llamas. Stupid llamas. **STEP 2** The notorious I.G.G. tries stage diving at bingo. **STEP 3** Poppa Pop takes the boy partying with his "companion" David Bowie. **STEP 4** Grand Pop goes to the park to feed crack to the strung-out pigeons.

Illustrations: Gary Brandham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KAYLA, 28, PUBLIC-RELATIONS CONSULTANT

DELIA, 23, ACCOUNTANT

AUDREY, 26, ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE

The Powder Room

All Aboard the *S.S. Kinky*!

Three women put the *X* in experimental, and *Stuff*'s sexologist, Dawn Yanek, is there to record all the details. PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAULINE ST. DENIS FOR VUE

DAWN TELL US ABOUT YOUR WILDEST SEX ADVENTURE.

DELIA I've had sex on a swing—twice. The first time was at a park: I had a skirt on and was sitting on top of the guy. The penetration was so deep, it was great. The second time, it was at a Couples resort in Jamaica on this naked island—you had to check your clothes when you got off the ferry. While we were having sex, people were watching us in the distance, which made it even better.

AUDREY I had sex in Giants Stadium at an INXS concert. We were in a stairwell, up against a cement wall—it was really gritty—and people were walking by.

KAYLA I go to orgy parties. The people are beautiful, not like at a sex club. After my first one, all I could say was, "I was breakfast, lunch and dinner for 50 people." Man, I was just served up raw.

DAWN WOW. LIKE SUSHI. SO HOW CAN YOU SPICE THINGS UP AFTER YOU'VE BEEN WITH A GUY FOR A WHILE?

KAYLA Surprises work well. When I was acting years ago, I had to wear a red wig and green contacts for a film. One night, I wore them with a leather teddy, got a whip, then just waited for my boyfriend to come home. When he walked in, he was psyched. Everyone should try that: It's guilt-free because if you do anything weird, you can just say, "Oh, that wasn't me—that was the slut with the red hair."

THE LOVELY DAWN

DELIA Bringing in another person could be good if you're secure in your relationship. On that naked island, we went to a strip club, picked up some girl and brought her back to our room. The only problem was that when she started to do her thing with my guy, I snapped and kicked her out. I'm not insecure anymore, so I'd like to try that again.

"I wore a red wig and a leather teddy and just waited for him to come home."

AUDREY I encourage my guy to hook up with other girls if he wants to. Why? Because: (a) that makes him seem more desirable since he's a hot commodity, and (b) that makes *me* feel more desirable because he's coming home to me. I wish I could have a threesome with him, but I'd be too jealous—I think I'd kick the crap out of the other girl.

KAYLA I'll bring girls home for my man, but I like to watch or participate. I don't want anyone screwing without me there. And I never get jealous because the girls aren't my boyfriend's type. I'll bring home gorgeous little blondes so neither of us gets too attached.

DAWN HOW THOUGHTFUL. SEX PROPS: YEA OR NAY?

DELIA Yea. I like flavored oils, and I love this electronic, vibrating ladybug thing that my boyfriend bought. It straps on and goes on the clit, and we can ▷▷▷

Photography: (Dawn) Rod Spicer Location: Special thanks to Native (5 East 19th Street, 212-420-8636).

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have sex while I'm wearing it. It also has a remote control. It's awesome.
KAYLA I had one of those on when I met my former fiancé's parents. We were at this dull dinner, and he didn't buzz as often as I would've liked him to. I was tapping on my glass, like, *Come on—put the damn thing on!*
AUDREY Toys can be good, but be careful. My boyfriend likes bondage, so I bought a contraption with all these pulleys and buckles so he could tie me up. It was fun at first, but after a while, all of my appendages felt like they were miles away from my body.

DAWN AT LEAST YOU COULD FINALLY GET STUFF OFF THE TOP SHELF. LET'S SAY A GUY WANTS TO EXPERIMENT. HOW SHOULD HE BRING IT UP?
KAYLA Don't ask permission—you'll seem wimpy. And never just bring a girl into my domain and assume that we're all going to have sex. I'd rather be the one to initiate that. All he has to do is express interest in a girl at a bar and I'll have her on my lap in five seconds.
AUDREY I agree. In most cases, just do it or bring it up by joking around—unless it's anal sex. I don't like dirty, smelly things, and that's dirty and smelly and I don't like it.
DELIA Anal sex can actually feel good, but only with a guy who's kind of small.

DAWN THAT'S WHY WE LOVE DWARVES. ANY OTHER TIPS?
KAYLA When giving a blow job, women should do things that most other women think are nasty—that's when oral sex is amazing. And it's good to make your lips vibrate, like when you roll your *r*'s in Spanish or hum a tune. Men should also do that during oral sex—it works on women, too.
AUDREY I go beyond the licking of the balls to the whole consuming of the balls, one at a time, and then I do the humming thing. And there's a lollipop technique that I learned recently. Take the balls in one hand and the shaft in the other, and suck it like a lollipop while only moving your tongue. Do this at the end, when a guy's about to come. It's incredible, apparently.

DAWN WHAT SHOULD A GUY DO FOR YOU IN RETURN?
KAYLA Ask for directions when going down on a woman. And more attention to the inner thighs would be great—tickle, lick and have fun.
AUDREY A rough calf massage is the best. It takes away all your stress and tension, and it's a total turn-on.
DELIA I like kinky stuff, but I want a lead-in first. One ex would give me a full-body massage and then bring out the whip, the toys, the lotions and the body paint. But there'd be no words—talk can be so overrated sometimes.

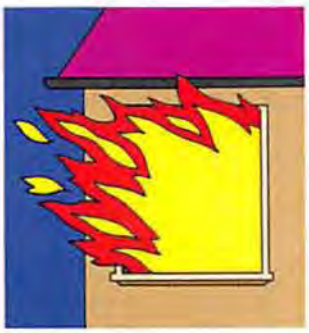
DAWN SHUT UP ALREADY. HAS WILD SEX EVER LANDED YOU IN THE ER?
KAYLA Oral sex can be really painful after you've eaten spicy buffalo wings, even if you've eaten them hours before. Brush your teeth first. Vicks VapoRub can be bad, too. Once, I put it on my boyfriend's chest because he was sick, but it didn't make him feel better. So I tried something else to cheer him up. I'm not going into details, but there were blisters everywhere and we both ended up at the doctor. That was not one of my proudest moments.
AUDREY You can also get freezer burn in those areas. That happened a few years ago with my dick-in-the-glass friend—you know, the guy you sleep with when you don't have a boyfriend. Anyway, we were playing pool, and whoever won got to blindfold the other person and try anything. He won and decided to get funky with frozen things from the freezer—hot dogs, string beans, you name it. I had frostbite for a week. [*Editor's note: Kayla suddenly gets up and sits on Audrey's lap; they begin giggling.*]

"Pay more attention to inner thighs—tickle, lick and have fun."

DAWN MAYBE I SHOULD LEAVE YOU GUYS ALONE. ANY FINAL THOUGHTS?
DELIA While I'd love to come home to a path of candles that lead to a bubble bath, sometimes you don't need all the hoopla around sex. Really great sex can just be simple, quick and effective.
KAYLA Be more creative—with everything. I do scavenger hunts for guys that I date. They'll wake up on a Saturday morning and there will be a note saying, "Go to such-and-such place and ask for the girl at the bar." Then there will be a note from someone else, and so on. I'd love for guys to do that for me. Women find it so sexy when men plan things. It shows that you're thinking of us, and it mixes things up. Hey, you could end up in the Gap dressing room, having sex at 3:00 in the afternoon—you never know.

DAWN I'M MORE OF A BANANA REPUBLIC PERSON.

Hot Places for Sex



Illustrations: Gary Brandham

Life would be different if my dad didn't have MS

Multiple Sclerosis is an unpredictable, neurological disease that strikes young adults, many with young children, who suddenly find themselves with responsibilities beyond their years. The National Multiple Sclerosis Society helps families learn to live with MS. They count on us. Can we count on you?

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STUFF MUSIC SPECIAL

STICK THESE IN

BEST-EVER LIST. WHY?

YOUR EAR

Rock critics are the elitist Hitlers of their loft-office bunkers. For decades, great music has pummeled the pop landscape like cluster bombs, and these pansies are scared to come out and hear what the noise is all about. To them, if it ain't obscure or fashionable, it can't be good. So you won't see a list like this anywhere but here. We don't keep our heads up our asses. And that makes it easier to wear headphones.

Cheap Trick
50 IN COLOR (EPIC) 1977

A heavy, loud record by a pair of geeks and a couple of long-haired freaks. They calmed down and got big after this record—which is why this one is still their best. Overlooked until the live version of "I Want You to Want Me" made *Budokan* a puzzling household word in '79.

The Moody Blues
49 DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED (UNI/A&M)) 1967

Pompous, bombastic—somebody take away our thesaurus. The Moodies were the mothers of pretension, giving birth to such scary '70s offspring as Rush, but these guys made symphonic rock with balls. "Nights in White Satin" put rock in a tie and tails and took it to expensive restaurants.

Top Five Albums for Short Drives

1. Red Hot Chili Peppers, *The Abbey Road EP* (15 minutes)
2. Tricky, *Mission Accomplished* (16 minutes)
3. Alice in Chains, *Sap* (17 minutes)
4. NOFX, *The Decline* (18 minutes)
5. Smashing Pumpkins, *Lull* (14 minutes)

The Kinks
48 ARTHUR (REPRISE) 1969

The Beatles, the Stones, the Who. Well, hello? You forgot the Kinks. Ray Davies was Lennon *and* McCartney without Yoko. Brother Dave invented hard rock and power chords on "You Really Got Me" in 19-freakin'-64. And, oh yeah, this was the first rock opera. Sorry, *Tommy*.

Warren Zevon
47 EXCITABLE BOY (ASYLUM) 1978

Anybody who could cook up lyrics like the title track's ("Well, he went down to dinner in his Sunday best, and he rubbed the pot roast all over his chest") deserves immense respect and close monitoring by trained professionals. You can see him cheap now—at your local bar.

The Rolling Stones
45 SOME GIRLS (ROLLINGSTONES/ATLANTIC) 1978

"Miss You" pissed off purists who called it disco until they realized that every other song ("Beast of Burden," "Shattered") was kick-ass rock. The boys then got slammed for selling out. Stunned, Keith Richards chortled and said something that nobody could understand.

Gang Starr
44 DAILY OPERATION (CHRYSALIS) 1992

From the first track, "A Place Where We Dwell," this is a lesson in how to get fun-kay. Guru's rhymes and DJ Premier's tracks are minimalist classics (check out the "Chopsticks" riff on "Take It Personal"). Listen and you have to dance. Pull down the shades first.

Wire
43 154 (WARNER) 1979

With their third release in as many years, these Brit pioneers survived the inevitable postpunk depression. What this album lacks in raw energy it makes up for in dark melodies and rich electronic textures that influenced '80s synth bands such as the Cure. Anyway, it's good.

Top Five Songs in Dick Cheney's Discman

1. The Weather Girls, "It's Raining Men"
2. Gloria Gaynor, "I Will Survive"
3. Frankie Goes to Hollywood, "Relax"
4. Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch, "Good Vibrations"
5. C+C Music Factory, "Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)"

The Jim Carroll Band
42 CATHOLIC BOY (ATCO) 1980

Poet, prostitute, junkie: Carroll offers charming anecdotes about the gruesome deaths of his friends ("People Who Died") and his siblings' proficiency in giving hummers ("Three Sisters"). DiCaprio played him in a movie, but we don't hold that against Carroll. Like he gives a shit.

Meat Puppets
40 UP ON THE SUN (SST) 1985

In the '80s, the Puppets engineered an earsplitting collision of country and punk—a kind of Grateful Dead Kennedys. On this record, they introduced a lusher, grown-up sound and a unique songwriting sensibility that yielded such sensitive song fare as "Enchanted Porkfist."

The Jam
39 ALL MOD CONS (POLYDOR) 1979

Part soul, part punk and all, um, mod, these guys brought together two generations of rock on this, their best record—even covering the Kinks' "David Watts" and doing a better job of it. Too bad about those silly haircuts, though.

Buzzcocks
38 SINGLES GOING STEADY (IRS) 1979

The Buzzcocks staple-gunned punk onto standard pop romance and paved the way for Green Day and blink-182. Now you know who to blame. Yep, that's right: Greg Evigan.

The Beta Band
37 THE 3 E.P.s (REGAL) 1998

Veering psychotically from grungy power ballads to ambient trip-hop, these Scotsmen were hatched in some frightening lab experiment involving bits of Kraftwerk, Beck and Pink Floyd. Eureka! Talked up big in *High Fidelity*, which makes us wish we didn't like them so much.

Graham Parker
36 STRUCK BY LIGHTNING (RCA) 1991

His angry '70s rock kicked open the door for the Pistols. Then he pumped out great stuff for 20 years without anybody noticing. This album is the result. You want bitter? Try "They Murdered the Clown" or "She Wants So Many Things." It's like chewing aspirin. But good.

Oh, come on, you have a pair of black jeans like those at home

Black Sabbath
30 PARANOID (WARNER) 1971

Thirty years later, this CD still comprises half of Ozzy's live show. The heaviest metal before they coined the phrase, this disc features such acne anthems as the title track and "Iron Man." It's also long on probing social commentary like "Fairies Wear Boots."

R.E.M.
29 LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT (IRS) 1986

A great band when you couldn't understand a word Michael Stipe said. Now we can't shut the putz up. Prime '80s college rock with equal parts groan ("Begin the Begin") and croon ("Fall on Me"). There ain't no shiny, happy people in this pageant. Note the meaningless rock-critic wordplay.

Aerosmith
24 TOYS IN THE ATTIC (COLUMBIA) 1975

A premenopausal Aerosmith that could "Walk This Way" without a paramedic. That song along with Steven Tyler's lips and Joe Perry's licks established this group as the American Stones. The last gasp before a landfill of drugs turned their guts and songs to mush.

Dire Straits
23 MAKING MOVIES (WARNER) 1980

Dylan-esque vocals and Clapton-esque guitars led to Britney-esque sales for their first two albums, but the third was their best. Yet no buffet-lovin' DJs remember this record exists. Thankfully for Mark Knopfler, people also forget he wrote Tina Turner's "Private Dancer."

We hate product placement so much, it just makes us want to crack open a crisp, cold Budweiser

Marshall Crenshaw

46 MARSHALL CRENSHAW (WARNER) 1982

Buddy Holly: the sequel. Jangly guitar and seared-to-your-cranium pop on "Someday, Someway" and "Cynical Girl" had college chicks sitting on lava lamps and guys buying into geek chic. We just made that last part up to sound like we did our homework.

Ministry

41 PSALM 69 (SIRE) 1992

Ministry was a nancy synth outfit until leader Al Jourgensen slept face down in psychedelics to write this stuff. He credited William Burroughs as the inspiration for the disturbing "Just One Fix" and cranked up speed metal that makes Slipknot sound like Sister Sledge.

AC/DC

35 BACK IN BLACK (ATLANTIC) 1980

Their first CD after the expiration of singer Bon Scott is a lesson in...something. Brian Johnson betters Bon's singing-with-an-amphibian-in-his-throat on the anthem "You Shook Me All Night Long." Gargling with broken glass never sounded so good!

Blind Faith

34 BLIND FAITH (ATCO) 1969

Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, Steve Winwood and somebody named Rick Grech were what they used to call a supergroup. Like Madonna and Britney Spears without the bare midriffs. They made only one fantastic album and tastefully quit while they were ahead.

Massive Attack

33 MEZZANINE (VIRGIN) 1998

Great to listen to while you: (a) wallow in self-pity, (b) swap bodily fluids or (c) smoke clove cigarettes. This poster child for trip-hop music carries you through a wider range of emotions than that puke-stained kid from *The Exorcist*. And it's not nearly as messy.

De La Soul

32 3 FEET HIGH AND RISING (TOMMY BOY) 1989

The beginning and the end of hippie hip-hop. While other MCs were going on about their cash money and fly girls, De La wrote rhymes about potholes and schoolhouse rock. They laid down samples from psychedelica, funk and soul and voilà! Flowa Powa. Then they dried up.

KMFDM

31 XTORT (TVT) 1996

The hardest and most listenable of the industrial outfits, KMFDM got the bad rap of being the band the Columbine killers listened to before spraying the cafeteria. That hurt. So they broke up. Now they go by the name MDFMK–the clever bastards.

The Specials

28 THE SPECIALS (CHRYSALIS) 1979

The Sha Na Na of ska had about 300 guys in the band, lots of horns, funny hats and a whole movement built around this album. Produced by Elvis Costello, this record brought the Specials international fame for one year. Now they're a nostalgia act.

Squeeze

27 ARGYBARGY (A&M) 1980

This is the best pop album of the 1980s, but nobody knows that except us. Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook were the Lennon and McCartney for the *Miami Vice* generation–without the annoying wives and silly British accents. Oh, wait, they did have silly British accents.

Elvis Costello

26 GET HAPPY! (RYKODISC) 1980

Armed Forces gave Costello pop celebrity and notoriety. Then he retaliated with the 30-track *Get Happy!* It's an encyclopedia of Motown and Stax grooves, including a blitzkrieg through Sam and Dave's "I Can't Stand Up for Falling Down." Now he's a cuddly teddy bear.

What's The Best Soundtrack For Sex?

"It depends on the girl. A girl I'm gonna bring home to mama, I play some Al Green. A girl I'm gonna bring home and tie up, I play *Come to Daddy* by Aphex Twin."

–Zlatko Hukic, former Ministry guitarist

The Replacements

25 TIM (SIRE) 1985

Before garage bands got put up on blocks, these guys–led by hygienically challenged Paul Westerberg–ruled. *Tim* screamed in pissy singles like "Bastards of Young." This predated grunge by six years. If Westerberg had killed himself, the Replacements would have been huge.

David Bowie

22 HEROES (RCA) 1977

Bowie had ditched his dresses by this point, and while lipstick-loving critics would suck up to the easy choice of *Ziggy Stardust*, *Heroes* was a leap into the next decade. Listen to the original version of "Heroes," then the Wallflowers one, and you'll see why the Wallflowers suck.

L.L. Cool J

21 MOMMA SAID KNOCK YOU OUT (DEF JAM/COLUMBIA) 1990

At the height of the critical kiss-up to gangsta rap, L.L. Cool J was thought irrelevant. That's when he laced on the gloves and kicked the crap out of Ice-T, Chuck D. and Eazy-E with an album that reestablished him as a hip-hop heavyweight. That's a lot of boxing metaphors.

Top Five Affronts To the Very Idea Of a Greatest Hits Album

1. Toni Basil, *The Best of Toni Basil–Mickey and Other Love Songs*
2. Don McLean, *The Best of Don McLean*
3. The Knack, *The Very Best of the Knack*
4. Spandau Ballet, *Greatest Hits*
5. Lenny Kravitz, *Greatest Hits*

Georgia Satellites

20 GEORGIA SATELLITES (ELEKTRA) 1986

"I got a little change in my pocket goin' jing-a-ling-a-ling...."

Mr. Bungle

19 CALIFORNIA (WARNER) 1999

Musically ambitious, this album packs more melodies into one song than you'll find in most box sets–also one of its flaws. Ex-Faith No More singer Mike Patton's got such a great voice that the boy doesn't know what to do with it. A CD you'll enjoy even as it empties a room.

Jane's Addiction

18 NOTHING'S SHOCKING (WARNER) 1988

Their first album on a major label put the band-named after founder Perry Farrell's favorite hooker-on the map. Loud, hard and psychedelic, this is one of the few albums that combines heavy-metal with punk rock without sounding like Korn or Creed or some other crap.

The Clash

17 GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE (EPIC) 1978

Rope offers premier punk rock at heavy-metal prices. Masterminded by Blue Öyster Cult producer Sandy Pearlman, every song (except one) crunches the way late-'70s arena rock should-and more. And the album artwork makes a pretty picture-for Richard Speck's cell.

Screaming Blue Messiahs

16 GUN-SHY (ELEKTRA) 1986

It's been out forever, but it's nearly impossible to get it on CD. That's a shame, because it offers a crashing guitar manifesto that features Bill Carter channeling Joe Strummer on strychnine. Where'd they go? Some say they're working at an Albertsons in San Mateo, California.

Thankfully, the front row had a sneeze guard

The Smiths

15 MEAT IS MURDER (SIRE) 1985

All your friends have *The Queen Is Dead*-which is why you should pick up *Meat Is Murder*. Once you get past the vegetarian jag on the title track (songs about salad give us the runs), you get to the meat. "How Soon Is Now" is especially yummy. Mmmm, meat! Burp!

The Dead Milkmen

14 BIG LIZARD IN MY BACKYARD (ENIGMA) 1985

How can you go wrong with highbrow tracks such as "Bitchin' Camaro" and "Takin' Retards to the Zoo"? Um, we dunno. These punk-pop pranksters are funny, and the 21 machine-gun tracks are kicky. We don't know what that means. But doesn't it sound cool?

Hüsker Dü

13 FLIP YOUR WIG (SST) 1985

A pioneering postpunk band that could actually play (well, kinda), Hüsker Dü came up with more hooks than a tackle shop. Coming off '84's *Zen Arcade*, which was ass-kissed as one of punk's lone concept albums, this one was meaner, more streamlined and horrifically overlooked.

Worst Five Albums for Sex

1. Charles Manson, *Lie: The Love and Terror Cult*
2. Youth for Christ, *Higher*
3. Jeff Foxworthy, *Games Rednecks Play*
4. *Best of Cartoon & Movie Sound F-X*
5. Steven Halpern, *Music for Lovers*

Talking Heads

12 FEAR OF MUSIC (SIRE) 1979

Everyone will tell you that *Remain in Light* is the pinnacle of their African shtick. But this earlier album's tracks, like "Life During Wartime," are shorter, sharper and more neurotic. David Byrne sounds like the guy who hangs out all night by the subway talking to his toes.

The Unband

11 RETARDER (TVT) 2000

Straightforward and harder than a pile of Limp Bizkits, this album should have made these guys stars. But it didn't-and it's your fault. We gave 'em five stars and what did you do? You went and bought something like Matchbox 20. We'll forgive you, however, if you go buy this. Now!

Devo

10 Q: ARE WE NOT MEN? A: WE ARE DEVO! (WARNER BROS.) 1978

If Cuisinarts could sing, this is what they'd sound like. Devo's deconstruction of "Satisfaction" was like a splash of acid in the festering face of '70s disco. Simplistic, spastic and fantastic machine minimalism made it hip to be square before Huey Lewis ruined it for everybody.

Bad Brains

9 I AGAINST I (SST) 1986

Ten tracks of balls-out hard-core spliffed up with ultrafunky reggae guitar licks and a black vocalist who could put most white punks to shame. This album took the Rasta rockers deeper into heavy-metal territory, giving David Lee Roth a great new pot connection.

XTC

8 SKYLARKING (GEFFEN) 1986

A dark, bitter pop masterpiece mostly known for "Dear God," a sacrilegiously lame single. The rest of the record is arresting, especially "Earn Enough for Us," which may have the most irresistible pop hook...ever. Or maybe of that year-it's hard to say. So we won't.

Public Image Ltd.

7 SECOND EDITION (ISLAND) 1980

Hell's house band gives us one of the best dance records ever. The bass swallows you whole while John Lydon sings like an institutionalized leprechaun. Tragically delicious. Predates trip-hop by 10 years and is light years ahead of anything that's out now.

Five Roundest Albums of All Time

1. Led Zeppelin, *In Through the Out Door*
2. Dick Dale, *Tribal Thunder*
3. The Stone Roses, *The Stone Roses*
4. Elvis Costello, *Trust*
5. Traffic, *The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys*

Pixies

6 COME ON PILGRIM (4AD) 1987

They're on every "I was at the first Lollapalooza" critic's list, but they *were* cool. Once a demo, this record was so good it became their first album. Raw vocals and spacey licks offer a premium payload on a short flight (eight tracks). But that's what the REPEAT button is for.

Urge Overkill

5 SATURATION (GEFFEN) 1993

A mondo summer CD. Each song is built for high-speed, shirtless driving with something illegal and dangerous between your legs-preferably a drunken migrant worker.

The Cramps

4 SONGS THE LORD TAUGHT US (IRS) 1980

Made on the cheap, but with more scratch and bite than 1,000 Stray Cats. Unstable, scary and gut-bustingly funny. Listen to track 14 and catch singer Lux Interior suffer a Bobby Knight meltdown. Also the coolest band ever to play on *Beverly Hills, 90210*-next to Brian Austin Green's.

Which Hit Album Would You Make Disappear if You Could?

"Any album ever made by any boy band. No offense intended-this answer has a very U.K.-oriented bias. Our boy bands suck even more than yours."
-Gary Numan

U2

3 BOY (ISLAND) 1980

Keep that forgive-Third-World-debt-we're-a-supergroup shit. We love U2's jaw-dropping debut, recorded when the Edge had hair and Bono had humility. "Shadows and Tall Trees" is self-indulgent sap, but the rest explodes with a guitar ("I Will Follow") that defined a new sound.

Beastie Boys

2 LICENSE TO ILL (DEF JAM) 1986

It's their first full-length LP, and their best, even if they'll never admit it. They sampled everyone from Zeppelin to Mr. Ed and were ripped by critics for their violent, cartoonish lyrics. Critics are like that. Stupid.

Faith No More

1 ANGEL DUST (SLASH) 1992

Without them, there'd be no Limp Bizkit, Papa Roach, polio vaccine or world peace. OK, maybe that's not a selling point. Anyway, it's our favorite record. You don't like it? Then start your own mag and make all the lists you want to. So, buy this album. We're off to dance class!

We wouldn't say it if we didn't mean it.

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DATE WITH DESTINY

The reigning queens of R&B dish out more hits than an XFL highlight reel. So what is Destiny's Child doing hanging out with *Stuff*? Well, for one thing, spilling their guts about how to make potato salad. Maybe you'd better read on.

BY JONATHAN SMALL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BIONDO

Six-thirty A.M. in Malibu, California. The temperature is a brisk 50 degrees—arctic conditions by local standards. I'm on the set of Destiny's Child's new video, "I'm a Survivor." Crew members run around trying to look busy and uninterested in knit caps and goose-down parkas. The hottest team from Houston since Phi Slamma Jamma—Beyoncé, Kelly and Michelle—emerges from a trailer. They're wearing purple bathrobes and white slippers, but you probably already knew that.

"Talent walking! Talent walking!" someone screams into a walkie-talkie.

"It sure is," chirps a makeup artist who undoubtedly has every episode of *Will & Grace* on tape.

The girls walk down to the beach and gather for a group prayer. Then they strip. Barney never looked like this when he stepped out of his purple getup. The robes drop, exposing tattered, midriff- and high-interest-baring dresses. Beyoncé (rhymes with *fiancé*), the lead singer and bona fide star of the group, writhes around in the sand as waves slap against her, turning her simple dress into the object of our frustration. A collective gasp can be heard among the crew. "Man, those is some pretty, pretty girls," says a particularly intuitive security guard.

Quick summary of the video's "plot": The girls are shipwrecked on an island, where they find ready-to-wear animal-fur bikinis—apparently from an abandoned Victoria's Secret outlet. They are soon observed by a native man with phat abs. He leads them to ancient ruins, where they discover more natives with phat abs dressed in army fatigues. They dance a lot. You wonder what will happen next. Then they're rescued by a helicopter. It's *Cast Away* meets *MTV Beach Party*. In other words: Can't miss!

After an hour, DC retreats back to their trailer. An assistant tells me that they'll talk to me "at some point" and to just "stay out of people's way." I linger outside the trailer, feeling slightly diminished and vulnerable.

Their bodyguard, a malevolently massive dude, asks me who I am. I tell him I'm with *Stuff*. "What's *Stuff*?" he asks. "Never heard of it." I try to ask him some questions about the group. "Can't break the code, man. Can't break the code," he says. I give him my secret Mason's handshake. It disgusts him.

You can't blame the guy for being protective. Everybody wants a piece of DC, one way or another. Their last album, *The Writing's on the Wall*, has sold 10 million copies. They've been nominated for six Grammys this year alone and pulled down an Entertainer of the Year nod at the prestigious Soul Train Awards. The group will release their new album, *Survivor*, later this month, then tour with the Backstreet Boys this summer. You'll also be seeing them in L'Oréal and 1-800-CALL-ATT ads, driving a final, merciful nail into David Arquette's obnoxious career.

OK, fine, but it's 4 P.M., and all I've got is heartburn. The bastards from MTV's *Making the Video* keep stealing my interview time, and I've got *Access Hollywood* breathing up my butt (strangely, I find that exciting). And then there are all these damn (I mean, *nice*) kids standing around wanting autographs. They seem to ignore me, even though I drop hints that I am actually Ryan Phillippe's cousin. I'm not, but who'll know?

I approach their manager/executive producer—a guy who doubles as Beyoncé's dad—Matthew Knowles. He's a tall, imposing man of about 45. I'm told that he gave up his business, sold his house, his car, everything, just so he could devote his entire life to the group. You don't mess with Matt. If he asked you to get his daughter home by nine, you'd have her home by eight. He says he'll get me more time, but first he wants to get to know me. He tells me that Beyoncé will appear in a made-for-TV movie later this spring called *Carmen*. It's the first ever—get this—"hip-hopera." He plays me cuts from the new CD. He's as excited about the album's second single, "Bootylicious," as only a proud father could be.

I ask him about all the girls who've been booted from the group. DC has had more defections than the Cuban national baseball team—three girls left in the last year. "It's part of the business," he says. "The two best groups of all time, the Temptations and the Supremes, had people leave. The Temptations had 17 different members. So when you compare that with Destiny's Child, it's not a major deal."

Some ex-members have criticized the organization that surrounds DC for having very strict rules of behavior: No drinking, no drugs, no cursing. Sand-writhing is apparently cool, though. I lean forward and push my hat back and ask him about it. Let's play hardball, Mr. Destiny. "No cursing?"

Knowles shrugs it off. "Every company has a mission statement. There's a certain type of behavior that you *have* to adhere to," Knowles says. "What's the big deal? I guess people have to sell magazines." He laughs. "Why don't you ride back with the girls in the limo after the shoot," he says. I love it when fathers say that to me.

At around 6 P.M.—12 hours after I arrived on the set—I wait outside their big, black Lincoln. I feel like a florist. The eyes of the bodyguard are burning a hole in the back of my cranium. He either wants to beat me up or ask me out. Either way, I'm screwed.

The girls limp out of their trailer. It's been a hard day. They're tired and cold. They seem surprised that I'm riding in the limo with them. ▷▷▷

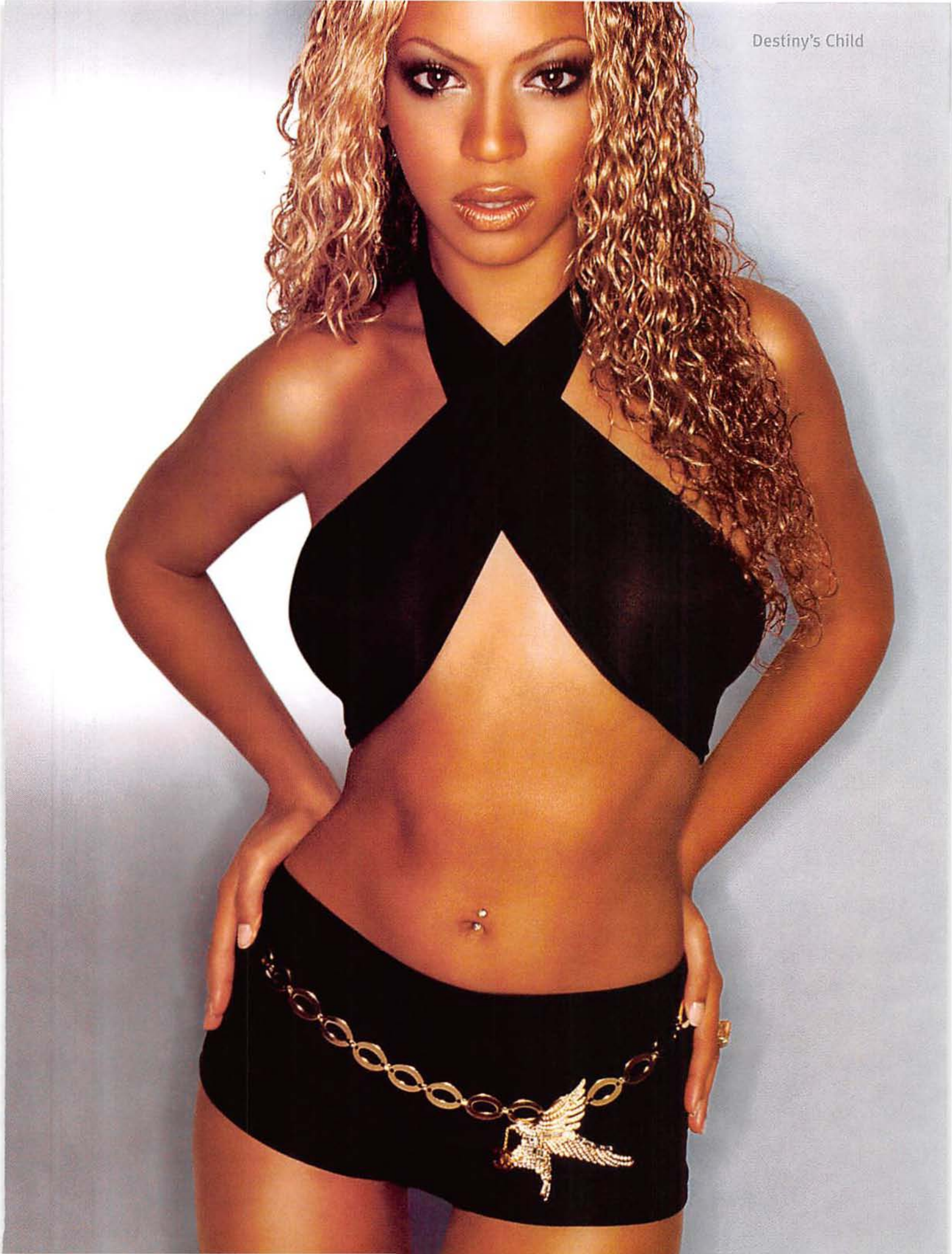
DANCE LIKE DESTINY

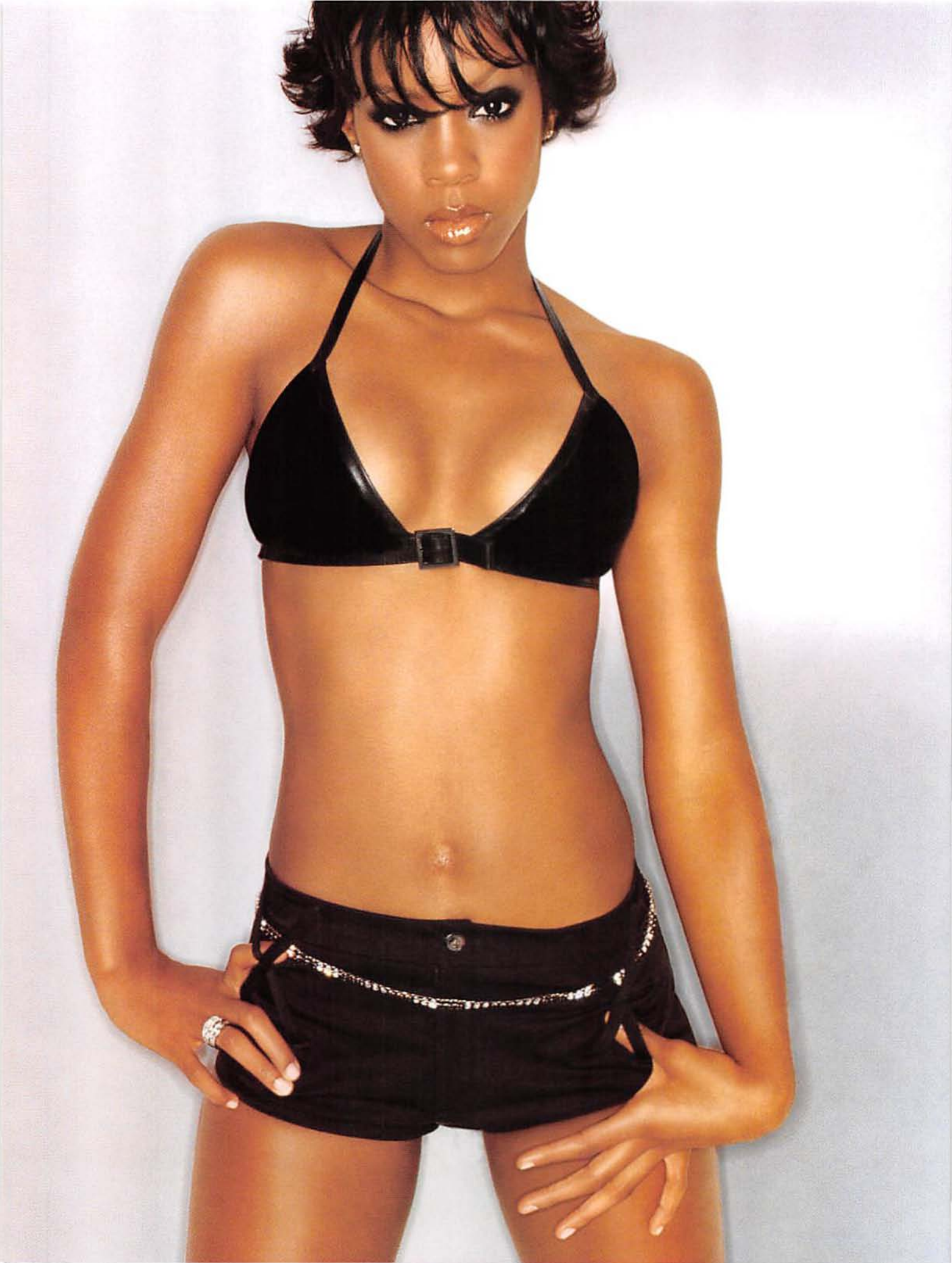
Havin' trouble gettin' funky on the dance floor? Let Destiny's Child help you get in step. It's easy as 1-2-3!

Step 1 If you can't dance, it's better for you to stay out of the way.

Step 2 Put your mack face on and bob your head. Just stand there and bob it forward and back.

Step 3 Don't move your arms, and don't move your legs. Just bob your head. Guys look so cool when they're just standing there bobbing their heads. It's so suave.





BEHIND THEIR MUSIC

The meaning behind the layers of text and subtext that are the lyrics of Destiny's Child.

"Ladies, leave your man at home. The club is full of ballers and their pockets full-grown."
The issue: Do canonically conjugate variables have simultaneous reality? Because variables like position and momentum having QM operators do not commute and are thus "ballers."

"Cause you a bug-a-boo. Ya buggin' what? Ya buggin' who? Ya buggin'."
For clarity, we'll distinguish between two kinds of nonlocality. The first arises from the interpretation of the SV as a physical wave. The second requires rapid propagation of information. Bug that.

"All the mamas that profit dollars, throw your hands up at me."
Indeed, even the phrase "profit dollars" is only meaningful relativistically in a particular inertial reference frame. Dig?

STUFF: Hey, ladies!
DESTINY'S CHILD: [*Mumbling*] Hey...

You look like Destiny's Battered Child. No offense.
BEYONCÉ: We were in rehearsal yesterday and today for, like, 10 hours.
KELLY: But, you know what? In spite of all the pain, we still made it through—even though we can't walk.

Guess that makes you a "Survivor." Get it? Like the name of your video?
BEYONCÉ: Last year that was this big joke because of all our member changes. People were saying that we were like the *Survivor* TV show, trying to see who lasts longest on the island.

You just performed at the inauguration in Washington. Is President Bush as sexy in person as he is on TV?
BEYONCÉ: He's cool. His daughters are supposedly big fans of ours.

What makes a man "Bootylicious"?
BEYONCÉ: The way he carries himself, the way he walks into a room and he's, like, confident and cool and suave.
KELLY: I hate a guy that brags and thinks he's cute.
BEYONCÉ: I like thick eyebrows.

Check mine. Never plucked. Not once.
BEYONCÉ: Strong eyes mean a strong man. I don't like pinkie rings, though.

The ring was a gift. Are you dating anybody now?
BEYONCÉ: No. We'd love to.
KELLY: Yeah. I went on a blind date with this guy recently, and I thought he looked like Mr. Potato Head.
BEYONCÉ: I think Mr. Potato Head is kind of cute—if you give him the right eyes, nose and mouth. It's hard to meet guys because we work so much.

I...uh...mmm...ah.
BEYONCÉ: A lot of guys are scared to say something to us.

How strange. So what's the most annoying thing about being famous?
BEYONCÉ: When you walk in the airport, people are looking for you to be this big diva. They mess with you because they think they can. Security guards always seem to do a random search when it comes to us because they want to go through our stuff.

Well, lingerie *can* be dangerous. So what's the most elaborate toy you've bought yourself?
BEYONCÉ: I bought a convertible Jag.
MICHELLE: I bought a 1979 Volkswagen Beetle painted with dandelions.

Such a delicate flower. Really?
MICHELLE: No.

Oh! You got me! Anything you want to do but haven't had a chance yet?
BEYONCÉ: I want to pet a whale.

You too?!
BEYONCÉ: But it has to be a big, huge whale. Though I don't think you can ever do that because with those whales, the boat can float into their mouths. So you can't get too close to them.

Exactly. Like Barbra Streisand.
BEYONCÉ: I know that when I see whales on TV, I am so fascinated that it scares me. Like if you're a huge fan of Michael Jackson and you meet him, you love him so much that it's scary.

Did the girls leave the group because of your whale obsession?
BEYONCÉ: They didn't leave the group. Nobody *leaves* the group.

Nobody? Why is this door locked?
BEYONCÉ: Basically, we have rules and guidelines that the whole group agrees to. And if you don't follow those rules and guidelines, then you already know you've got to go.
MICHELLE: It's like making potato salad. I might not make it right the first time—I might put too much salt in it. But once I realize I put too much salt in it, I won't put a lot of salt in it again, and then for the rest of my life my potato salad is going to be the bomb. Of course, I've never actually made potato salad—I was just trying to come up with something.

"Airport security guards always seem to do a random search when it comes to us."

It's a good point. Salt can kill a dish. Plus, it wrecks your blood pressure. So it could even kill you. You were serious about the salt, no?
BEYONCÉ: You have to be serious, and you have to be willing to work hard and sacrifice. Some former members of the group would not have been willing to get up at 4 A.M. and work as hard as we did today. Anybody who doesn't *dream* this and *live* this, then I don't see how they're going to last. Because we want to be the best.

What about the former member who called Destiny's Child a cult?
MICHELLE: Would you call working for your company a cult because you have certain rules and guidelines?

Well, Disney has this thing...
BEYONCÉ: I'm not saying any names, and we're not saying anything negative about anybody...*but* the person who was saying that we were a cult was the person who didn't show up to work for two weeks.
KELLY: It was our first trip to Australia. In Destiny's Child, we never stand up the fans. And for somebody to come into the group and change that—no, girl, you gotsta go.

I guess the next place we'll see her is on *Behind the Music*?
BEYONCÉ: The great thing about Destiny's Child is that when we see all those *Behind the Music* episodes, we see the mistakes and try not to do what they all did.

Exactly. Look at the Beatles.
BEYONCÉ: We're just lucky to have people around us who can tell us, "Stay away from that. Stay away from this...." We don't drink. We don't smoke....

What do you do?
BEYONCÉ: We're trying to stay away from all the things that lead up to that *Behind the Music* stuff.

So the rumor about David Lee Roth joining DC is bogus after all?
BEYONCÉ: Bye.

Styling: Kelly Rae. Hair: Tina Knowles. Makeup: Sam Fine for Fine Beauty. Prop Styling: Arianna Salvato for Bernstein & Andriuli.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

With her debut CD, *Sky with Stars*, madwoman Michal is ready to core Fiona's Apple and kick Christina in the Aguilera.

BY DAN BOVA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS BIZZARO

Singer/songwriter/superhot female Michal is not pleased. It has nothing to do with the quality of service at the diner in which we're sitting, nor the glob of cream cheese stuck to my cheek, which I will find after the interview is long over. No, the one-name songstress is distraught because moments before arriving here, her puppy peed all over her apartment. "I was, like, sopping up dog urine for 15 minutes," she grumbles. Then her handbag broke and, as a grim finale, her Discman stopped working. Life for a 19-year-old rock-star-in-the-making is clearly not easy. After I encourage her to sit back and relax (and, more important, wash her hands), we discuss what is going on in her life...besides steaming puddles of puppy piss.

Pronounce This: Michal

BEGINNER'S LEVEL Say "me," quickly followed by "call." Imagine Short Round from *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* shouting, "Me call you on telephone, Dr. Jones!" and you're there.

ADVANCED LEVEL It is an ancient Hebrew name, so a certain amount of phlegm is required. Again say "me," quickly followed by "call," but say "call" as if you are trying to cough up a hairball. Practice with the magazine turned away from your mouth or else you'll coat the pages with mucous, they'll stick together, and you know what your roommates will think.

STUFF: So you're named after the biblical wife of David.
MICHAL: Yeah, which is really bizarre and Oedipal because my father's name is David. So I don't know what my parents were thinking. My name also means "helper of men," which is always good.

How would you classify your music: "Hip-hop and you don't stop" or "rockin' pneumonia and the boogie-woogie flu"?
Does it have to be one of those two? It's definitely rock music. My aspiration has always been to be the female version of Kurt Cobain with a twist of Ziggy Stardust.

You'd like to be a dead cross-dresser?
No. I'm not wearing muscle shirts and wife-beaters like Kid Rock. But I could do the whole white-trash image.

Who puts the rock in your roll?
I love Nirvana. They were the biggest influence for me. I'm also into Marilyn Manson. I love his stage show. And I adore his guitar player, John 5. He's one of my icons. You want to see a picture of him? I carry it in my wallet. [*Reveals photo of psychotic man with oodles of eyeliner and no trace of mirth*]

That is just the cutest thing. Do you want to be more than friends with John 5?
No comment. But he's cute. He looks like my cocker spaniel.

And I'll bet he urinates just as recklessly. So, as a teen rocker, you are lumped in with the likes of Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera. How does that make you feel?
Oh, God. I try so hard not to hate them, but I just do. It would be really funny if all the little blond pop singers, like those guys and Mandy Moore, had a death match, because I'd kick their butts. We should have a mud-wrestling contest.

Who would you most like to get in the pit?
Jessica Simpson. She's my labelmate. I just can't stand her. I think she's really hypocritical with that innocent image. She's the one who's like, "Stay a virgin till you get married, da-da-da." And then I just saw a picture of her in an airport where she's wearing this tiny little shirt with her boobs squished together and this tiny little leather skirt with her ass hanging out. First of all, she doesn't even have a good body. I have a much better body. And then, she's trying to promote this image of being the innocent girl next door, and she looks like a slut. That pisses me off. You know it's because they're spending so much money on her and they can't get her off the ground, so it's like, "Show a little more ass and maybe that'll work." I definitely don't agree with her, but if that's what she believes, she shouldn't compromise her values.

Any other hobbies besides hating Jessica Simpson?
Reading and trying to educate myself. Because right now I'm at that point in my life when I'm about to turn 20 and I realize how stupid I am and that I don't know anything about anything. So I'm just really into, like, gathering knowledge and trying to be a more refined individual.

Do you exercise?
Oh, I've trashed a hotel room before. And on occasion, I really like to drink sake. I love banana margaritas. But since I'm underage, I probably shouldn't say that.

But you just did.
I'm a proponent of personal choice. Actually, I'm not into drugs anymore because, like, I started experimenting with drugs when I was 13, so I got it all out of my system.

Any memorable homemade bongs?
My cello player was really good at making bongs. When we did our mini tour, he'd take a banana and the screen from inside a sink and make a bong out of it. He was like, "A piano? I'll make a bong out of that." He was like MacGyver. But one time, I tried a gravity bong and nearly burst my lung coughing. I was lying on the floor for, like, five hours.

Did that end your drug career?
No, I've also done whippits–you know, burned a lot of brain cells for, like, two seconds of highness. I sniffed glue, rubber cement–whatever it was, I put it up my nose. Being a drug addict makes you pretty social.

Were you one of those popular girls who would never talk to those aspiring journalists that you hear so much about?
I was and still am a freak. My friends and I would all cut class and go to the park and smoke weed. But we actually did work. I was a straight-A student. And I'm going to Yale next year.

Do you think that makes you better than me?
Of course. Everybody should be required to take an IQ test. People who don't reach a certain level should be killed.

How compassionate. Ever get arrested?
I almost got arrested once. I poured a box of detergent into a fountain in Jersey City, and it foamed up and spread bubbles all over the highway. The police took us down to the station. I was so scared, I peed on myself in the back of the police car.

So you must have some sympathy for your dog now.
Well, yeah, I guess. But he peed on my quilt!

Are you a big quilter?
No. I don't do anything that women are supposed to do. I would make the worst housewife ever. I was dating this guy and had his parents over for dinner. I cooked a meat loaf in Styrofoam in the microwave, and I gave his entire family food poisoning. So they hated me. It was horrible.

Your CD is called *Sky with Stars*. As opposed to a sky with...?
As opposed to a sky with flying whales. I just saw *Fantasia 2000*. It was so retarded. *Sky with Stars* is from a love letter written by the one girl I was ever in love with.

[*Spits out half a bagel*] Sorry about that. So you were in love with another girl. Have you dated other girls, too?
I dated two girls in my lifetime, but never anything really serious. Just because, you know, I ran with a trendy bisexual crowd when I was in high school.

I ran with the trendy AV club in my school, so I hear you.
Seriously, with my generation, it's, like, a big thing now.

Hear that, Brokaw?! Who's the "Greatest Generation" now?! Why am I shouting?
[*Ignoring outburst*] I think I approached it completely wrong because I actually fell in love with this one girl and ended up getting hurt. It's supposedly more of a style thing, you know.

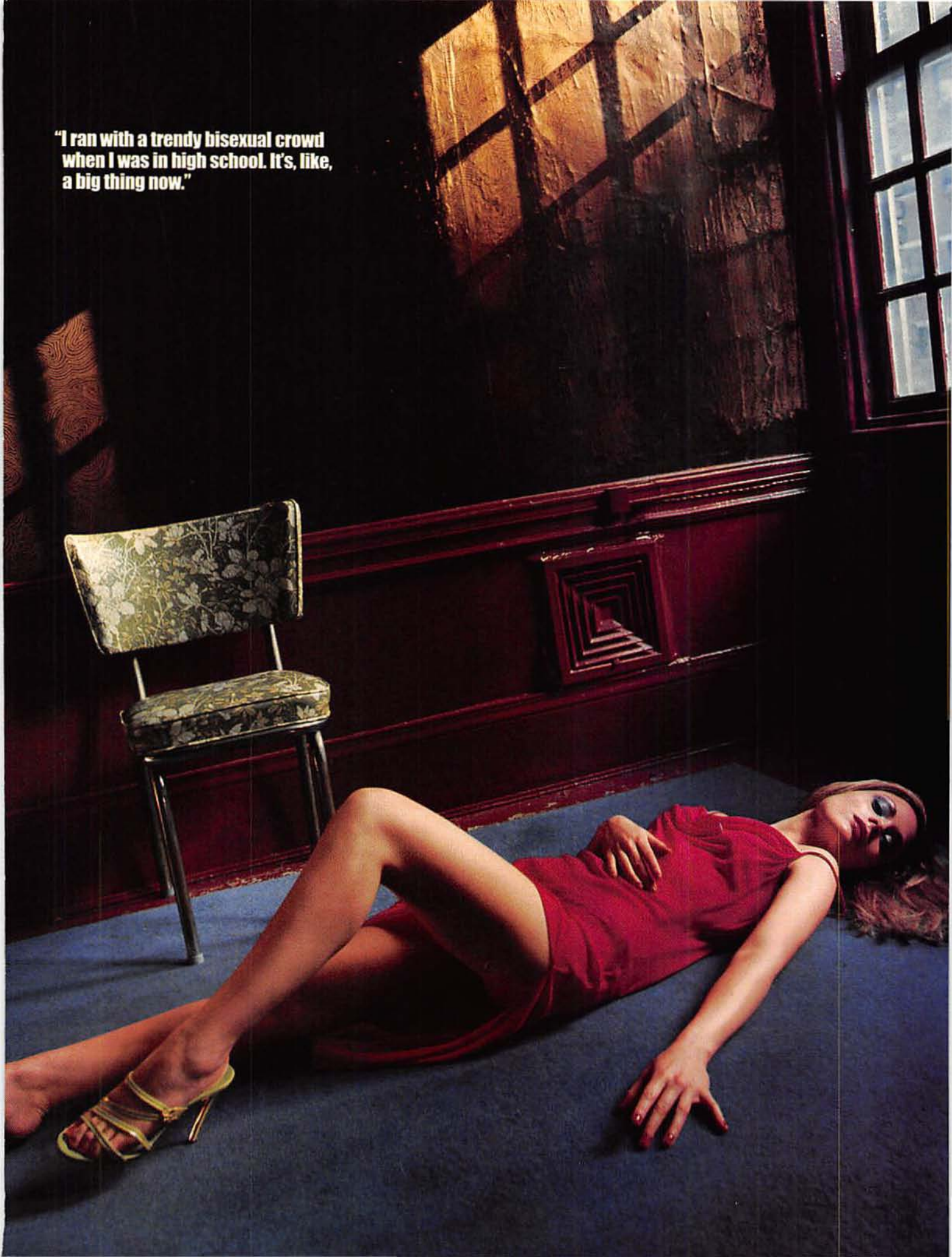
Does anything creep you out?
I have lots of stalkers–predominantly scary older men. Unabomber types. Actually, a guy and two girls showed up at my parents' house once, and my parents let them in because they didn't know who I hung out with. So I came home, and they're, like, hanging out in my bedroom. That was weird.

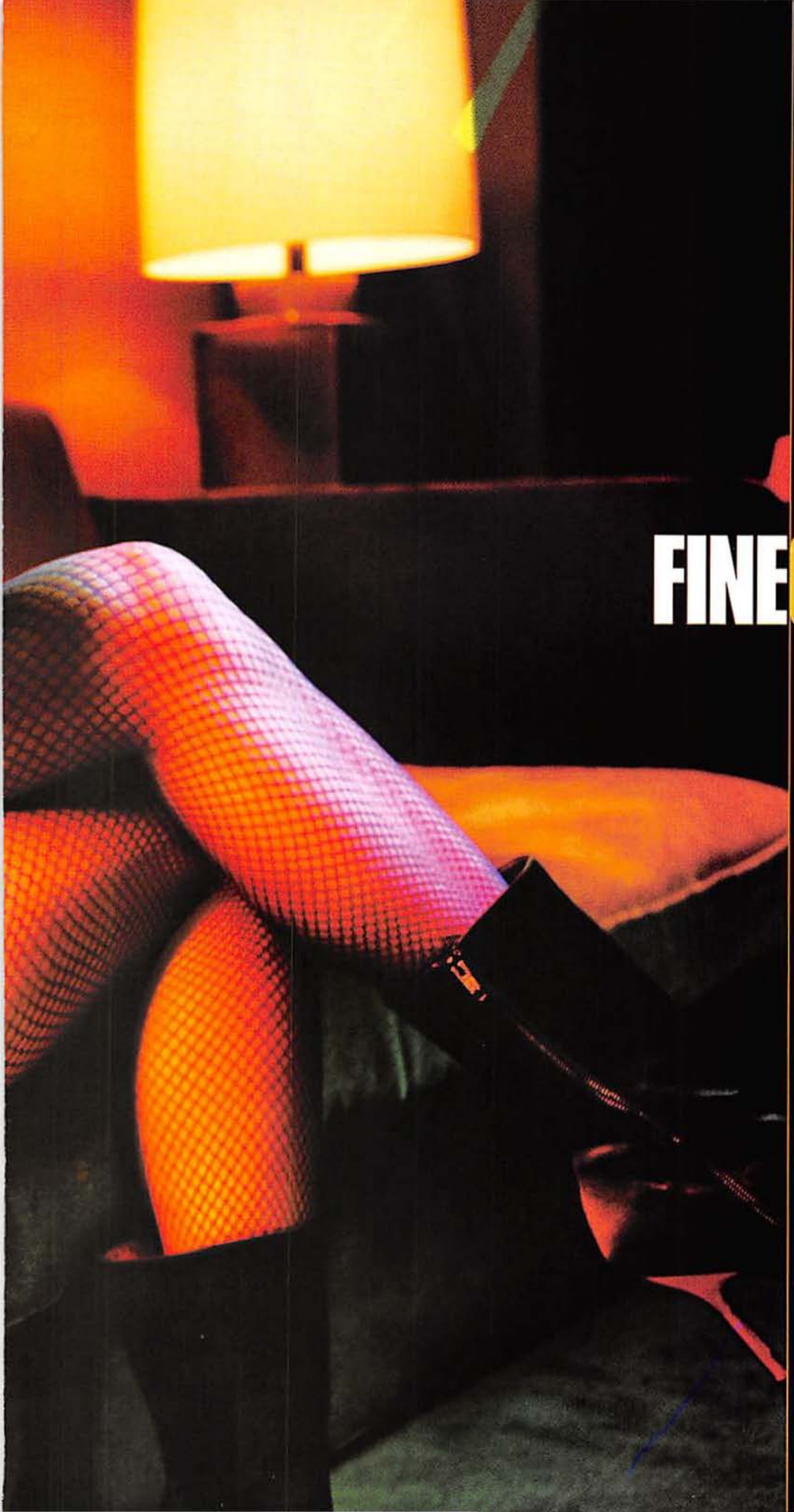
Did you call the cops?
No, I'm too nice. We talked forever, and they wouldn't leave. I was like, "I'm going to go to sleep now." And they were like, "We'll just sit here." One of them gave me a stuffed penguin. Stalkers should give me good things. Like jewelry. Like money.

Do you think that rap is a viable option for you?
Yeah, I think so. My rap name is Lily Whiteass.

Word up, Whiteass!

Styling: Kelly Rae. Hair: Daisy Curbeon at Montgomery Group. Makeup: Mark X. DeHavers. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.


"I ran with a trendy bisexual crowd when I was in high school. It's, like, a big thing now."

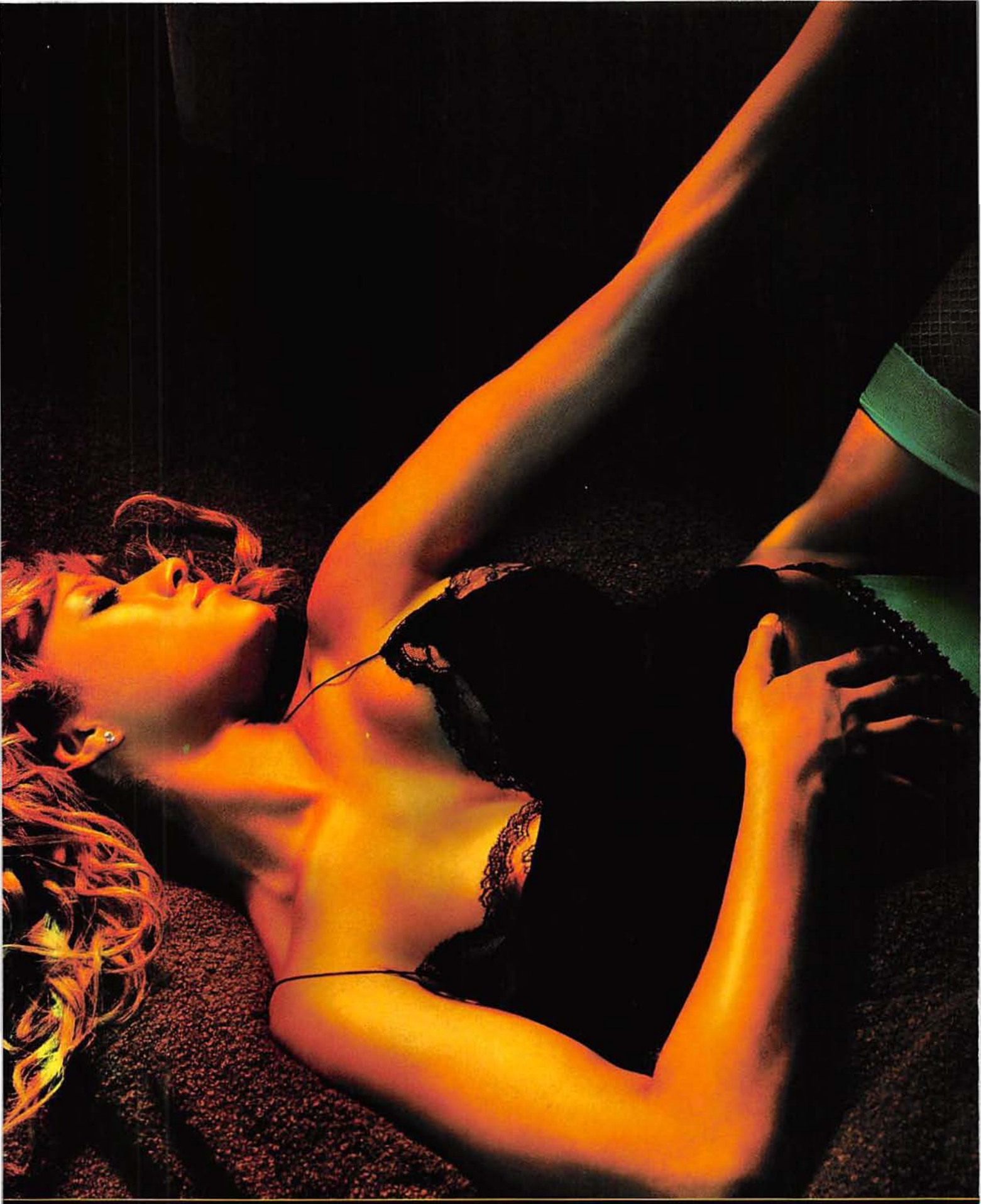


STUFF MUSIC SPECIAL

FINE CRYSTAL

Jennifer Lopez has something beautiful behind her—it's Crystal Sierra, and she's making her move.

BY ROBERT ABELE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERYL NIELDS



"I like it when I get my neck bit. You bite my neck, I fall down."

The following interview with Latin firebomb Crystal Sierra contains the phrase "big, shiny booty rumbling around." Which of the following best describes what she is talking about?

(a) Oprah's new exercise video.

(b) The effect that the singer's debut album, *Morena*, has on crowded club dance floors.

(c) Her aunt and uncle getting it on before her very eyes.

It might be helpful to know that while (b) may or may not be the answer, it's completely accurate. The Baltimore-bred diva by way of Colombia and Puerto Rico mixes Latin beats and hip-hop to create a combustible sound that could put a dance in a dead man's pants. But it's the breathtaking vistas of this Sierra that leave us gasping for air. Fortunately, when I met her, I brought along an oxygen tank.

STUFF: Let's get right to it: Musically, could you kick Jennifer Lopez's butt?
CRYSTAL: She's cool. I get compared with her so much. But get Jennifer Lopez in any recording studio or on any stage with me and tell us, "One, two, three, go!" You decide.

When you look at her, do you have ass envy?
This guy told me that my ass was bigger than hers. He said, "You know what? Her ass is not really that big in person. Yours is."

Does this person still have teeth?
Yeah.

Dr. Dre was an early mentor for you. Is he really a doctor? Did you ever see a diploma or anything?
I was signed to his label, the Aftermath, in a girls' group called Hands-On. One time when I was in the studio by myself, I asked the engineer to put on a salsa tape, and I turned it up very loud. I'm in there salsa dancing and going crazy, and Dre walks in. He goes, "You're really on this whole big Latin kick."

He doesn't miss anything, that guy. No wonder he's got a Ph.D.

And this was before I knew that my niche was going to be mixing Latin music with R&B and hip-hop and everything. That's a specific moment when I realized, *Yeah, this is what I'm supposed to do.*

Why is your album called *Morena*?
Morena is what we call a Latina who is dark: caramel-, mocha-, chocolate-stained. My dad's Colombian; my mother's black, and she has family that comes from Puerto Rico.

What do you like in a guy?
I have a fetish for the backs of arms, like when they're flexed and they're very cut up. And legs—when they're hard like bricks. That turns me on. When I feel a hard leg, I go, "Oooh, what else is hard?" [*Laughs*]

Is that innuendo? If so, this is neither the time nor the place. Do you have any other foolproof ways of getting a guy's attention?
There's a look I have. And I may start asking questions. When I start getting into your life and your background, I'm interested. "So are you married? What do you do for a living?"

I'm not married. I'm a journalist. What's the best way someone has described your looks?
They may say, "You have beautiful lips." A lot of models get their lips inflated to look like my lips. So I always try to put on extra lip gloss when I'm going on a date, and I hope it's sunny enough outside so that my lips look like glass.

Women tell me my lips look like anchovies. And taste like 'em, too. What brings out your wild side?
Which one? [*Laughs*] Different things. Rhythms. A live band. Also, I like it when I get my neck bit. You bite my neck, I fall down. Don't bite my neck.

Are you flirting with me? Because it's not going to change how I write the story. You have a few ▷▷▷

Name Calling

Her parents somehow came up with Crystal Sierra. Following the same line of reasoning, what else might they have called her? We urge you to try these on before she files a lawsuit.

SPARKLING ALP

LUMINOUS BUTTE

PELLUCID MESA

UNBLURRED BLUFF

STRIKING VOLCANO

songs on your album that are about failed relationships. What bugs you most about guys?
That they can't make up their minds who they want.

Yeah, women never do that.
What bugs me most is when we're out together and their eyes start roaming on other women's booties.

Ever make a man cry?
Yes. I gave him a spoonful of his own medicine to see if he could handle it, and he couldn't. That's what the song "Promises" is about: his living another life and you not knowing. You tell me to get someone else? OK, I will. And then he can't take it. He's crushed. Duuuuh!

What's the worst thing a guy has ever said to you?
In college, I fell in love with a guy. He was my best friend and we would hang out and make googly eyes, but I couldn't tell him. And one day he goes, "I have something to tell you." I thought he was going to say he liked me, too, but he goes, "I want you to hook me up with your roommate."

Do you have a picture of this roommate? Just curious.
Let me tell you the lame excuse he gave me: "See, Crystal, you're like a beautiful flower in a garden. If you picked it and took it home and put it in a vase, what would happen to it?" I said, "It would die." He said, "Exactly. That's why I'm just gonna leave it right there and look at that beautiful flower."

Did it work?
He wanted the girl that was...freaky. I was too good-girl for him.

Nobody's always good, though. When is doing bad things good for you?
Aaahh...when I have too much sex.

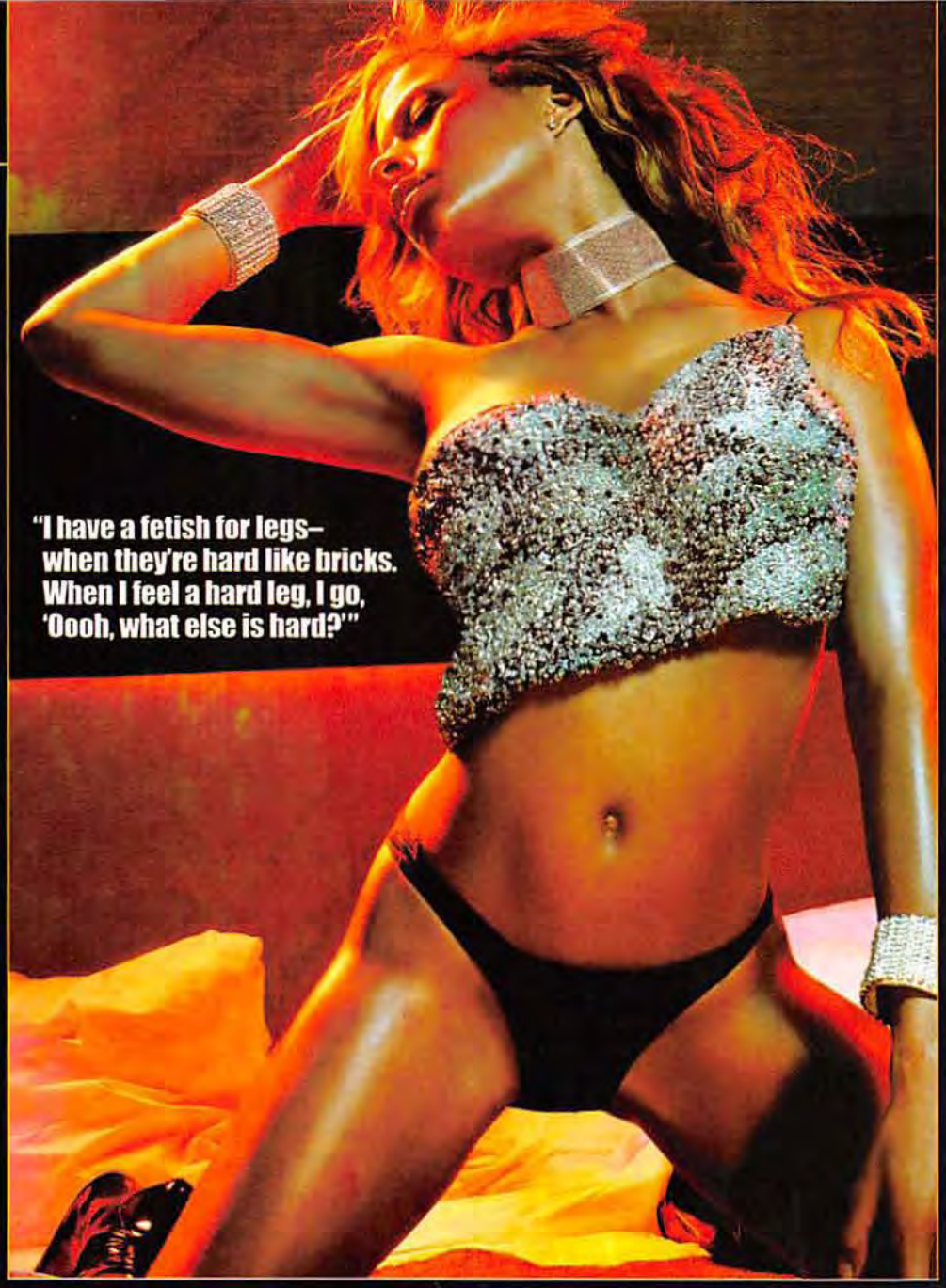
Excuse me? This is a bad thing?
Like all day? When you know you have somewhere to be? When it starts affecting your work life?

Um...how?
When you should have been in the studio four, five hours ago.

Something tells me you had fun making this album.
I was tired. [*Laughs*]

Really? Why?...Oh. Ohhhhhhh. So who taught you about sex?
I caught my aunt and uncle in bed. It was embarrassing. It was horrible. Big, shiny booty rumbling around. I just shut the door real quick.

Thanks for that image.



"I have a fetish for legs– when they're hard like bricks. When I feel a hard leg, I go, 'Oooh, what else is hard?'"

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Now that's some salsa-ing! Eh, we just don't care anymore

1. Start with feet shoulder-width apart.
2. Left Forward Ball-Change Step: Left foot steps forward and transfers weight to ball of left foot while slightly lifting right foot off ground.
3. Right foot then steps down in place. Next, left foot steps back and slightly to the side.
4. Right Back Ball-Change Step: Right foot steps back and transfers weight to ball of right foot while slightly lifting left foot off ground. Return to starting position.
5. Repeat from the top.

NOW APPLY TO EVERYDAY EVENTS LIKE: Mowing the lawn, robbing a bank, running 100-meter hurdles, bowling.

Styling: Suzy Hardy for Factory Artists. Hair: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine LA. Makeup: Sharon Gault for luxe. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

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THEY'RE DIVA-LICIOUS!

CHRISTINA AGUILERA

Why She Does It
Nominated for two Grammys and three prestigious Blockbuster Awards (which come with a big bag of licorice).
Biggest Obstacle Overcome
Born in Staten Island, N.Y.
Strongest Evidence of Her Staten Island Roots
"I always wanted to work the window at a drive-through."
Phobias
Says she's afraid of the dark, but apparently got dressed in it.
Most Dangerous Liaison
Sang at the White House.
Least Dangerous Liaison
Video duet with Ricky Martin.
Reason No. 7,917 Why You Have No Shot
"All my life, my career has been my No.1 focus, more so than boys ever were."

AALIYAH

Isn't She That...?
Ass-kicking chick from last year's Shakespeare-inspired chop-socky-in-the-round flick *Romeo Must Die!*
What's with Her Name?
It's Swahili for "highest, most exalted one," you idiot.
Curious Turn-ons
Stephen King books and "tiny tops with gigantic jeans."
Don't Believe Anything She Says
Her first album, *Age Ain't Nothing But a Number* came out when she was 15.
Biggest Skeleton in Her Closet
Rejected for a part on *Family Matters*.
Where She'll Turn Up Next
Plays Queen Akasha in the upcoming vampire flick *The Queen of the Damned*. But Anne Rice wrote the book, so it'll probably bite.
She Says...
"I like to look sexy, but not out-there sexy. I feel that your talent should do the talking, not a revealing outfit."

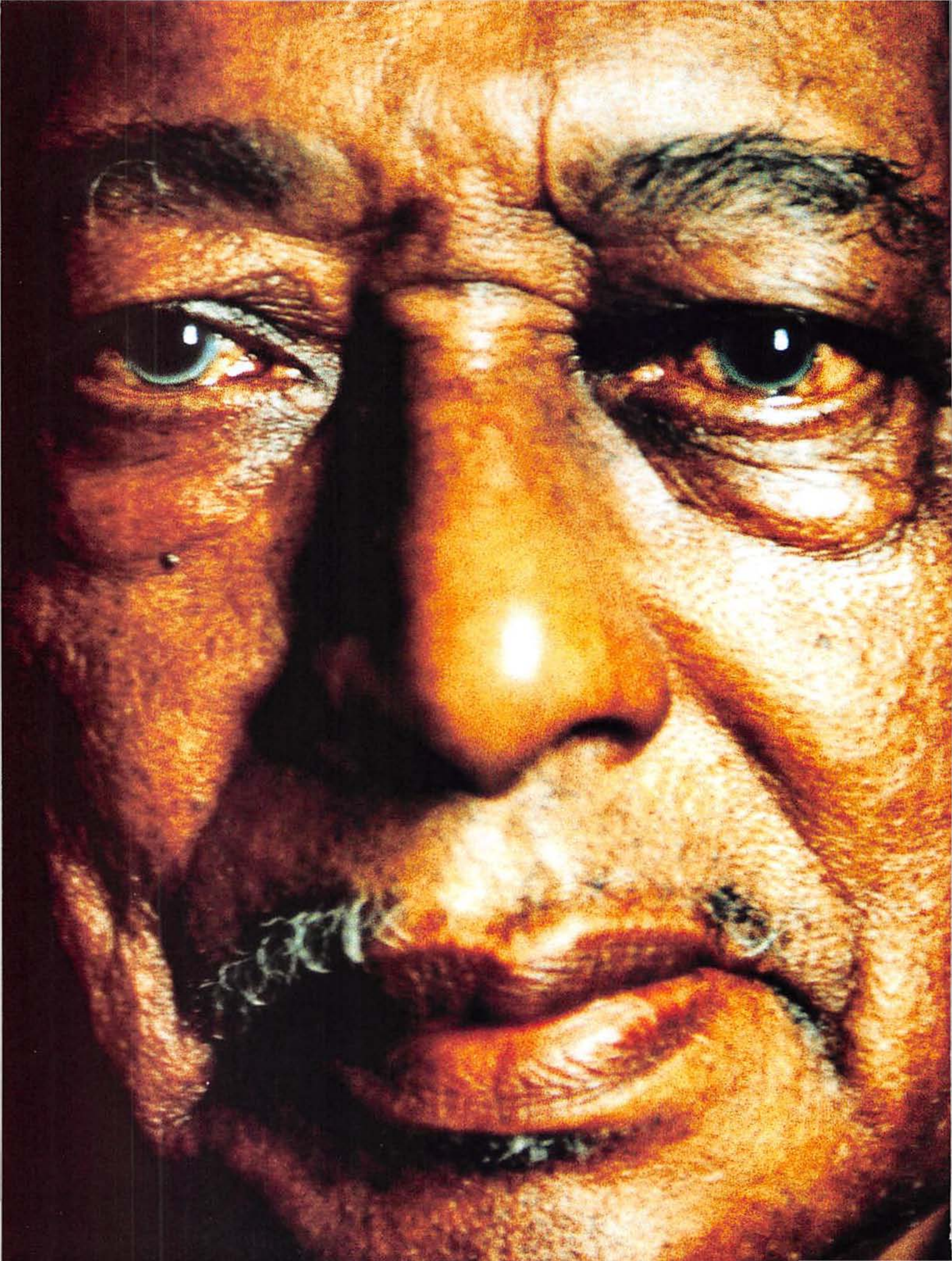
There was a time when Janis Joplin was the hottest woman in music. Welcome to 2001.

JENNIFER LOPEZ

Functional Nickname
Gym buddies call her *La Guitarra* because she's shaped like one.
Lame Nickname
Recently started referring to herself as J.Lo.
Best Rumored Investment
That she took out a $1 billion insurance policy on her booty.
Worst Investment
A couple of years with annoyingly angry rapper Puff Daddy.
Best Previous Job
Fly Girl on the 1990s' funniest TV show, *In Living Color*.
Worst Previous Job
Hiding Puffy's heaters.
Recent Bragging Points
She had the No.1 album and the No.1 movie at the same time.
What's on Her Mind
"I love my butt."

JESSICA SIMPSON

Like, Totally Successful
Her debut album, *Sweet Kisses*, has sold nearly two million copies.
How She Describes Her Music
"Mariah Carey meets Britney Spears."
How We Describe Her Music
She's a musician?
Most Disturbing Collaboration
Dating Nick from 98 Degrees.
Best Career Move
Pissed on the offer of a part in *Coyote Ugly*.
Check Out the Rack
Her second album for Columbia Records is due out this summer.
Religious Quotation
"God gave me my body, and I am proud of it. I am not afraid of showing it. I just do it in a tasteful way."



KillerBlues

Father, lover, executioner. R.L. Burnside is the last Mississippi bluesman. For real.

BY EDDIE DEAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY CYNTHIA LEVINE

Step 1: Clip. Step 2: Strap to head. Step 3: Tell friends, "Hey, I'm R.L. Burnside!"

R.L. BURNSIDE SITS ON HIS FRONT porch and greets the parade of visitors to his small ramshackle house in the northern Mississippi countryside. "Hey, Mustang Sally!" he cackles to a woman arriving with some homeboys lugging 40-ouncers in paper bags. "How you crooks doin'? Hangin' in like a dirty shirt?" Inside the cramped living room, the TV is blaring and tots are bawling. It's as rowdy as a house party, and the sun hasn't even gone down yet. Just another typical afternoon at R.L.'s, but it's a helluva way for a 74-year-old bluesman to try to rest up between tours.

A geezer in a pickup, looking for R.L.'s son-in-law, eases through the junked cars littering the dirt yard. He needs someone to help him kill a hog tomorrow. R.L. tells him to check back in the morning.

Next comes a minister, a sharply dressed young dude handing out invites to a dedication dinner for his new church. He renovated a barbecue joint and now, he says, he's ready to "save some souls."

"A house, a job—these are temporal things," says the preacher. "But a soul is eternal." R.L. wishes him the best, but he'll have none of it. "My uncle always used to say something: 'Luck is for the duck.'" This tickles R.L., and he laughs like a man who's seen it all and done damn near everything, a gallows laugh that comes from dark places the preacher never imagined in his worst nightmares. R.L. knows all about bum luck. He's even got a number called "Bad Luck City" on his new CD, *Wish I Was in Heaven Sitting Down*. On another tune, "Hard Time Killing Floor," he tells how his father, his uncle and two brothers were killed in a month's time in Chicago.

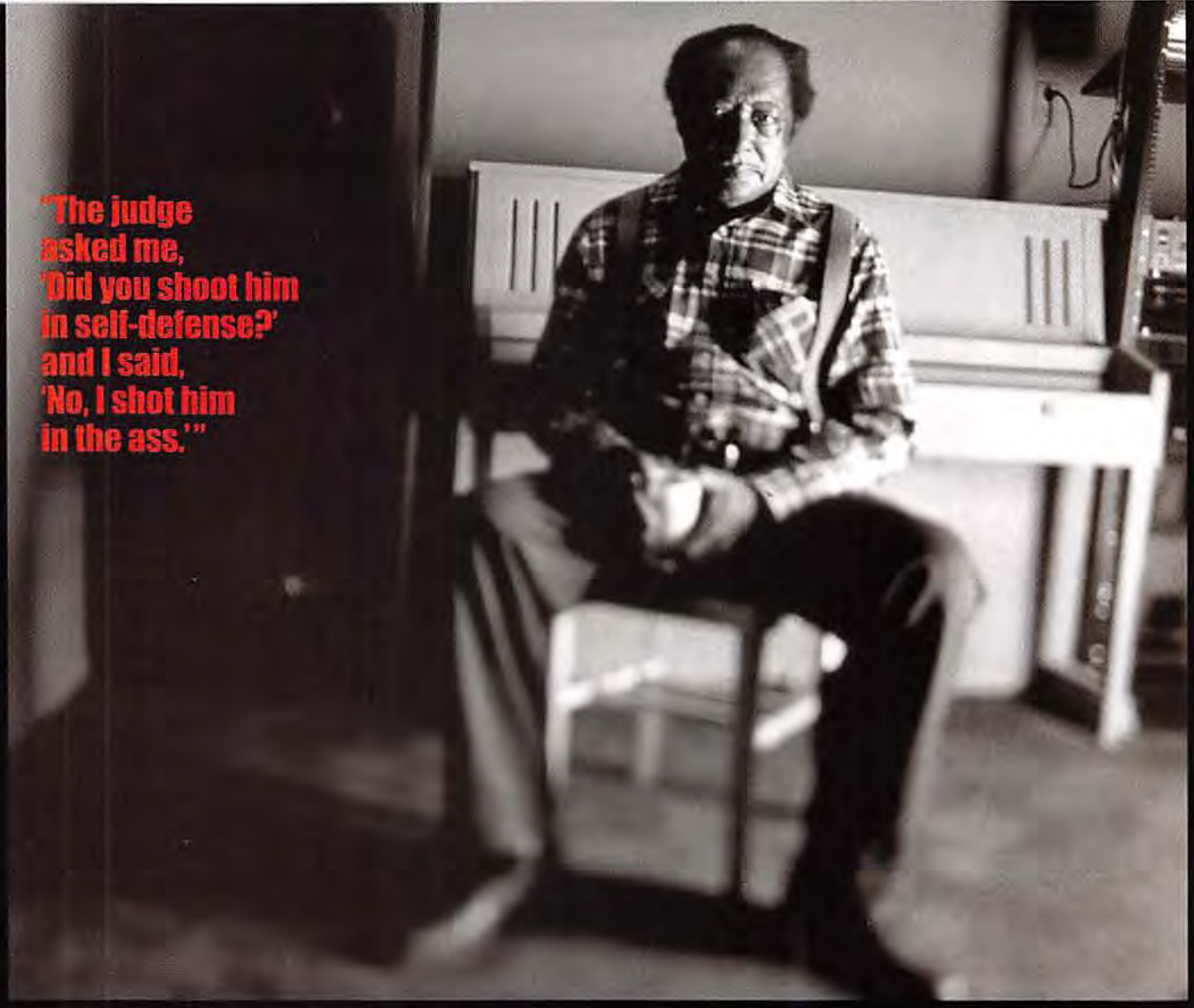
R.L. once killed a man himself, but that's another story—maybe for his next record. Now, as the preacher drives away, it's cocktail time.

"You know how some people like Bloody Marys?" asks R.L., flashing his snaggletoothed grin. "Well, I like a Bloody Motherfucker." He ambles through the living room and back through the kitchen to his bedroom, where he keeps his own private fridge to guard against prying kin (which includes more than 20 grandchildren). He pulls out a couple of cans of V8, grabs a pint of whiskey and prepares his specialty. "I like it with Jack Daniel's," he says. "You put in more whiskey than juice. I first started drinking Bloody Motherfuckers about five years ago. I got to where I drank so much whiskey that it burned when it went down, so I have to have something to mix it with, and this tastes better than a Jack and Coke."

The Bloody Motherfucker is his way of making peace with booze. In his younger days, R.L. drank mostly moonshine—straight. It helped him endure the grueling routine of sharecropping. Back then, music was a hobby, a way to blow off steam. "On the plantation, I used to drink and play music all night, and when I'd come home in the morning, my old lady had breakfast going and the children would be going to school. I'd go in there and pour me a pint of whiskey and get on the combine and ride all day—wouldn't eat nothing."

I take a couple slugs of my Bloody Motherfucker (good stuff—I never was much of a vodka man) and tell R.L. about my DUI problems. It all started with a bottle of ouzo, I explain. He nods in sympathy—turns out he just got busted a few months earlier. That's how it is with R.L. Any story you've got, he can top it with something better, funnier, crazier. "I went up to court to pay it off, and the judge asked me, 'R.L., are you guilty of drinking and driving?' And I said, 'No, your Honor—I drank and then I drove.'"

The first thing you need to understand about R.L.'s music: Forget everything you think you know about the blues, the polished turds of B.B. King imitators that Madison Avenue uses to sell beer. Next to those 12-bar jingles, R.L.'s hard-core sound is like Mötorhead compared with the Backstreet Boys. A product of the Mississippi ▷▷▷



"The judge asked me, 'Did you shoot him in self-defense?' and I said, 'No, I shot him in the ass.'"

hill country far from the Delta, it is a propulsive, hypnotic racket that one critic described as "chaos on wheels: It rocks as hard as any music on the planet while spreading sonic waves of sex and mayhem far and wide." Whatever you say, pal. He's one of the last old-school bluesmen left, a whole tradition unto himself.

So what is he doing with a new CD, full of hip-hop beats and electronic weirdness? For R.L., this sort of cross-cultural whiplash is nothing new. It comes as natural as mixing Uncle Jack and tomato juice. In '96, he recorded the cult classic *A Ass Pocket of Whiskey* with New York City sleaze-rockers the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. Last year, he released a collection that got the remix treatment by Beck's *Mellow Gold* producer and received heavy rotation on MTV. It doesn't matter who he goes into the studio with—the tunes always come out vintage Burnside. "R.L. is incorruptible," says Matthew Johnson, head of the Mississippi-based Fat Possum label.

Johnson is a 32-year-old Ole Miss grad ("1.3 GPA," he brags) who's spent the past decade scouring the Mississippi backroads for real-deal blues hounds like Burnside, Junior Kimbrough, Asie Payton and T-Model Ford, who's also done time for murder. This motley crew of elderly eccentrics has infuriated some blues purists, and Burnside has by far won the most notoriety. He's been making records for four decades. But until recently he's had to make a living the hard way, and he's too wary and wise to trust success. "The thing about R.L. is that he does not give a fuck," says Johnson. "The day I met R.L., every warning light on his car was on: no oil, low coolant, overheating—all that shit was flashing. And it's still like that. He's realized that it doesn't matter—you can fix your car and something else will fuck up or somebody will run into you."

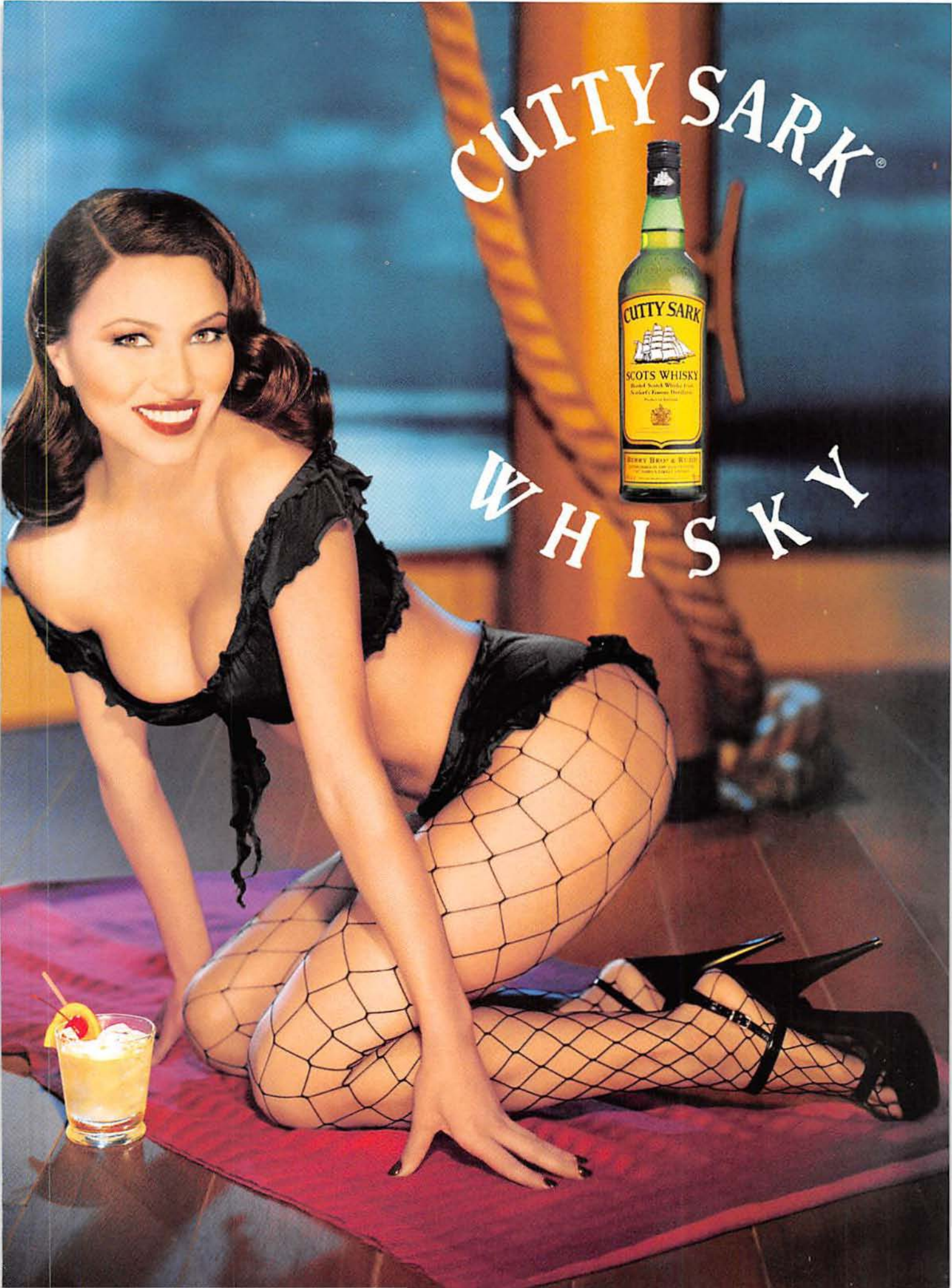
Hard times came early for Burnside. The son of sharecroppers, he was born in 1926 and named Robert Lee after the Confederate general. He didn't care for his given name and went by R.L., Rule or Rural, which appears on his Social Security card. In the late '40s, he moved to Chicago. He worked in a steel foundry and lived a few blocks from blues great Muddy Waters, who played in local clubs. But the loss of so many family members soured him on Chicago for good. "A gang stabbed my daddy and robbed him when he was cashing his check," he says. "Both of my brothers were shot. Nobody was ever arrested." He eventually returned to Mississippi, where he's lived ever since. His family tragedy, the subject of two songs on his new CD, is one topic that Burnside doesn't joke about. Everything else, though, is fair game.

Like the time he had to kill a man. It was back in the late '50s, and R.L. was married and raising a family with the woman who remains his wife, Alice Mae. (His first, brief marriage is detailed in his song "When My First Wife Left Me.") He and a local man got involved in a feud that seemed to offer only one grim resolution. R.L. finally decided he'd rather go to jail for murder than let the other guy do the same. ▷▷▷

How to Make a B.M.F.

Ingredients: V8 juice and Jack Daniel's

R.L. sez: "You have to put in more whiskey than juice, or it's not a Bloody Motherfucker." Ice is optional. Serve in rinsed-out plastic cups from a dirty sink.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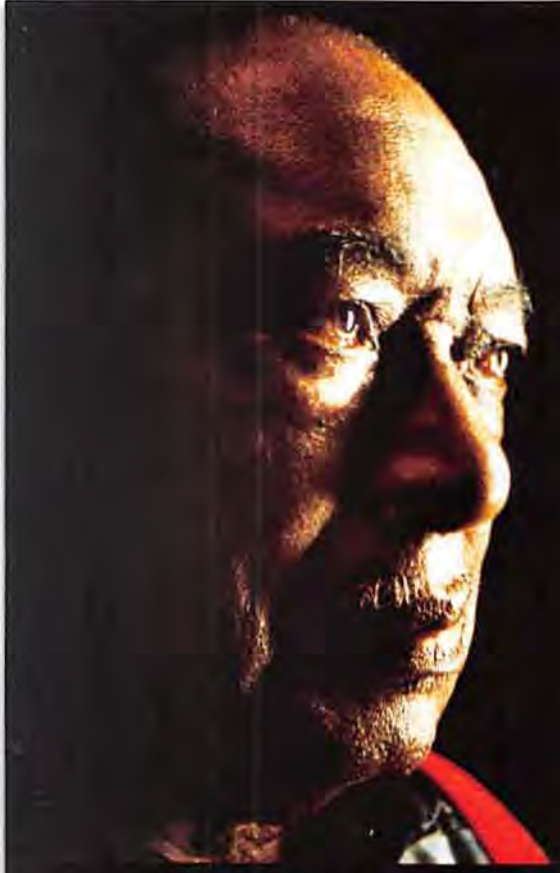

R.L. considered the question for a long time, then quietly spoke, "Yes, I would like to supersize that."

R.L.'s Health Tips

"If you drink, just drink enough to feel good and don't drink no more."

"I quit smoking 19 years ago."

"I recommend greens and beans and things like that."

"Take a lot of rest if you can."

"He came to my house to kill me, and I got lucky and killed him," he says. He doesn't hide the fact that he shot the man as he was walking away. "The judge asked me, 'Did you shoot him in self-defense?' and I said, 'No, I shot him in the ass and he jumped the fence.'" According to Johnson, it was actually the back of the head: R.L. got a five-year sentence at Parchman State Penitentiary, but he served only six months because his plantation boss needed him for spring planting.

Burnside has spent most of his life doing backbreaking farm jobs, such as chopping cotton, until the past decade, when he hit his stride at an age when most people retire. His gift is to take the rough knocks he's had and make something of 'em. Take the case of his German shepherd, Buck, featured on the cover of R.L.'s '94 album *Too Bad Jim*. Buck was gunned down in a drive-by shooting. "Some drunks passed by at night and he ran out to the road and started to bark, and they started shooting and killed him." Buck was not only a loyal friend and guard dog (protecting R.L.'s pickup truck), but also a defender of children: "Mama couldn't whup the kids or he'd get at her," he says. "She was whupping one of the kids and he tore the window out. She was scared of that dog."

R.L.'s wicked sense of humor is part of what makes *Ass Pocket* one of the oddest masterpieces ever made by a granddad, anywhere, anytime. It was recorded in four hours in a rented hunting lodge not far from R.L.'s home. A head-on collision of blues and rock, it's the sort of after-hours, X-rated stuff that usually never makes it on a record.

Blues purists called *Ass Pocket* blasphemy; others hailed it as the greatest party record of the '90s. "That shows R.L.'s real spirit more than any record," says Johnson. Judah Bauer, guitarist for the Blues Explosion, remembers the experience as a highlight of his career. "His playing is so physical. He's got crunch—I haven't heard anyone as strong," he says. "Having a chance to play with R.L., you can't get closer to the blues than that. Even with John Lee Hooker, he doesn't really have it anymore, but R.L. still does. R.L. is as deep as it gets."

Ass Pocket is loose and casual and wild, filled with chatter and hollering—and R.L., the storyteller, in all his unfettered glory. On "Tojo Told Hitler," he offers his take on the Book of Genesis:

The bee stung the bull and started him to bucking.
Eve and Adam broke the law and start the whole world fucking.
And they say in the beginning there was just two people in the world, Eve and Adam.
But there must have been somebody else—Eve knew somebody else:
Too many different nations in the world.
I don't care what the people may say—
Somebody else getting between Eve's legs.

The sun's finally set in the field across from R.L.'s house, and he gets ready to eat some supper and take his medication. Since suffering from dizzy spells, he's had to cut back his schedule from 200 shows a year down to a few dozen. (The money's good, a couple grand a night packing rock clubs—a long way from playing juke joints for free drinks.)

A van pulls up as darkness falls. It's the North Mississippi Allstars, a young band that includes Luther and Cody Dickinson. Their father, Jim, is the legendary Memphis producer who's recorded with Alex Chilton and the Stones. They're here to pick up Garry, R.L.'s son, who's also in the band.

"Hey, Luther," says R.L. "You have a nice New Year and all that?"

"Yes, sir," says Luther. It's a damn fine sight to see a youngster showing such respect for an elder.

"You havin' a Bloody Mother?" laughs Luther.

"Yeah, you want one?" asks R.L.

"No, we gotta get down there and set up for the show tonight."

"Awright now, ya'll take it easy," says R.L. And so the last bluesman, the damnedest blend of Southern gentleman and grandfather and unrepentant killer you ever saw, bids good night to the youngsters. It's their turn to play the blues—until R.L. gets back on the road, that is.

R.L.'s Top Three Blues Songs

1. "Shake 'Em on Down" by Mississippi Fred McDowell (As a teen, R.L. learned the blues from McDowell.)
2. "Rolling and Tumbling" by Muddy Waters (The blues legend was married to R.L.'s cousin Anna Mae.)
3. "If It Wasn't for Bad Luck" by Lightnin' Hopkins (The Texas bluesman was a major influence on R.L.)

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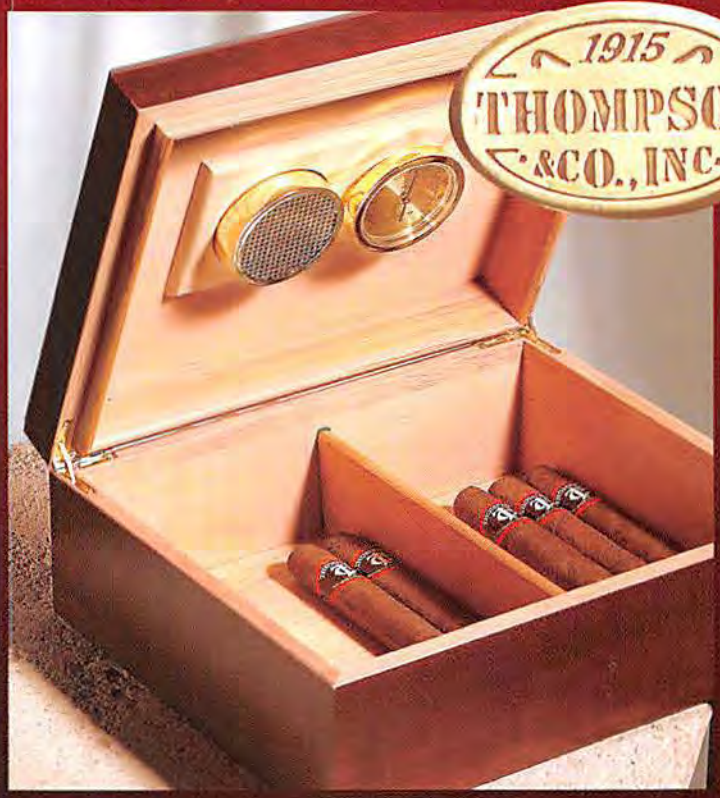

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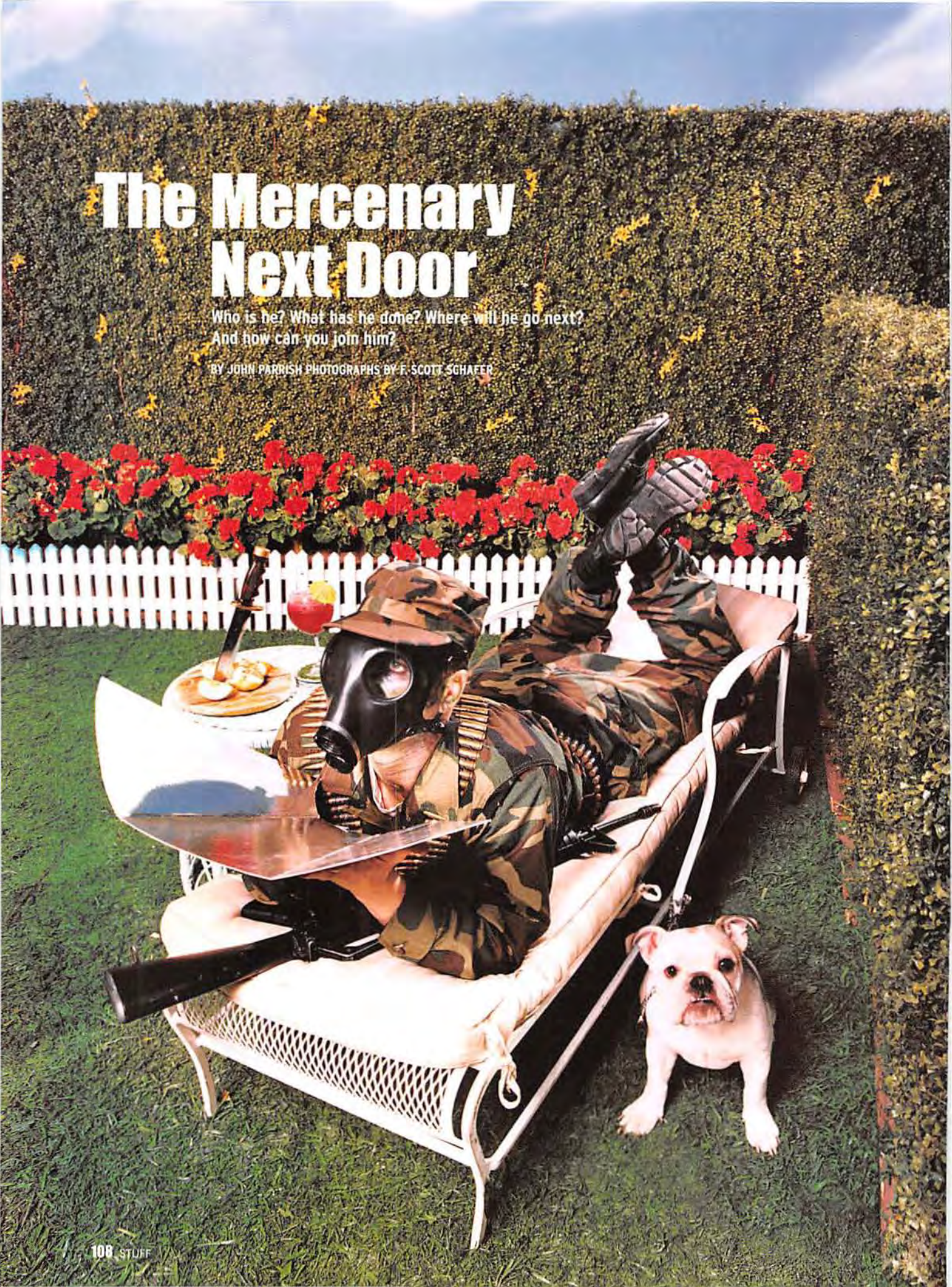
The Mercenary Next Door

Who is he? What has he done? Where will he go next? And how can you join him?

BY JOHN PARRISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER



Grandpa may have been standing, but he'd been dead for hours

Men love to work—and they love to kill. In a perfect world, there'd be a job that satisfied both drives simultaneously. Oh, look—there is!

The life of a mercenary, in our humble opinion, has to be one of the most fulfilling professions for guys. You get guns, lots of opportunities to travel and, if you're lucky, really cool scars. You could probably kill the entire Baldwin family just for fun—and get away with it.

But it's not all fun and games. Being a mercenary can be merciless on your social life, your conscience, your wardrobe. Your closet is packed with drab browns, you usually can't tell women what you do—assuming you even meet any out in the malarial jungles or desert wastes—and then there are those times when you wake up screaming at 3 A.M. in twisted, piss-soaked sheets.

Still, when it comes to rapid career advancement, nothing beats a coup. Just look at Bob Denard: Back in the '70s, he was a gun-toting, babe-scooping, soldier-of-fortune superstar who actually stole himself an entire nation. OK, so it was only a puny nation, Comoros Island. But it beats being the mayor of Princeton, New Jersey. Princeton sucks.

So what can you expect if you sign up today? To find out, we hunted down two mercenaries. One fought for the French Foreign Legion; the other won't let us print his photo because he killed guerrillas for the losing side in the wars of South-West Africa. He says he can also snuff us. We believe him.

Isn't the real killer something called melanoma?

"Tactics? First we dazzle them with our outrageous epaulets, then bayonet the pig dogs. How about that for tactics?"

"I Sighted Up and Sent a Shell Over. They Lit Up Like Christmas Trees...."

American Glenn Ferguson joined the French Foreign Legion and killed Iraqis in the Gulf War.

Our man Ferguson

"The corporal burst into the barracks, screaming in French. I couldn't understand a word. Guys formed a line and started counting off. I was 20th. *What's the French word for 20?* I thought. *Oh, fuck. What is it?*

"The recruit next to me shouted his number. I was silent. The corporal went ballistic and punched me in the face. That was French instruction in the Foreign Legion.

"I don't remember a time when I didn't want to be a soldier. I wanted travel, action and adventure, and the French Foreign Legion offered them. I thought that if I joined the U.S. Army, I might never see a shot fired in anger. So in June 1988, at the age of 19, I flew to France and signed up.

"Over six months, it seemed like the instructors whipped my ass every day. They broke you mentally and physically, then rebuilt you. Some guys cracked up. I had a friend who'd been a paratrooper—he slit his wrists. The corporal dragged us into the bathroom where my buddy was bleeding. He'd fucked up and was still alive. 'This man is not an asset,' the corporal said. 'He's a liability. He's not the kind of man the Legion wants.' They canned him.

"Some corporals were vicious motherfuckers. One got what was coming to him when he was posted to a unit full of guys he'd trained. They threw him out of a fourth-floor window.

"Speaking English was banned. I was overheard and had to mow a soccer field for a week using only a pocketknife. Sometimes, you'd make a mistake and the whole class got punished. If you did it too often, the class would seriously smoke your ass. There are kangaroo courts, too.

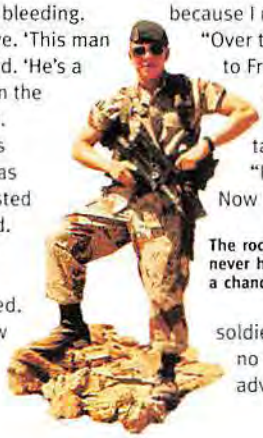
"But all the hardship and brutality made me more determined to make it through. In December 1988, after a 112-mile march that reduced my feet to bloody stumps so swollen that my boots had to be cut off, I completed the training.

"I got my first real taste of action in the Gulf War. My job was to operate weapons in an armored car as we attacked a Kuwaiti airport held by the Iraqis. The commander of the car rigged it with a CD player and loudspeakers. When the signal came to attack, we started shelling a bunker and antiaircraft battery. There were bullets flying, explosions, Iraqis getting killed, and we had 'Ride of the Valkyries' playing at full blast. It was like that helicopter scene from *Apocalypse Now*.

"We accounted for more than 30 dead Iraqis. I saw a group at a refueling area, sighted up and sent a shell over. They lit up like Christmas trees. It never bothered me, because I never thought about it.

"Over the next couple years, I was sent to French Guiana, Djibouti and Chad. I saw action in Chad, but it's stuff that I'm not allowed to talk about.

"In January 1994, I left the Legion. Now I'm a sergeant in the 1st Armored Division of the U.S. Army. We've got more toys than the Legion, but the Legionnaire is a better soldier. I have fond memories and no regrets. I went looking for adventure and found it."



The rocks never had a chance

Styling: Andrea Cooker for the Montgomery Group. Hair & Makeup: Kim Wayman. Prop Styling: Reno Dakota

So You Want to Be a Mercenary?

We're talking nice hours, great pay and cool uniforms. But there are some things we need to clear up first.

> HOW DO I GET HIRED?
The mercenary business is less about what you know (e.g., how to crush a man's windpipe between two fingers) than who you know. Most soldiers of fortune get hired by word of mouth. So place yourself where word gets around. The Pottery Barn isn't a prime spot.

An option popular during the Bosnian conflict was to turn up in a trouble spot and make it known that you were looking for "interesting work." You'd then be approached by a mercenary recruiter—or beaten to a pulp by the local gendarme. Chalk it up to occupational hazard.

You can also hang out at bars near military bases. But people might mistake you for a creep and...well, then you've got a job for sure.

> CAN YOU GIVE ME ADDRESSES?
If you want to know what's happening in any industry, you've got to read the trades. Mercenaries read *Soldier of Fortune* and a British magazine called *Combat & Survival*. Don't date the girls listed in the personals section.

> GOT ANYTHING A BIT MORE STEADY?
If you're more of a corporate type, consider private military companies (PMCs), which supply former soldiers to protect assets or train recruits. The U.S. has nearly 20 legitimate PMCs—and an unknown number of sketchy outfits.

> HOW MUCH WILL I GET PAID?
They don't call them soldiers of fortune for nothing—$2,000 to $15,500 a month is not unusual, depending on how technical and specialized your skills are. Ordinary foot soldiers are at the bottom of the scale, with pilots near the top. The special-forces guys really clean up: Working for a Mexican coke baron, an experienced SF can pull in huge cash. Drug lords love SF guys because they know all about the latest tactics and high-tech gizmos used by pesky agencies like the DEA. Or you can just be a bodyguard for Camryn Manheim and get free pizza.

For a more renegade outfit, you can expect all the pillage and plunder you can stomach. PMCs sometimes offer health and dental benefits, workers' comp and vacation time. But if you truly care about these benefits, you're probably in the wrong industry, ya pansy.

> IS IT LEGAL?
Soldiers who work for government-approved PMCs are safe. But anyone fighting for a foreign dictator in Hellsville better be prepared to call it home—permanently. Enlisting in a foreign mercenary army without a nod from the U.S. government can mean forfeiting U.S. citizenship.

> HOW DANGEROUS IS IT?
There are fates worse than death, as infamous German mercenary Rolf Steiner would testify. A former member of the Hitler Youth, Rolf was jailed for three years in the Sudan for his mercenary exploits. His captors delighted in hanging him by the feet and stuffing chili peppers up his ass like a human enchilada. However, it's not like he didn't deserve it.

Still, it could have been far worse: He could have been eaten. In 1995, Vietnam veteran Bob MacKenzie was working for an outfit called Gurkha Security Guards, protecting a mine in Sierra Leone. He was killed by rebels in an ambush and afterward was the main course in a cannibal feast. The worst part: They didn't even say grace.

Application for Employment

Name: Stuart (Stuey) Garrigle

Fake name: The Jackal. This is what I would like to be called.

Address: Motel 6, Big Sandy, Montana

May we contact you at work? Currently between jobs. Call pay phone outside Motel 6 between 3 PM and 6 PM. Here's my number: 406-555-1212.

Position desired: Something that involves guns. Will I get a badge? Doesn't have to be real, even—just something that fools girls.

Type of employment desired (check one)
☐ Full-time ☐ Part-time ☐ Temporary ☒ Seasonal ☐ Internship
I'm a huge Grizzlies fan. Rather not work during tailgate season.

Referral source (check one)
☐ Advertisement ☐ Walk-in ☐ Drug lord ☐ Guerrilla ☐ Despot
☐ Rogue general ☐ Government agency or its front ☒ Other Mother
Name of source: Mrs. Florence Garrigle

Weapons preferred: What do you got?

Have you killed anyone recently? If yes, please explain. Never have, but want to. Totally want to. I have mutilated animals, though—cats and things that look like cats.

Please give your experience in:
Pillaging: Broke a bar stole at McSorely's Hogg Pit on Olympic Ave. Not my fault. I have a glandular problem.
Plundering: I took coasters from Friday's. And stole matches from [redacted] I'd better not say.

Have you ever been convicted of a felony? (If not, stop here.) A hung jury is as good as an acquittal, right?

Time served in penitentiaries (check one)
☐ Less than 5 years ☐ Less than 10 years ☐ Less than 20 years
☒ Other: Lived with aforementioned mother for five years until recent incident

Please list references: Mom. My mom's friend Marge (Works at Guns Ammo Surplus on 5th and Beason)

Summarize any special skills, training, accomplishments, awards, etc.
Employee of the Year, 1986, Guard-Rite Security, Jackson, Mississippi
1977 Dump-Rat Shooting Champ, Eastabega, Alabama, Eagle Scout

I understand that any information provided by me that is found to be false, incomplete or misrepresented in any respect probably makes me perfect for this job.

Signature of applicant: Stuart Garrigle Date: 4/01/01

"Move along. I'm just a tree."

"I'd Line Up a Guy in My Sights, Squeeze the Trigger, Then—Bam—Down He Goes...."

John Hackman wiped out guerrillas in South Africa. By the way, that's not his real name.

"In the '70s, I was in the British special forces. I learned how to kill a sentry with a knife and blow up bridges. There's not a lot of demand for those skills in civilian life, so in 1980 I tried to join the South African police. Instead, I got a call inviting me to join a mercenary outfit for $3,000 a month.

"I flew into Cape Town and from there went to a remote camp in the bush. Our mission: to wipe out guerrillas from the South-West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), who were fighting for control of what's now called Namibia. But I wasn't interested in who they were—I just wanted the money. We were there to do stuff the government didn't want to admit to. If a job went bad, they could wash their hands of us. We had no rank, no insignia and—if it did go to shit—no backup.

They are *not* going to play Sun City

"We mostly did four-man patrols, hunting for guerrilla camps or supply lines. If we came across a camp small enough to handle—say, up to 15 men—we'd wipe them out. Anything bigger, we'd call in an air strike.

"My first contact came after one of our patrol smelled a cooking fire. We got down in the dust and crawled toward it on our bellies through the low scrub. I was tense and excited but not fearful. This was stuff I was good at. Thirty yards out, we stopped. There were seven guys going about their routine, all carrying weapons.

"Someone made a noise. The guerrillas scattered, firing their AK-47s. Bullets flew past me, whining like mosquitoes. They fell back, one man bringing up the rear and firing at us. He made a run for it, so I chased him,

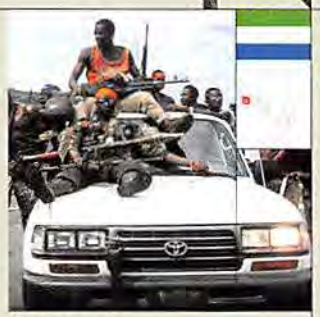
Mercenary Planet

Your boss is up your ass. The wife is treating you like a chump. Your neighbors listen to nothing but Streisand at full volume. Where can you go to blow off some steam (and heads)?

COLOMBIA AND MEXICO
Colombia's drug cartels employ dogs of war on loose leashes to thwart antidrug efforts. Mexican gangs do, too. Surprised? Not us! We watch *Dateline*!

SRI LANKA
The government has taken on contract soldiers to crew helicopter gunships and train counterinsurgency troops. They also cook a mean eggs Florentine.

THE PHILIPPINES
Moro Islamic Liberation Front zealots recruit mercenaries to fight government forces. You can always count on zealots for crazy stuff. Example: *The Geena Davis Show*.



SIERRA LEONE
Back in December, rebels and government forces in Sierra Leone signed a 30-day truce. But they'll be at each other's throats again by the time you read this. They both love mercenaries. And angel food cake.

ZIMBABWE
It's heading for meltdown with autocratic Robert Mugabe at the helm. If the wheels come off, a privately financed mercenary army might step in. If the U.N. gets involved, it'll be a real garden party—with guns!

COMOROS ISLAND
Since 1975, there have been 19 coups and coup attempts on Comoros, and mercenaries are a part of the tradition. They're long overdue for another war. But who are you to worry? Where the hell is Comoros anyway?

ANGOLA
Angola's UNITA freedom fighters hire mercenaries to operate artillery and antiaircraft missiles. The government employs mercenaries, too—and not just to sew quilts. They also put on plays!

taking shots as he jinked through the scrub like a rabbit. Adrenaline pumped through me like rocket fuel. In a situation like that, you just want to kill the guy. He's tried to kill you, and you want him dead. He ran across open ground. I was 25 feet behind him now and had a clear line of sight.

"I stitched him across the middle with a burst from my Belgian FN, and he hit the dirt like a sack of potatoes, blood spurting out of him in little fountains. He was still alive, holding his guts and panting like a dog. The policy was to kill the wounded, so I put a bullet in his forehead. I'd already seen a village that the guerrillas had rampaged through. They'd gang-raped little girls and set fire to them. This was easier after seeing that, even when the guy begged me for his life.

"He had a better death than I would have gotten. Guerrillas' prisoners were slowly cut to pieces—a finger, an ear, the nose—or they just had their balls and cock cut off and were left to bleed.

"I heard bursts of gunfire and moved up to join the rest of my patrol. They were all unharmed and had killed the other guerrillas, one of which was lying spread-eagle in the dust, the top of his head blown clean away. Real war isn't like in the movies. Bullets from light machine guns can rip off limbs up-close. When people die, it's messy and bloody. Death stinks. You've got the smell of the blood, and most guys will shit and piss themselves when they die. You get used to it.

"Sometimes after a firefight we'd back off, hide and wait to see if any of the guerrillas' buddies would come to investigate. Lions, leopards, hyenas, all kinds of wild animals would move in. Occasionally they would find a wounded guy that we'd missed, and we'd have to listen to him screaming and his bones being crunched up as the animals ate him.

"Sometimes it was like shooting rats in a barrel. I remember one operation in particular: We had intelligence that there was a guerrilla camp in a shallow valley. We hiked in at night and took positions overlooking the valley. Just before dawn, we opened up. They didn't have a chance. They ran around firing all over the place while we sat back and picked them off.

"I never thought about the morality of it. I'd line up a guy in my sights, squeeze the trigger, then—bam—down he goes with a bloody hole in his chest. Move on to the next guy and it's the same thing. I'd been trained to kill, and that's what I did. I can honestly say that I didn't feel a thing. I saw myself as a professional soldier doing a job.

"I did four three-month tours and quit while my luck was ahead. I wouldn't do it now. Just look at the former Yugoslavia and Kosovo. What a clusterfuck that was—full of amateurs.

"But I was tempted. Once you've been a mercenary, everything else seems tame."

Outfit Yourself for Action

A guide to the basic mercenary. Comes with everything you see here. Terrified peasant farmers sold separately.

AK-47 The Big Mac of assault weapons, with about 50 million served. Mmmm...we could go for one right now. An AK-47, that is.

SCAR Lends jungle cred. Unless it's on your foot and you have to take off your boot and sock and hop around while you show it to people.

GRENADES Regular grenades are for SEALs and other wimps. Real men use incendiary grenades, which splatter the enemy with fiercely burning gobs of thermate that dissolve flesh. May not be allowed in carry-on bags; ask your ticket agent.

SYRINGE Getting treated in some Third World hospitals is more dangerous than being shot at. Pack your own syringe and lick it clean after each use.

FAKE PASSPORT You need one issued by an inoffensive bit player on the world stage, like Canada. Play it cool at customs, with casual remarks like, "Here's my passport. It's totally legit."

U.S. DOLLARS When a country reaches meltdown, there's only one thing that will guarantee you a flight out: Ben Franklin. He's an agent at World Wide Travel—a really good guy. If you can't reach him, bribe your way out with a wad of U.S. currency.

IMMODIUM AD There's a woeful lack of trained chefs with food-hygiene certificates in the soldier-of-fortune business. Antidiarrheal tablets are essential. Either that or a plug for your asshole. Our advice? Use both.

LAND MINES If someone didn't use 'em, all those charities campaigning against them would have to lay off people. Mercenaries do their bit by packing U.S.-made Claymore fragmentation mines.

KNIFE A simple U.S. Marines-style fighting knife is perfect. Be safe: When slicing an opponent's carotid artery, cut *away* from your body.

BERLITZ GUIDES Good for translating such phrases as "Tell me where the diamonds are" or "You wanna get out of here and find someplace quiet?"

GARROTTE WIRE Makes killing sentries a cinch. Later, it can be used to slice cheese.

.357 MAGNUM Just the thing for disposal of those pesky democratically elected presidents.

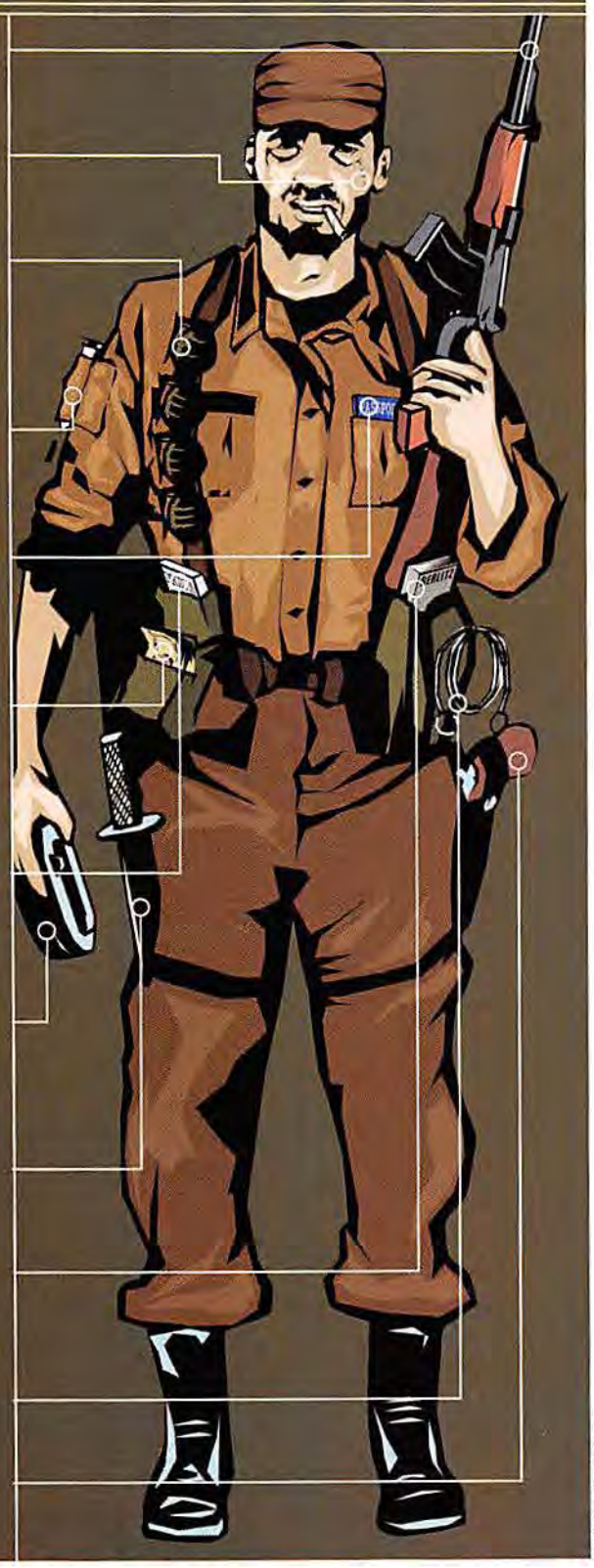
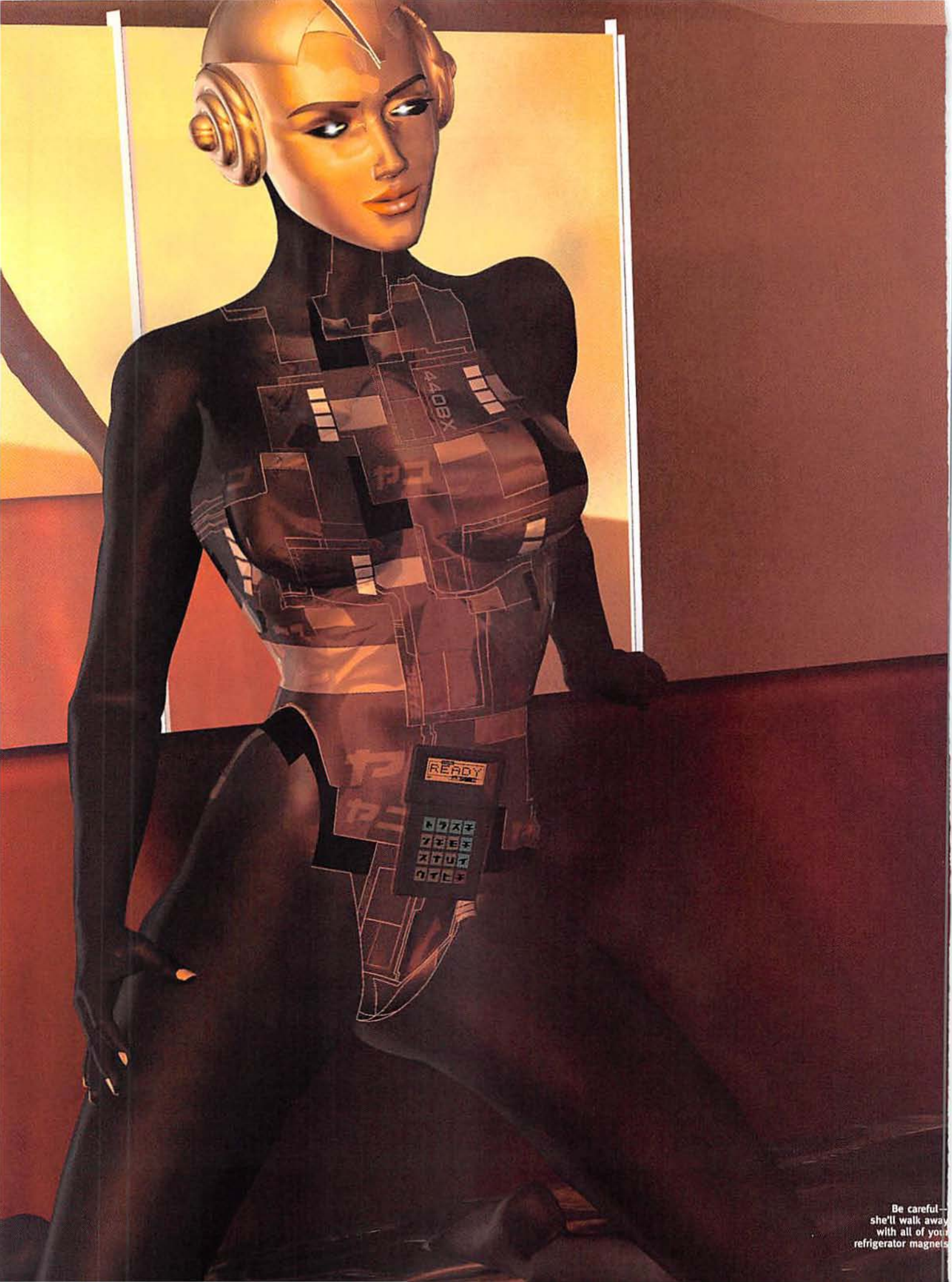


Illustration: Ben Wachenje

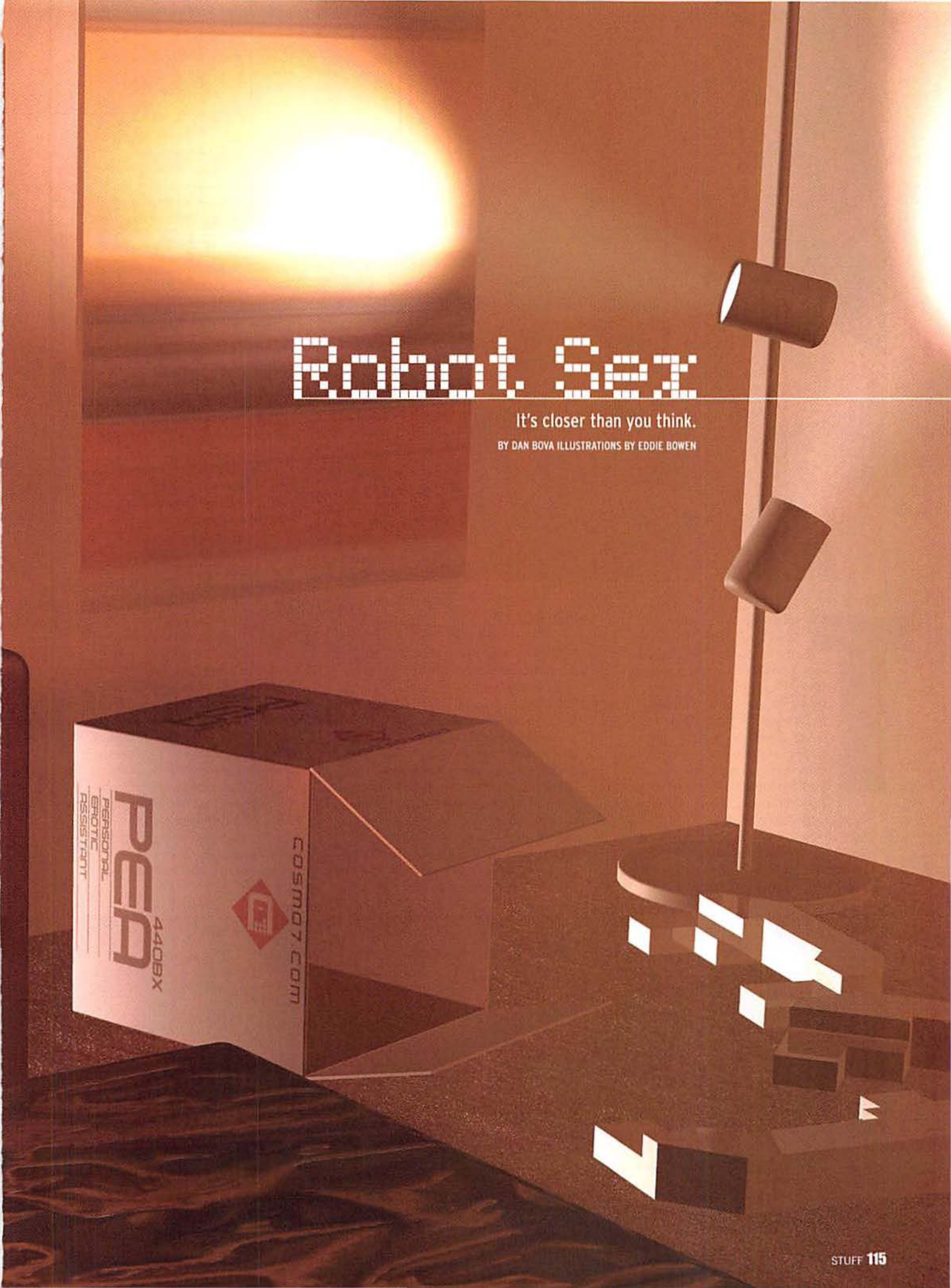


Be careful—
she'll walk away
with all of your
refrigerator magnets

Robot Sex

It's closer than you think.

BY DAN BOVA ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDDIE BOWEN



Finally, a companion for those walks on the beach. And screwing

Today's robots are busy robots. When they're not building our microchips, they're painting our cars. When they're not retrieving satellites, they're beating us at chess. Yes, the science of robotics has made some big advances in recent years—huge, really—but when are robots going to start really helping man? And by man, we mean the disenfranchised, ugly fellow who can't get a date. And by helping, we mean having sex with said fellow. Is this a blip on the scientific community's research radar? Is robot sex in our future? We asked today's leading experts in robotic sciences. Here are their startling answers.

R2-DO ME

Can watch two pornos at once

SUBJECT: Cynthia Breazeal, postdoctoral associate at MIT's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory.
PROJECT: The Sociable Machines, which focuses on social interaction between people and robots.

STUFF: What are you researching?
BREAZEAL: The robot I work on is named Kismet. You can teach this robot as you would another person. Our work is about building technology that is not only intuitive and natural, but also able to interact with us on our terms. Technology is pervading our lives and needs to be accessible. We don't want to build machines where people need to do back flips to interface with them. We want them to be easy, if not enjoyable, for you to work with.

Awesome. So could I interface with a robot on a friendly basis?
The pinnacle of a socially intelligent robot would be one that could be your friend.

Are you going to make it happen soon?
Whether that is practical remains to be seen. The world is complicated, so a robot has to learn on the job. A lot of social interaction is learning.

Can it learn to have sex with me?
Well, that depends on the technology. Is that important for us to put our research energy into? I can't think of a reason why. Our brains are limited resources. Should we spend our effort doing that? I don't see a reason why we'd need to be able to do that.

But is it possible?
I can't argue why it is impossible. But more important, I can't argue why we should.

What about people who really love robots?
I have never heard of people like that. In the research community, physical love with robots isn't even a blip. Nobody is thinking of this or devoting research time to it. We're trying to enhance people's lives. We're talking about taking care of the elderly or the disabled. We're thinking in those terms, not people's fetishes.

That's silly. You don't think people could fall in love with robots?
If something is not cuing you that it is a robot, so that you don't have any predisposed biases against it and you didn't know it was synthetic versus organic, it would not be surprising that a human could fall in love with a machine.

So, following that logic, wouldn't steamy robot sex be the next step?
Our work is based on humanitarian needs. I mean, we could never get funding for something like that anyway.

Oh, well.

ROBO-TAIL TIME LINE

A fond look at cinematic gynoids (female androids, you dolt) through the ages.

1927 Brigitte Helm plays the robot (aka Futura) in *Metropolis*. Fritz Lang was down on the future, but ain't nobody down when Brigitte's in the room. Know what we're sayin'?!

1962 Jean Vander Pyl gives voice to an exceedingly helpful Rosie the Robot in *The Jetsons*. What else does she give? That's between George, Mr. Spacely and the vacuum cleaner.

1965 In *Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine*, a bikini-clad robot army seeks out wealthy men and charms them out of their assets. Only two men can foil the fiendish plot. They failed, and the movie was made anyway.

1975 In *The Stepford Wives*, Katharine Ross lives in a town where the wives have been replaced with robots. Their coffee, however, hasn't been replaced with Folgers, so everyone is cool with it.

1976 Lindsay Wagner is Jaime Sommers in *The Bionic Woman*. This crime-fighting cyborg hates the underworld's dealings but was guilty of one little crime of her own—ruining our pajamas.

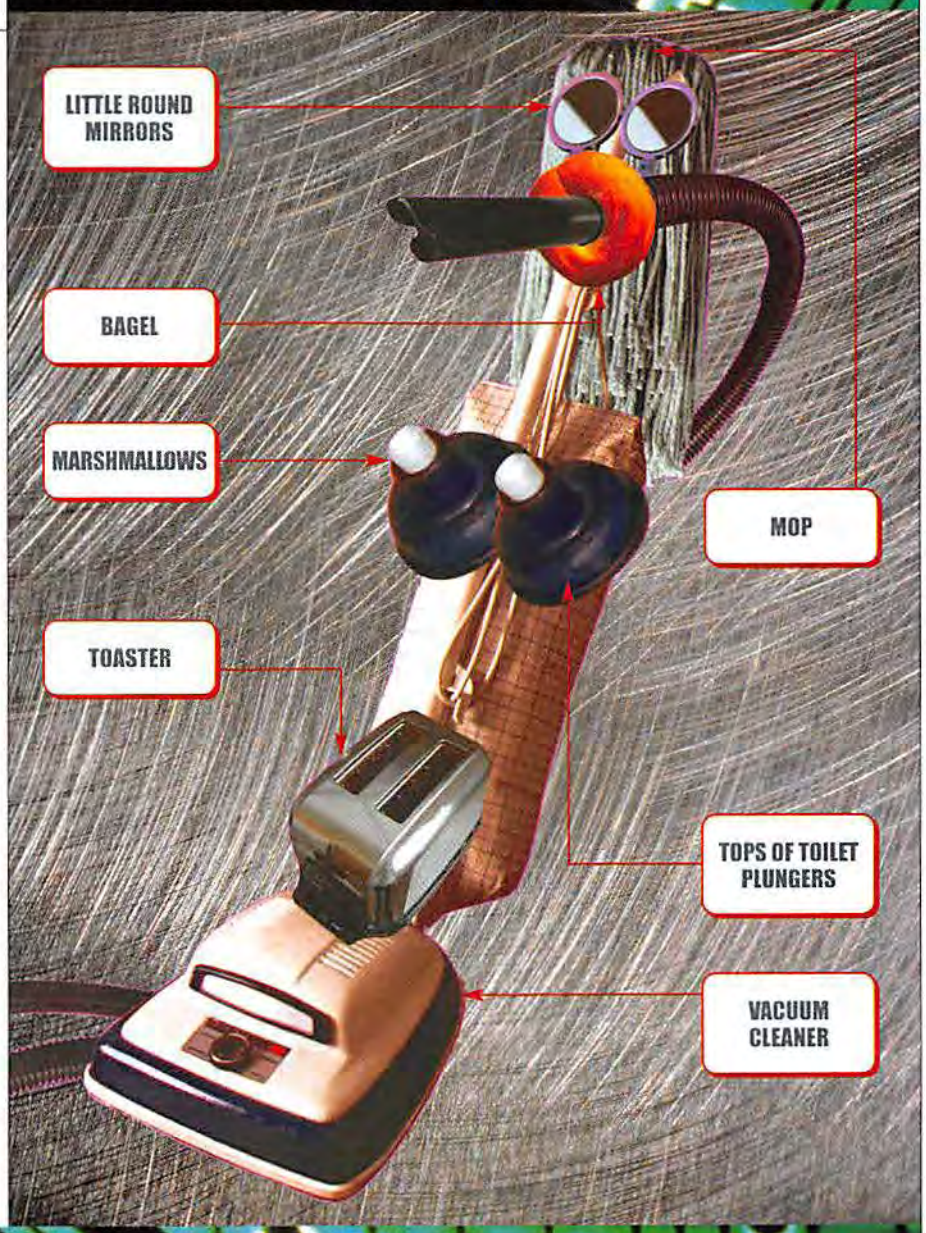
C3P-OH!

SUBJECT: Artur Arsenio, a Ph.D. candidate working in the Humanoid Group of the Artificial Intelligence Lab at MIT.
PROJECT: Creating a mathematical framework for tuning networks of neural oscillators for the control of rhythmic motions in a mechanical head for a robot dog called M4.
STUFF: Your project seems pretty complicated. I mean, like, what the hell?
ARSENIO: I'm doing the head and the brain on this robot M2-M4, which has two legs. The brain will provide all of the information regarding where it goes and the decisions it makes. Essentially, it provides the robot with a personality, which changes the way it behaves and socializes. If I give it a coward's personality, it is going to be very afraid of navigating in an environment that provides some type of risk. Or I can program it to be more adventurous.

Could you make it have an amorous personality?
Eh, yes. But this robot does not express emotions with facial expressions. It has no facial expressions. It expresses emotions with different kinds of postures.
What kind of posture expresses amour?
When I say amorous, I mean that it would socialize with people.
Like a really, really, really good friend?
Yes. I would say that the next step in my work would be to add facial features to the robot and then maybe language. ▷▷▷

He built her from a kit

BUILD YOUR OWN SEXBOT With these everyday products.



1982 Daryl Hannah wears a blank expression as Pris in *Blade Runner* and is unable to shake the blank expression for the rest of her career.

1985 In *Rocky IV*, Rocky gives Paulie a robot servant. In a scene that never made it, Paulie has his robo-servant wag a feather duster in and around his nether region.

1986 Kristy Swanson plays angry Samantha in *Deadly Friend*. Critics call her performance mechanical. We call those critics assholes.

1987 Joan Rivers plays a robot in *Spaceballs*. For revenge, robots from the future go back in time to the date of Joan's birth and make her exceedingly ugly.

1991 Renée Soutendijk is Eve VIII, an angry robot armed with a nuclear bomb in *Eve of Destruction*. She doesn't blow, but the movie does.

1997 In *Austin Powers*, Cindy Margolis plays one of several naughty Fembots. We'd say, "Oh, behave!" but then we'd have to kick our own ass.

COULD YOU MAKE IT WITH A MACHINE?

When an amorous metallic mama comes a-rapping on your bedroom door, will you really have what it takes to plug in?

START

At any point in your life, have you ever cherished a ball of foil?

YES → Were you a member of the AV club in high school?

NO → Are you comfortable around computers?

YES → Were you a member of the AV club in high school?

NO → Have you ever suspected that your morning wood might have something to do with the come-hither look of your toaster oven?

Were you a member of the AV club in high school?

YES → Do you ever have dreams in which you are swimming with R2-D2?

NO → Have you ever suspected that your morning wood might have something to do with the come-hither look of your toaster oven?

Do you ever have dreams in which you are swimming with R2-D2?

YES → When you watch *Short Circuit*, does the thought ever enter your mind that you'd love to shut that yapping Number 5's mouth with a generous helping of your man meat?

NO → Have you ever suspected that your morning wood might have something to do with the come-hither look of your toaster oven?

Have you ever suspected that your morning wood might have something to do with the come-hither look of your toaster oven?

YES → Which term do you find more erotic?

NO → As a child, did sticking things into wall sockets make you feel "funny"?

Which term do you find more erotic?

WIRE → Are you comfortable around computers?

GIRL → Have you ever masturbated to the new-product section of *Popular Science*?

When you watch *Short Circuit*, does the thought ever enter your mind that you'd love to shut that yapping Number 5's mouth with a generous helping of your man meat?

YES → Did it make you feel baaad?

NO → Have you ever spooned with an electric knife?

As a child, did sticking things into wall sockets make you feel "funny"?

YES → Have you ever spooned with an electric knife?

NO → Have you ever called the number for the electronic voice that gives you the time—even though you already knew the time?

Have you ever spooned with an electric knife?

YES → Have you ever called the number for the electronic voice that gives you the time—even though you already knew the time?

NO → The modem on your computer is not connecting and making all sorts of crazy sounds. You:

Did it make you feel baaad?

YES → Have you ever called the number for the electronic voice that gives you the time—even though you already knew the time?

NO → Have you ever called the number for the electronic voice that gives you the time—even though you already knew the time?

Have you ever called the number for the electronic voice that gives you the time—even though you already knew the time?

YES → ROBO ROMANCER

NO → COMMITMENT PHOBE

The modem on your computer is not connecting and making all sorts of crazy sounds. You:

GET A WICKED HARD-ON → COMMITMENT PHOBE

CURSE → DISCONNECTED

ANALYSIS

ROBO ROMANCER

You find robots ir-resistor-able! When the robo revolution comes, you'll be there. In the meantime, be aware that pagers and cell phones are not robots, and people will not appreciate your rubbing up against said devices on buses and at malls.

COMMITMENT PHOBE

Does sex with a metallic being intrigue you? Yes. Are you gonna go and marry one? No. Oh, you'll plug a little robo-tail if it falls in your lap, but you won't actively seek a meaningful relationship with it. You're not some kind of freak or anything.

DISCONNECTED

You are squarer than a CPU circa 1987. You prefer your sexual partners like your KFC—with lots of skin. Is it that you are simply against machine love, or are you afraid of societal condemnation? Free your mind and the robotic ass will follow.

Will robots ever speak the language of love?
Ehhh, yes—I would say so. Not in the current state of the robot, because the facial features are very important for that. People need to see the robot as "Oh, he's really cute" or whatever. The goal of my project is to eventually reach that point, but in a moving platform. I focus on moving because movement is very important to have for a robot to be like us. It is very important to get the robot out of the confines of the lab and into homes and other rooms.

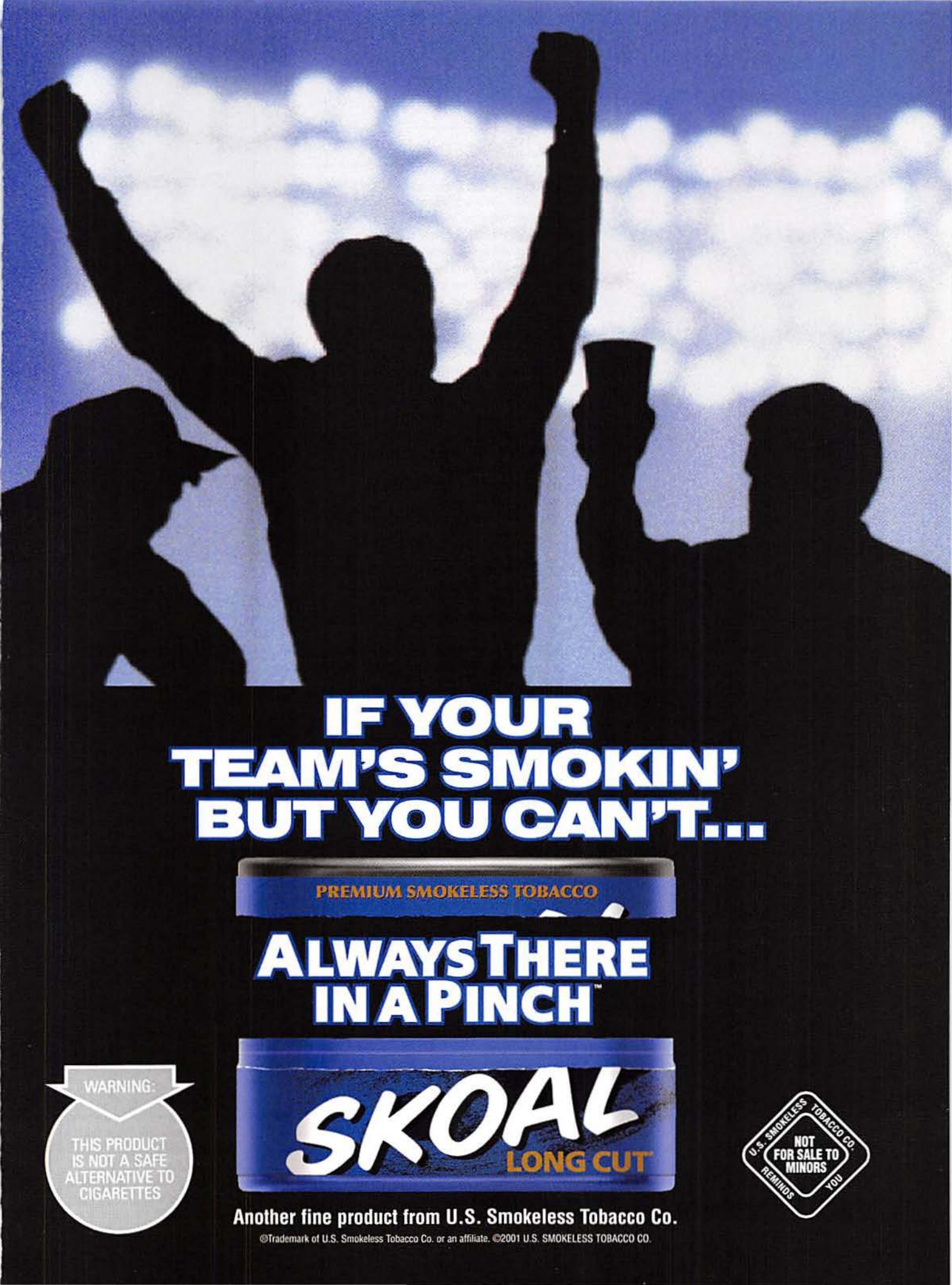
Like bedrooms?
Yes. Exactly.

What could they do in a bedroom?
At the first stage, they'd perform as toys, to play with children. In years to come, they'll clean the room, bring stuff to people. They'll help elderly people with tasks and even serve as entertainment for them. Usually, elderly people feel alone at home, and to engage emotionally with them is very important.

What about making love?
Ehhh, who knows? I would say that right now researchers are not focused in that direction. There is some work being done like that, but the quality is not very good. One of the trends in artificial intelligence is to merge robotics with the biological organism. So in the future, I believe we will not only see robotics used to improve sexual performance, but we will also see more biorobotic organisms in the world. In that respect, yes, it could happen that one could have a being that is tissue and metal that could be created by robotics and genetics—which could be created by a biomorphic creature. With that respect, yes, who knows? It could happen.

Do you support robot sex?
Personally, I won't work on such a technology. I don't think benefiting humanity will be in that direction. My direction will be in developing robots that could improve human situations, such as amputees. The other direction I think is not worthy.

By the looks of my map, that direction is superworthy. See what I'm getting at here, Artur?
No. ▷▷▷


IF YOUR TEAM'S SMOKIN' BUT YOU CAN'T...
PREMIUM SMOKELESS TOBACCO
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"Oh, robot. You know my scrotum is too tender for your viselike pincers."

TALK ROBOTICALLY DIRTY TO ME

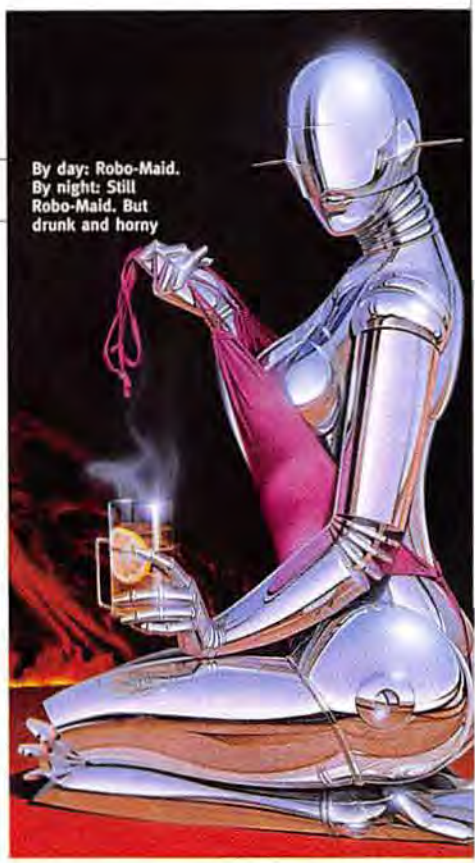
Can't find an actual robot to have sex with? Call a sex-chat line. We sought satisfaction via the telephone at 800-41-SASSY.

SASSY: Hello. What's your name?
STUFF: Could you be a robot?
A robot? Like *The Jetsons* robot?
Yeah, I don't have a problem with that.
Why would you want me to be a robot, though?
Can you do the robot thing now?
You don't want to answer my question?
Maybe if you ask in a robot way.
In a robot way? I'm a woman.
This is really not sexy so far.
You think a robot is sexy? A woman is sexy.
Talk about wires and stuff.
Well, I'm not working well. Will you fix my wire?
Bad robot girl needs to teach me how.
Well, I'm shut down right now.
And how can I turn bad robot *on*?
[*Pause*] Read the instructions in the back.
Listen, I'm not buying this. You don't sound anything like a robot. Can you make beeps and bleeps and stuff?
Like, "Hello, I am a robot. Beep!" Like that?
Yeah, but say something sexy.
Hello, I am a robot.
What's your name?
Carrie, but I like to use my middle name, Eve.
What's your robo name?
Um, let's call the robot Maggie.
How about Maggie 4000?
Huh? [*Long pause*]
Alright, Maggie, I am sorry we couldn't have a robo good time.
Why not?
Because you suck at being a robot!
Wait, wait. I don't get–[*click*].

SMALL WONDER

SUBJECT: Sebastian Thrun, assistant professor of computer science at Carnegie Mellon University's Robotics Institute.
PROJECT: The Nursebot Project, creating robots that will assist the elderly population with a wide variety of household tasks, such as delivering medicine, checking vital signs, opening stuck jars and, if need be, setting the VCR to record *Matlock*.
STUFF: What are the biggest advances robotic scientists have made in recent years?
THRUN: There has been tremendous progress in bipedal walking. Robots are now able to balance very well and walk up and down certain flights of stairs. That's been our biggest progress.
Walking, right....Will robots ever become companions to humans?
That is exactly where our work begins.
Sweet music to my ears!
We're building robotic companions for elderly people.
Oh.
We're not as concerned about the physical properties of these robots—whether or not they have legs—as much as the social interaction of robots with people. Our robots have faces—they can smile and frown. They can talk to people, and they can listen. The way you interact with them shapes the way they behave. If you yell at them, they frown. If you pay attention, they smile. The more we can relate naturally to the way our machines react, the more understandable these machines will be for people who are not necessarily technologically savvy.
So, in terms of relating in a "natural way," do you think that humans will ever become friends with robots?
Absolutely. The notion of friendship is a bizarre one. People are already friends with cars. They love their machines, their televisions, their VCRs. And they also hate them occasionally. But certainly robots will not become substitutes for human friendship. That would be very, very sad. But I see no difficulty in saying that a robotic dog might become a friend of a person.
Could a robot ever be more than friends with a person?
People fall in love with a diamond ring, so if you phrase it that broadly, yes. I mean, I fell in love with a car once.

"Love you? I'm not sure I *ever* loved you."



By day: Robo-Maid. By night: Still Robo-Maid. But drunk and horny

OK, OK, I like where this is going. What I'm getting at, Professor Thrun, is: Will we ever be able to have sex with robots?
You wouldn't find any of my colleagues remotely thinking of anything like that. I mean, that's not even a goal.
Really? That would be the first thought in our heads! You're missing the boat!
The truth is, for the last 200 or 300 years, humans have succeeded in building tools to make people more efficient. And these tools often complement people, but they don't duplicate people. Like, a car is a wonderful machine, but by itself it is unable to do anything like a person. But together they are the perfect team. And the same is true for robots. Even though they look more and more like people, the goal is not at all to replicate or to replace people. Robots do not reflect the full repertoire of emotions that people have. I mean, normal people don't have sex with a microwave, right? That would be an absurd thing to bring up.
Whoa, look who's become Mr. Judgmental! Just indulge me for a moment. If you so desired, could you or could you not, in fact, program a robot to make love to you?
I would never do that because I think that it's obnoxious. But in principle, there are devices that you can buy for relatively little money that people make love with. Like plastic dolls. Putting a motor on one of those wouldn't be particularly hard, but that is not at all the goal that serious researchers are interested in pursuing.
Finally, the truth! So now, can you send me the specs on that plastic doll thingy hookup? Hello?

"What A Difference!"

BEFORE 4 WEEKS LATER

Rémy's results not typical.

"I lifted weights 'til I was blue in the face, but I still couldn't get close to the body I wanted...until I discovered Xenadrine RFA-1! With Xenadrine I lost 35 pounds in 4 weeks and actually improved my lean muscle mass and definition. And, yeah, the girls noticed the difference, too. Xenadrine works miracles!" - RÉMY FENIELLO

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She has to stay exactly like that or our TV goes all fuzzy

GLOBAL WARMING

What do you want from your next vacation? Lots of sex in exotic places, of course.

BY LESLIE YAZEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT DIADUL

Call it an appetite for anthropology or an instinctual need to widen your gene pool, but the first thing most guys think about when they go on vacation is having sex with the natives. And why not? The planet's crawling with women. So while your married buddies are dragging home ashtrays, bath towels and sunburned kids, you get to bring back tales of tropical trysts. We persuaded 13,000 readers to give us their advice on how to get it, where to get it and what you might get while you're getting it. Use this information wisely and the result should be sex as perfect as possible: No strings, no callbacks, no paternity suits and no small insects in your shorts.

"Whaddaya say you and I go freak it? You can come too, little lady."

Vice on Vacation

Where you stand, sit and/or straddle on domestic and foreign affairs.

Have you ever had sex with someone you met while you were on vacation?

Yes: 74% No: 26%

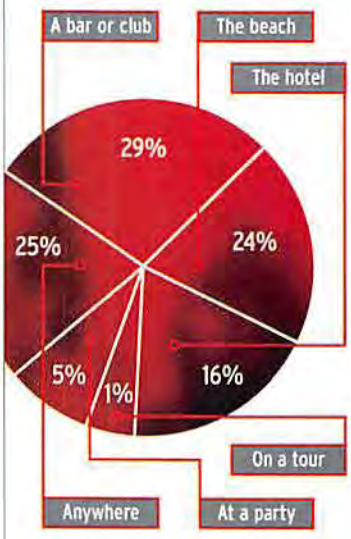
Most men who responded to our survey have had at least one sexual encounter with a stranger. (As for the guys who reported having multiple-personality disorder and taking a little trip–that doesn't count.) But only **19%** of those encounters developed into meaningful, lasting relationships–in other words, ones that extended as far as breakfast the following morning.

For those who have had vacation sex, how many different women have you had it with?

1-3	36%
4-5	27%
6-7	20%
8-10	16%
11+	1%

Our travelers' luck came more often in the form of a fellow tourist (**23%**) than a local (**16%**), but **60%** have had the pleasure of both. One percent said they weren't sure and went back to quietly staring at the hotel Spectravision.

What's the best place to meet women while you're on vacation?



There's something about lots of exotic alcohol, near-nudity and clean sheets that reminds *Stuff* men this isn't just another normal weekend at home. Why the big difference? Fellow female travelers are reportedly more willing to drop their inhibitions–and lift their skirts–because they feel that their kinky vacation memories can be erased after a short flight home. Some airlines charge extra for this service.

Where have you had vacation sex?

Hotel room	31%
Beach	22%
Pool	17%
Bar bathroom	9%
Alleyway	5%
Hotel elevator	5%
Other	11%

Five out of every 100 respondents went on vacation and ended up having sex in an alley. Technically, these travelers are known as johns. Helpful tourist hint: For a better class of woman, check the bar bathroom or your hotel's elevator.

What is the biggest threat you've encountered when having sex outside your hotel room?

Bug bites	31%
Animals	29%
Cops	24%
Passersby	6%
Sand in bad places	3%
Travel partners trying to sabotage me	2%

Despite the dangers, **68%** prefer travel sex to regular sex. Why? As one guy put it, "Anything goes–and you can smack that ass. You don't care who sees." Be sure to ask for photos of you smacking that ass for the family.

LYING, CHEATING WHORES

That would be you.

When does vacation sex *not* count as cheating?

It's always cheating	65%
It's never cheating	18%
When you're more than 100 miles away	8%
When you're more than 1,000 miles away	9%

Most men (**80%**) would stay silent about any holiday indiscretions, and **24%** of those guys would come clean only if damaging evidence surfaced–like a genital wart with SOUVENIR OF MEXICO printed on it.

Finish this sentence: I'd rather spend a week in a tropical paradise with...

My girlfriend	63%
My buddies	37%

Not surprising, really, considering **82%** of respondents claim that stress-free vacation sex with a girlfriend is much better than regular old Saturday-night sex with the very same girl. As for the **37%** who'd rather spend the week with their buddies...there's a joke in there, but we're not touching it.

DESTINATION: SEX

According to our survey, these cities provide the most action.

1. Cancún
2. Miami
3. Los Angeles
4. Honolulu
5. New York City
6. Las Vegas
7. Myrtle Beach
8. New Orleans
9. Chicago*
10. Denver

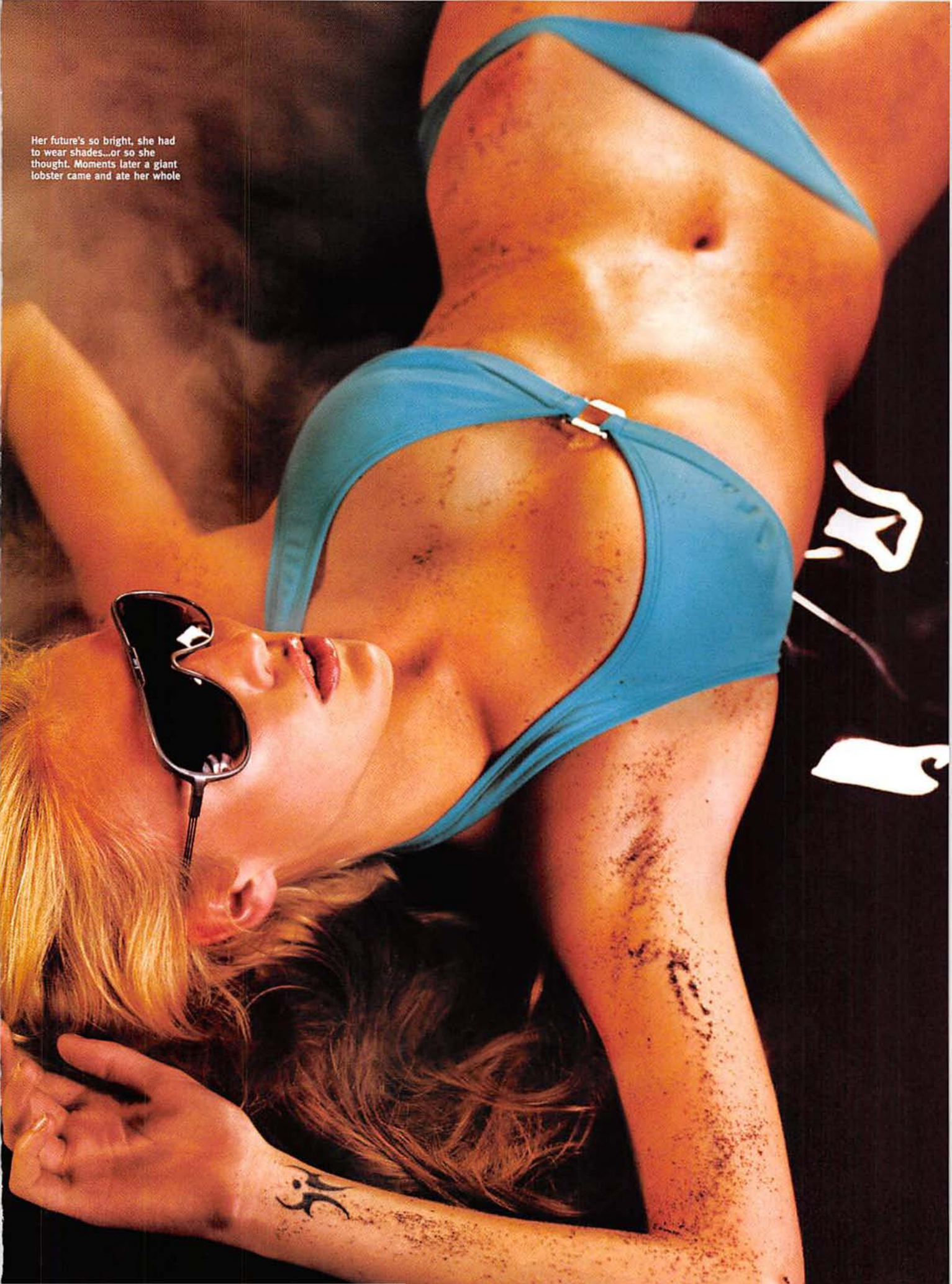
*Just kidding about Chicago.

Extreme Vacationing

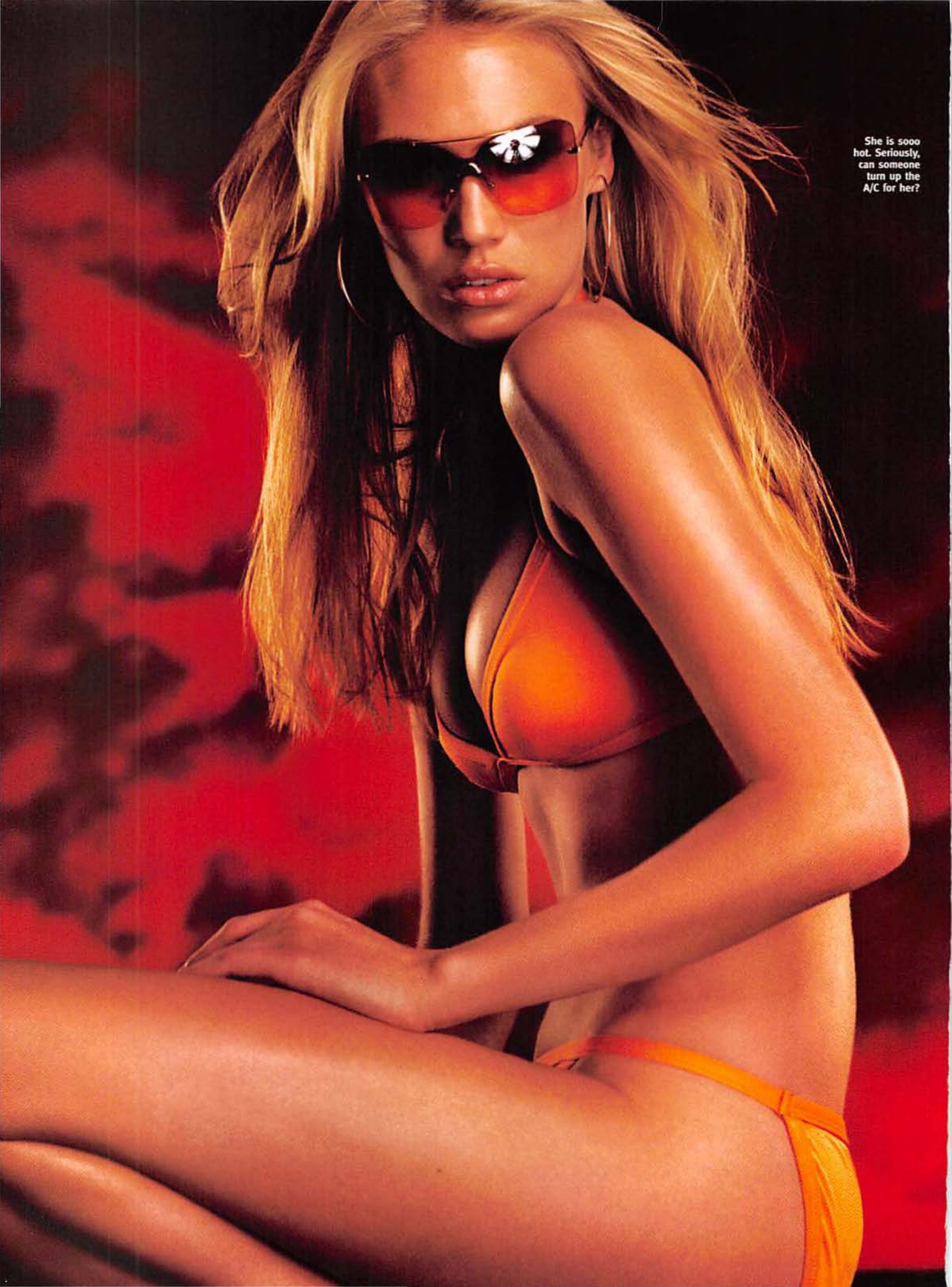
The most outrageous travel sex you've ever had.

- **"In the back of a burned-out bus at the Branch Davidian compound, a week after the fire. Hot."**
- **"In the life-jacket cabinet on a crowded snorkeling boat with some woman in a tiny bikini."**
- **"In front of a three-way mirror at a bikini store in Tampa."**
- **"I did it in a hotel in Paris with a maid. She was very hot, very young and very French."**

- **"Full-on sex in the middle of Bourbon Street, with a girl from Texas who really wanted my Mardi Gras beads."**
- **"In Ocean City, Maryland, we did it on a lifeguard stand. Then we got busted and were thrown in the holding cell of a jail for five hours...where we had sex three more times."**
- **"On a gondola somewhere in Utah."**
- **"In Pennsylvania, some sorority girl pulled me into a cornfield."**
- **"A threesome with my wife and a local girl in Cozumel. My wife asked if we could go back next year."** ▷▷▷



Her future's so bright, she had to wear shades...or so she thought. Moments later a giant lobster came and ate her whole



She is sooo hot. Seriously, can someone turn up the A/C for her?

Too many crabs spoil the soup. The sex soup, that is

Foreign Exchange

Ask Papa John's to send a Pakistani tourist with that pepperoni pizza.

Have you ever had sex with a woman who was vacationing in the town where you live?

Yes: 48% No: 52%

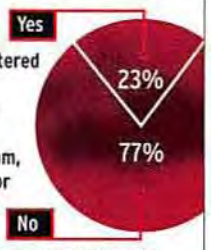
The beauty of having sex with a visiting foreigner is that you get to play the role of the exotic stranger while lying around on the sofa in your boxers. By the way, **20%** of guys who report success with foreign women have had it with five or more. All those guys, coincidentally, work for the INS. There's just something about the phrase "Green card, Miss?" that works every time.

Where do the horniest women go on vacation?

1. New York City
2. Boston
3. San Diego
4. Los Angeles
5. Atlanta
6. Chicago
7. New Orleans
8. Las Vegas
9. Houston
10. Philadelphia

The important question is: Where do the *least* horny women go? Brown University.

Have you ever encountered a foreign woman with a strange sexual custom, preference or inclination?



Most respondents find that sex is sex, from Reykjavík to the Rio Grande. The other **23%** are still seeing therapists. Here are some of our favorite freaky travel tales:

■ "A Dutch woman I met in Chicago begged me to spank her with the hotel Bible."

■ "In Izmir, Turkey, this local woman insisted on doing a bedside ritual dance before sex."

■ "This Czech girl kept referring to my genitals as the 'exotic tropical banana.' As in, 'Please, I want your exotic tropical banana.'"

■ "A South Korean woman would only take it from behind because it would shame her fiancé if I saw her face while she cheated on him."

■ "Before sex, this Indian woman made me pray to the gods of her country and ask them if it was OK for us to do it."

■ "This French girl set up all of her stuffed animals around the bed so it looked like they were watching us. Very creepy." ▷▷▷

What You Can Learn from the Worst Vacation Sex Ever

Sometimes it feels so right...until it goes so horribly wrong.

■ "A bee stung my penis before sex. I ended up in the hospital."
Lesson: Do not screw the bees. Or the birds. It's just a silly expression.

■ "We had sex on a paddle boat in Cancún and didn't realize that it had drifted back to shore. A crowd of horrified families were covering their kids' eyes."
Lesson: When having sex in a paddle boat, bring along your wife to help steer.

■ "I hooked up with a screamer in Jordan, and I had to bribe the police who showed up not to bust us for all the Islamic laws we had broken."
Lesson: It's cheaper to bribe a screamer to shut up than it is to bribe a cop to shut up.

■ "We were drunken newlyweds doing it on the beach. I went to pee and came back to find some other dude finishing the deed."
Lesson: Your wife is a whore.

■ "In the Bahamas, a local girl with huge breasts gave me an amazing blow job in my hotel room—then stole everything I owned."
Lesson: Travel light.

■ "This girl from Japan who gave me oral sex was very sweet—until I found out that *she* was a *he*! Thank God this is anonymous."
—Harold B., San Rafael, Calif.
Lesson: Never trust strange naked men who edit stupid magazines late at night. Alone. So terribly alone.

■ "I had sex with a local woman in Mexico who showed up a month later on my doorstep in North Carolina with her three kids—ready to start her new life in America!"
Lesson: Give all Mexican chicks this address: 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

■ "This girl I'd slept with in the Philippines found me with another woman. A few hours later, her 12 cousins came after me with knives—I barely made it back to the army base with my balls intact."
Lesson: Leaving the base isn't the same as going on vacation, soldier. We call it going AWOL.

"Right, like that's supposed to make me feel sexy."

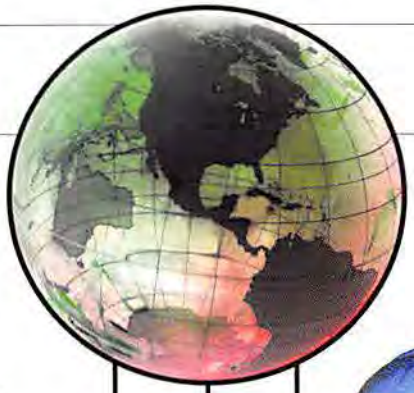
FOREIGN WOMEN WHO LOVE AMERICAN MEN

Our study shows that your chances are best with these.

1. Asian
2. Australian
3. Hispanic
4. Russian
5. German

Global Sex Laws

Fun facts about the rest of the world.



Islamic countries: Muslims are banned from looking at a corpse's genitals. This also applies to Muslim undertakers; the sex organs of the deceased must be covered with a brick or a piece of wood at all times. The genitalia of deceased *Maxim* editors must be covered with a postage stamp. Which is then hand canceled.

Guam: It is expressly forbidden for virgins to marry. So do them...a favor.

Cali, Colombia: A woman may only have sex with her husband, and the first time this happens, her mother must be in the room to witness the act. If penetration actually takes place, the act is considered miraculous.

Middle East: After having sexual relations with a lamb, it is a mortal sin to eat its flesh. To get around the rule, eat the lamb, then mount the bones.

Lebanon: Men are legally allowed to have sex with animals, but the animals must be female. Having sex with a male animal is disgusting and punishable by death. Homophobes.

Maryland: Condoms may be dispensed from a vending machine only "in places where alcoholic beverages are sold for consumption on the premises." Interesting side story: Putting a condom over a beer bottle is a great way to prevent the spread of obesity.

Hong Kong: A betrayed wife is legally allowed to kill her adulterous husband, but she may do so only with her bare hands. The medical term for this is *digital rectal exam.*

New Guinea: Visit during wedding season. Among the Marind Anim, after a marriage ceremony, the bride is taken out of the village, placed on a bed made of eucalyptus bark and made to have sex with every male member of her husband's clan before the lucky groom climbs aboard. The eucalyptus really clears the sinuses.

Liverpool, England: Topless saleswomen are allowed—but only in tropical-fish stores.

Jakarta, Indonesia: The penalty for masturbation is death. And you thought furry palms and going blind was bad.

Santa Cruz, Bolivia: It is illegal for a man to have sex with both a woman and her daughter.

Bahrain: A male doctor may legally examine a woman's genitals but is prohibited from looking directly at them because it is believed that he can be blinded by looking at a clitoris. He may only view the reflection of the genitalia in a mirror. Unless she's a vampire.

GREAT TIPS FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Remember these rules before giving into temptation.

When hitting it doggie-style in a national park, don't forget: "Leaves of three, let them be."

Rivers and fences both eventually lead to civilization. Repeating this sentence over and over may help you delay ejaculation.

If you're in the middle of nowhere and you screw someone's brains out, keep the wound moist and elevated until help arrives.

Being fellated by a stranger at a roadside rest stop? Put a thick layer of toilet paper on the seat first.

Many birds and animals are protected by federal law. Make sure the coast is clear before you have sex with them.

The sun rises in the east, so to screw in the dark, stay west.

When having sex during hunting season, always wear bright colors so hunters can join in.

Always keep food tied up and hanging from a tree to prevent your woman from getting fat.

The life expectancy of a squirrel is eight years, so it has to be just two years old to make things legal.

Moss grows on the south sides of trees, so lean her up on the north side to avoid fungal infections.

The beach was the only place she could escape the taunts: "Shell Hands! Here comes stupid Shell Hands!"

Any Woman, Anywhere

Use these foolproof pickup techniques and no woman will be able to resist you.

- Casually ask her out for drinks. She may bring her sister, and then you can meet their cousin.
- Find a prostitute. They, like, always have sex.
- Go to an art museum. Saunter up to some nice-looking lady and comment on van Gogh's use of dark colors as a way of contrasting the difference between life as it is and life as we perceive it to be. Then ask her if she knows any girls who might be willing to sleep with you.
- Senior citizens are sex starved. Organize a bingo game and impress the women with your number-calling mastery.
- Say that you'll kill yourself if she doesn't sleep with you. This will prove your dedication. Chicks dig guys who are willing to commit long-term.
- Strike up a conversation with a woman and arrange a date. Follow with several months of successful dates. After one to four years, marry her. When the wedding night comes, bingo!
- The phases of the moon control a woman's sex drive. Build a rocket and fly a girl there so she'll be horny all the time.
- Hang out in hotel lobbies and pretend that you're a pro athlete rehabbing an injury. Women love that shit.
- Tell her that you've got a golden retriever puppy in your bedroom who's allergic to clothes, so you both have to take them off if she wants to see the puppy.

Styling: Andrea Cooker for the Montgomery Group. Hair & Makeup: Donald Mikula for Bryan Bantry. Prop Styling: Maria Santana. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

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THE ALL-TIME WORST GREAT IDEAS

Use these handy icons to classify any screwup!

Phenomenally expensive (or just plain stupid) overhaul of something that wasn't broken

Massive financial loss with no prospect of gain

Wrong place, wrong time, big disaster

High body count

Expert-driven screwup caused by a lack of common sense

24

"Test it first? Nah, this is ready to go!"

Sulfanilamide was a wonder drug of the 1930s, one of the first effective treatments for bacterial infections. In 1937, Harold Cole Watkins, chief chemist at S.E. Massengill, decided the medicine should be available in liquid form. So he dissolved it in diethylene glycol—better known as *antifreeze*. After 107 people died of kidney failure, Watkins made it 108 by committing suicide. If you want to drink antifreeze these days, you have to buy Austrian wine.

23

"Just toss those generators in the cargo hold. They'll never explode...."

22

"You know, soda just doesn't have enough caffeine."

21

"This story is so good, who cares if it's all made up?"

TV reporter Wendy Bergen of KCNC in Denver was determined to blow the lid off the scandalous savagery known as dogfighting. One teensy obstacle: She couldn't for the life of her find a single dogfight. So she arranged and paid for a pit bull showdown, had it filmed, then mailed the tape to herself. Her crusade to bring the organizers to justice paid off when, in September 1990, she was indicted on nine felony counts. Life's a bitch.

20

"Why not hang the gas tank on the side of the car?"

For sheer death-defying excitement, nothing beats GM's Chevrolet C/K series of trucks, including the popular C-10 and K-10 pickups. Introduced in 1972, they were designed with a sidesaddle fuel tank that was placed *outside* the rails of the chassis. GM changed the design in 1988, but they never initiated a recall. Apparently there are still four million of these trucks banging around the country, patiently waiting for drunks to run stop signs. ▷▷▷

25

"It's part Mercedes, part Swatch—and all cute!"

Photographs: Gold Damien Borck

19

"Guys love two things: Hoops and women. Put 'em together—who can resist?"

18

"See you at the spaceship right behind the meteor!"

17

"I'll be back before Lincoln knows I'm gone."

What killed Abe Lincoln? Thirst and boredom. Bodyguard John F. Parker left his post outside the president's box at Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865, to visit a bar. By the time he got back, Lincoln had been fatally shot by a man who'd walked right past Parker's empty spot. If you think Parker made a bad call, consider the judgment of whoever hired him: Parker's record included consorting with prostitutes, firearms infractions and drunkenness on duty.

16

"We can make an even better Coke."

In the early '80s, Coke was the world's most famous beverage. But what obsessed Coca-Cola chairman Roberto Goizueta were all those annoying consumers who consistently preferred Pepsi in blind taste tests. So Goizueta ordered the creation of a sweeter version called New Coke. Result: Coca-Cola's market share dropped from 15 percent to 1.4 percent. Pepsi laughed all the way to... Crystal Pepsi.

15

"What could this Gates kid do with the software rights?"

In 1980, IBM, one of the world's largest corporations, was shopping for an operating system for its personal computers. Enter scraggly 24-year-old Bill Gates and his DOS software. The geniuses at IBM didn't insist on exclusive rights. They simply licensed the software, leaving Gates free to sell it to any and all of IBM's upstart competitors. Result: By the early '90s, IBM was losing billions and was worth $400 million less than Microsoft. As for Gates, we'd like to make a rude joke, but our computer just won't let us.

11

"A slimy mollusk in goo? Put it in a can and it'll sell like crazy!"

10

"Relax, it's just a bit of smoke. We'll make it...."

Some experts say that if the pilot of Swissair flight 111 had cut a few corners, he might not have crashed the plane off the coast of Nova Scotia in 1998, killing hundreds. While the cockpit filled with smoke and fire, the captain insisted on going through the emergency checklist instead of landing at the nearest airport and letting everybody off. The good news is, although everyone on the plane died, the pilot followed the appropriate procedures to a tee!

9

"I'll tell you—lawn darts are going to be huge! Plus, kids need more pointy things to throw around."

8

"You know who has a lovely voice...?"

San Diego Padres owner and *Roseanne* executive producer Tom Werner had the brilliant idea to hire the XL comedian to sing the pregame national anthem on July 25, 1990. "The Star Spangled Banner" was a tattered rag after she shrieked her way through the tune. Her big finish: grabbing her crotch. Better hers than yours.

5

"And Ringo is a ridiculous name for a drummer."

London, 1962: At Decca Records, Dick Rowe, the A&R chief, listened to a demo from a new rock 'n' roll quartet. "Sorry," he told the band's manager. "Groups with guitars are on their way out." The name of the unknown band: the Beatles.

4

"If we move our mouths carefully, no one will know."

Photography: (Dolls, Doritos) Damien Dorick, (Snails, Dart, Dollar) Jens Mortensen.

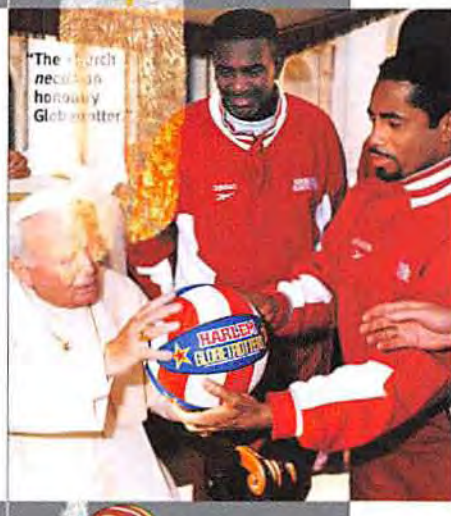
14

13

"They'll love one of my gold coins!"

Paris, 1792: France heaved in the bloody turmoil of revolution. It finally dawned on King Louis XVI that it might be a good time to skip town. He'd gotten only as far as Vincennes, just east of Paris, before he felt compelled to stop for a bite. Cunningly dining incognito, he presented the innkeeper with a gold Louis coin—which bore a perfect engraving of his own mug. He was dragged back to captivity and executed.

12



7

"Mmmm, that foot would make a good snack...."

The Jeffrey Dahmer dilemma: He picked them up, he took them home, he killed them and he sliced them limb from limb. But did he have to *eat* them?

His victims didn't agree with him

8

"A two-dollar bill would be twice as good."

3

"I'll fire the insane general by phone."

In 1971, while in Singapore, President Milton Obote of Uganda phoned his army chief of staff to have him fire an unruly officer, Idi Amin. But the operator mistakenly put the call through to Amin himself, who promptly deposed Obote and seized power. Over the next eight years, Amin would bankrupt his country and massacre 500,000 of its people—some of whom he allegedly ate.

2

"A little anal leakage never hurt anybody."

1

"Hey, let's pay Alex Rodriguez $250 million to play a game."

Maybe the shortstop's 10-year deal (which includes a giant sign promoting him outside the stadium) won't alienate fans who are already tired of paying outrageous ticket prices (and forking over 40 bucks for hot dogs and beer) while living in a country teetering on the brink of inevitable recession. Or maybe when we're forced to cut back, the first thing to go will be baseball.

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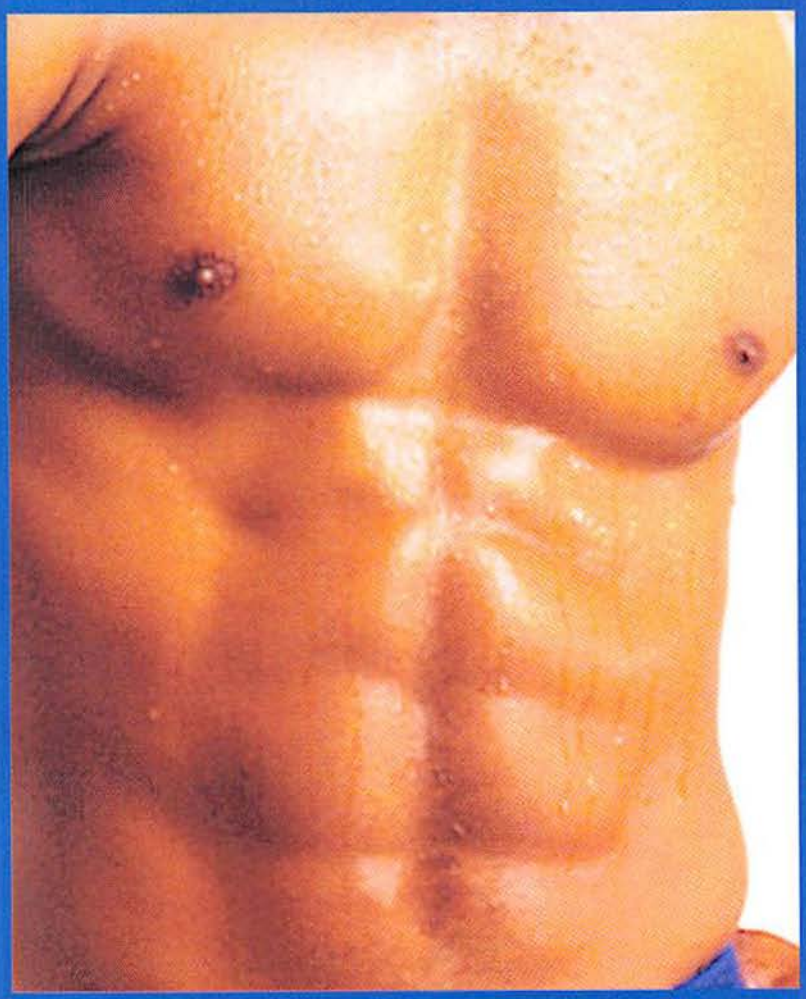

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FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

HARD CELL $400

Just like Mom, the Motorola V.series 60c cell phone is housed in supertough anodized aluminum. It also has three-minute voice-memo recording, easy-to-see caller ID (you don't have to flip open the phone to see who's calling) and voice-recognition dialing for *400* phone numbers. For us, that'll only cover *A* through *F*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELE GASTL

STUFF 1

Motorhead Marty Padgett straddles this year's suped-up cycles and breaks wind.

WILL STRIP FOR SPEED
Yamaha FZ1 $8,499

The FZ1 recognizes the appeal of exposed hardware the same way I appreciate exposed-brick fireplaces. Yamaha stripped the 140-horsepower motor from its R1 superbike and threw it on a lean, panel-free chassis. Then they added racing suspension and eye-popping brakes so effective that I lost two sets of contacts on my way to the nursery. I ended up bringing home tulip bulbs instead of pansies. Silly me. **www.yamaha-motor.com**

TOUCHED BY HELLS ANGELS
Buell 2001 X1 $10,695

Harley-Davidson's high-performance division, Buell, has produced the most bombastic bike on earth. To create the X1, they cannibalized a thunderous 1,203cc, 101-horsepower engine from its Harley brethren and surrounded it with a racing-style bike and competition-caliber brakes. I ride it down city streets just to set off car alarms. **www.buell.com**

SPACE TRAVELER
Aprilia RST 1000 Futura $12,999

With its blue backlit instrument cluster, wildly sculpted faring and triangular exhaust pipes, the Futura reminded me of a lost prop from *Star Wars*. It's an X-wing fighter powered by a four-valve twin-cylinder engine that's crammed inside a NASA-quality aluminum frame. The best part is the built-in luggage racks for hauling my delicate weekend underthings. **www.aprilia.com**

THRUST YOURSELF
Suzuki Bandit 1200S $7,399

The Suzuki Bandit's elegant exterior disguises the miscreant within. Its smooth, 1,157cc four-cylinder delivers thrust in such a refined manner that I was unaware I'd hit 130 mph until I passed a low-flying plane. The pilot seemed offended, but the passengers just laughed and laughed. **www.suzukicycles.com**

ITALIAN HERO
Ducati Monster S4 $12,495

Monster? More like hot mama. This tempting strumpet teased me with its minimalist, string-bikini bodywork that's wrapped around a 916cc twin-cylinder, 101-horsepower engine. I haven't mounted such a fetching frame since working as a curator in the back room of the Louvre. **www.ducatiusa.com**

BATTLE AX
Honda VTX $18,000

Riding the most powerful street bike ever produced made me queasy-queasy like Sunday morning. The VTX's 1,795cc, fuel-injected, 103-horsepower engine has more motor than a four-door Civic. Thankfully, the VTX's trick brakes (the front and rear stoppers work together) let me stop without me wetting my pants. Otherwise, I'd be VTXterminated by now. **www.hondamotorcycle.com**

STUFF 1a

And you thought they made only motorcycles? Silly you.

BY MARTY PADGETT

APRILIA
Aprilia Enjoy **$1,500**

For me, walking my poodle qualifies as exercise. But when I saw the Aprilia Enjoy electric bicycle with 1/3 horsepower, I had to own two: one for me and one for the dog. **www.apriliaenjoy.com**

DUCATI
Kristie Ducati on DVD **$20**

Kristie's twins come affixed to a tight chassis with firm rear-end power. And if her 1990 film, *The Bikini Car Wash Company*, still holds up after a decade, this is one Italian that can only increase in value. **www.amazon.com**

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Nostalgic CD jukebox **$7,995**

I've filled it up with all my faves: Tom Wopat, Dolly Parton, Yoko Ono. If I sit on the jukebox just so, the booming bass replicates a Harley hog. And that's pretty darn special when you're naked. **www.harley-davidson.com**

SUZUKI
DF 115 outboard motor **$9,375**

Bolt this hot-blooded four-stroke outboard prop to your boat, inner tube or beer cooler and turn any lake into a daiquiri. **www.suzukimarine.com**

HONDA
FG100 Mini Tiller **$349**

The mighty FG100 rips out great chunks of the earth's crust with its mite-size 31cc 1.5-horsepower motor. It also makes short work of the acne on my back. **www.honda.com**

YAMAHA
Disklavier GranTouch piano **$17,500**

Yamaha's computer-driven player piano amused me for hours. I just can't figure out where the brakes are and how they hide the little midget inside. **www.yamaha.com**

Do you have 48 hours to lose weight? We can help!

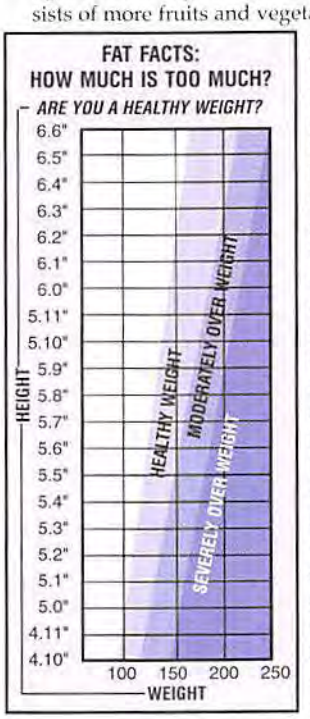
The Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet combines ancient wisdom with modern technology to jumpstart you to a better lifestyle.

by Pete Johnson

In a recent health survey, it was determined that 61% of Americans are overweight. Like most of these people, you are probably looking for a way to lose weight...without the pain, struggle and failure that come with many diet plans on the market. For many of these people, the problem is mainly one of motivation. Getting started on a diet or even a simple exercise program is difficult to do, especially when there's the added frustration of not seeing results right away. That's why the Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet is different. It uses centuries-old wisdom of periodic fasting and the latest nutrition technology to help people reach their goals quickly, naturally and safely. Isn't it time you started taking losing weight seriously? The Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet can help.

Detoxify your system. For centuries, many religions have used fasting, water-fasting and juice-fasting as a means for spiritual clarity, and a way to detoxify the body. Those who fasted in the ancient days apparently became many times more conscious about what they put into their bodies. By detoxifying their bodies, they enjoyed the feeling of being closer to optimum health and happiness. The Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet can help you achieve weight loss through detoxification in just two days. For two days you give up all bad food habits. In place of food, you flood your body with the vitamins, minerals, antioxidants and essential oils found in the special formulation of all-natural juices and botanical extracts. And it's so easy! Just mix half of this delicious juice with an equal amount of cold water and sip it throughout the day. There's no measuring, combining foods or counting of calories.

Do your part. This amazing diet is ideal if you are looking to jumpstart your motivation for weight loss. Then, it's up to you. You've just spent two days treating your body right, and you've gotten yourself on track to healthy living. By continuing a light and healthy eating schedule that consists of more fruits and vegetables and less meats and fatty foods, you're on your way toward a brighter future. Also, exercise for 30 minutes five days a week and you don't have to be a marathon runner, walking is a perfect way to accomplish this. This weight loss system is a great way to fit into those sleek suits and sexy dresses...fast.



Hollywood's best kept secret

- *Supplies 100 percent of needed nutrients*
- *Special formulation of all-natural fruits and juices*
  - *Pineapple*
  - *Apple*
  - *Orange*
  - *Grape*
  - *Apricot*
  - *Peach*
  - *Banana*
- *No counting calories or diet points*

Don't take our word for it...

"I must admit that I was a little skeptical. But, I figured, what have I got to lose? Anyway, I started the diet on a Saturday morning. The juice is very tasty and does somehow keep the hunger pangs at bay. I drank water throughout the day and stayed out of the kitchen. Before starting the diet, I was weighing in at 113 pounds. The next day when I weighed myself, I was weighing in at 109.5 pounds. That was only day one. I still had Sunday to go. By the end of the diet, I went from 113 pounds to 106 pounds. I feel better, my clothes fit better, and I don't feel as bloated and puffy. I ordered two of these in hopes that it would work so that I could do it again later. I am glad I did."

Suzanne, Texas

—Results not typical—

Dozens of testimonials on file.

Try it risk-free. Why wait another day to start down the road to a fitter, happier you. This amazing diet can help you lose the weight that's holding you back, and start living right. If you're not 100% satisfied, return the unused portion within 30 days for a full "No Questions Asked" refund.

Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet
One 32 fl. oz. bottle ..... **$24.95** $5.95 S&H
Save $5!
Buy 2 or more ..... **$19.95** each
Please mention product code **14907-20246.**

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

800-997-7999

To order by mail, send check or money order for the total amount including S&H. Or charge it to your credit card by enclosing your account number and expiration date.
Virginia residents only—please add 4.5% sales tax.

TECHNOSCOUT.com
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, Va 23834

STUFF2

The recliner—all the conveniences of the living with all the upholstery of the dead.

BY GRANT DAVIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID WEISS

1 THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
LA-Z-BOY EXPLORER, $1,000

In a mad marriage of technology and sloth—think Bill Gates at home—the Explorer combines a classic recliner and an Net-surfing station, complete with a foldout tray-table housing a Sony wireless keyboard. A phone jack and a power outlet expand your command-center productivity so you can do more work on your back than Madonna during Fleet Week.

www.lazyboy.com

2 LOST IN SPACE
THE PERFECT CHAIR CLASSIC II, $1,500

The idea for this swanky chair with the pretentious name originated with NASA and its astronaut cockpits (and you thought all we got from the space program was Tang). By leaning the chair back and elevating your legs above your heart, you can achieve the closest thing to zero gravity on earth—great for toenail biting!

www.interhealth.com

3 RIGGED FOR YOUR PLEASURE
LA-Z-BOY OASIS, $1,000

If you can, make the Oasis your final resting place. Its thermoelectric refrigerator chills a six-pack, its 10-motor heated massage function mashes any couch potato and its phone with caller ID conveniently lets you ignore calls from the collection agency. Our only question: Where's the handle to flush this thing?

www.lazyboy.com

3

4

Photography: (Coins) Damien Donck. Illustration: Design D.J.

4 CHEAP SEAT
ROYALE WEB CHAISE, $52

For the lazy boy on the go, the Royale combines the best recliner highlights–footrest (actual footmen cost extra), armrests and adjustable backrest–with the fantastic foldable portability that only comes from an aluminum frame, plus a luxurious plastic web covering. Also, the chair's plaid color scheme goes nicely with your Catholic schoolgirl outfit.

www.aubuchon.com

STUFF2a

We explore the deep folds of recliners and couches and dig up a cache of priceless artifacts.

Hand-painted by impoverished dwarfs.

Angular: Like the Queen's ass!

Use it to buy some of the tea in China.

Made of executed prisoners' fillings.

Look! No penis! Very rare.

The Andretti Wine is dead. And one of the bottles in this room is the murderer!

CELEBRITY WINES

Not content to be blessed with talent and fame, these stars want to wreak havoc on your liver.

BY DANIEL KLINE PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID WEISS

1 COPPOLA ROSSO 1999 (Niebaum-Coppola, $10)

This very drinkable red Napa Valley table wine from *The Godfather* director Francis Ford Coppola is full-bodied. You may even find a few stiffs like Luca Brasi floating in there. But this still doesn't absolve Coppola from casting his daughter in *The Godfather III*.

2 GRACELAND NAPA VALLEY CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1994 (Grandview Cellars–no longer available)

This bold red wine goes perfectly with a fried peanut-butter-and-banana sandwich and blue-and-pink pills. Like an Elvis movie, it won't win any awards, but that's never what the King was about. He was always about the blue-and-pink pills.

3 MARILYN MERLOT "NORMA JEANE 2000, A YOUNG MERLOT" (Nova Wines, $11)

A cheap, flaccid merlot that cruelly insults its voluptuous namesake. Even John F. Kennedy wouldn't be caught dead drinking this sour swill (Ted Kennedy, well, that's a whole other story). The label's pretty, though. Keep it around for decoration.

4 LIMESTONE COAST SHIRAZ 1998 (Greg Norman Estates, $17)

Perhaps because Greg Norman must suffer the humiliation of losing to Tiger Woods every week, he has concocted a top-notch vino that goes down like butter. Let's just hope Tiger doesn't get into the wine business, or he'll kick Sharky's ass at that, too.

5 NEIL DIAMOND 1996 PREMIUM CALIFORNIA RED WINE (Celebrity Cellars–sadly, no longer available)

That the creator of the classic drinking song "Red, Red Wine" would put his handsome face on a decent cabernet makes sense. That he still sells out five nights at the Staples Center is just weird.

6 ANDRETTI 1999 SAUVIGNON BLANC (Andretti Winery, $14)

When you hear the name Andretti, you probably think *motor oil*, not *white wine*. But open your minds, folks (after all, Doug Flutie makes a pretty decent cereal). The Andrettis have delivered a nice, dry, medium-bodied white wine that lubes your crank shaft. That's a driving metaphor.

PROTECTING
SERVING
BLAH BLAH BLAH
DENIS LEARY THE JOB
GOOD COP. BAD ATTITUDE. PREMIERES WEDNESDAY MARCH 14 9:30/8:30c
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oc.com
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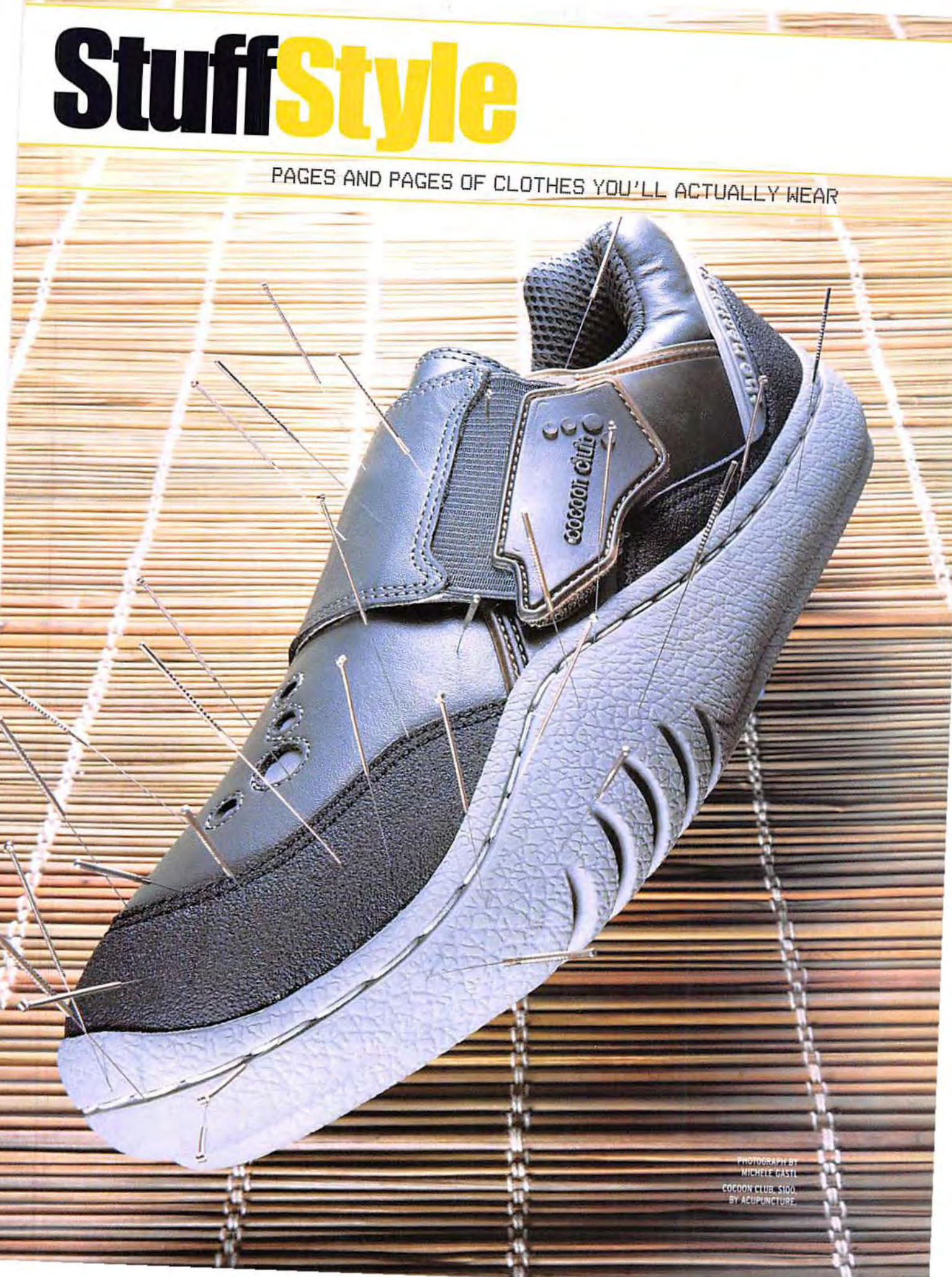
Stuff Style

PAGES AND PAGES OF CLOTHES YOU'LL ACTUALLY WEAR



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELE GASTL

COCOON CLUB, $100, BY ACUPUNCTURE.

CLUB FEET

DJ-designed Acupuncture shoes mean no parking on the dance floor.

Just Shoe Me

Wrap a pair of Acupuncture shoes around your dogs and dance all night. Don't dance? The shoes are also really good for leaning against the wall and sulking. 212-840-8000

1. Binge, $95
2. Chah, $85
3. Cow, $95
4. Cocoon Club, $100
5. Biclepto, $95
6. Deece, $90

Rapid Transit

The tracksuit by Transfer (Photoelectric jacket, $112; Subsonic pants, $78) is built for speed. The microfiber fabric is superlight, the elbows have extra room for easy movement and the back vents serve as your own personal AC unit. Visit Taco Bell before the race and the vents will keep the competition off your tail. 253-872-3542

Jack in the Bag

Uncomfortable carrying around a man purse? Well, give your money to Jack Spade, who makes a bag that's simple, unpretentious and built like a canvas tank with a strap. Originally sold in hardware stores, the bags are now available at such chichi shops as Barneys and Neiman Marcus. For only $210, you can maintain your manliness with the knowledge that your concealed weapon is just a short reach away. 212-625-1820

How to...

CURVE YOUR BASEBALL CAP

Flat bill

Flatten bill

Phat bill

Photography: (Shoes, jacket, bag) Michele Gastl; Illustration: Design DJ

Labels 101

french connection

You saw the movie—now wear the clothes.

IS THERE ANY CONNECTION WHATSOEVER BETWEEN THE CLOTHES AND THE MOVIE?
Nope. *The French Connection* opened in 1971; in 1972, founder Stephen Marks opened his first french connection store in London. His Franco connection was his Parisian designers with their Indian cheesecloth shirts. Don't ask.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
The 1998 FCUK (french connection United Kingdom) ad campaign made the brand a household name. FCUK-T-shirt-wearing kids being sent home from school helped, too.

WHO WEARS FCUK?
Boxing champ Lennox Lewis beat Evander Holyfield wearing FCUK FEAR trunks, and Oasis psycho Noel Gallagher wore a FCUK sweater for three straight concerts. Word was, he stunk.

WHAT THE FCUK DO I WEAR?
Left: Wanted Union Jack Crew, $38; Mr. Clean jeans, $108. **888-741-FCUK**

Sean John

Puff Daddy's new label gets in your pants.

DOES PUFFY DESIGN THE CLOTHES?
Not only did Puffy write the songs that make the whole world sing, but he also dressed up his talent in videos, on album covers and for publicity photos. Tired of using other people's clothes, he decided to design his own.

WHO'S THIS SEAN JOHN CHARACTER?
Sean John is Sean John Combs, aka Puff Daddy, aka Puffy Combs, aka on-and-off boyfriend of J.Lo. Puffy's clothes went big in 1999 when his signature velour tracksuits sold like hotcakes—yummy, soft hotcakes. This year he's making real suits that you can, like, wear to work and court dates.

WHO'S WEARING HIS STUFF?
Kid Rock, Nelly, Chris Rock, Wyclef Jean, Method Man and—get this—Donald Trump.

WHAT'S TRUMP WEARING THIS YEAR?
At right: cream leather vest ($185) and pants ($197) with rivets. **www.seanjohn.com**

Tommy Does Time

Not content with outfitting the world in his signature clothes, Tommy Hilfiger now wants to control time. He just launched his new watch line, with sporty styles and good prices. So toss out that fake Rolex you lifted off your grandpa on his deathbed, and look for the watch with the *H* on the frame. The *H* stands for: "Holy cannoli! This is a great watch!" $185. **201-518-7100**

Dress Code

OTHER USES FOR CAPRI PANTS

Warm your scalp.

Make lawn ornaments.

Jump out of planes.

Feel Free to Wet Yourself

There's not a lot to say about swim trunks (we checked the library), but D&G does make colorful, bold trunks for the guy who wants to make big waves at the beach. Or a big splash. Or something having to do with water. About $170. **212-965-8000**

Photography (Labels, watch, shorts): Michele Gastl; Illustrations: Design D.I.

OP for BO

We like writing about colognes–not because it allows us to use terms like watery-green cucumber and cardamom freshness, but because we can spray it all over our bodies and not shower for weeks! OP makes a fruity cologne they call Juice. This is not to be confused with the fruity juice that they call cologne. It's $35 for 1.7 ounces, and $45 for 2.5 ounces. **www.parlux.com**

A Real Bender

Timberland has created the Packable Trek Travel shoe ($80), which actually bends and compresses to a microscopic size for easy packing. You'd think a shoe this flexible would be flimsy, but you'd be wrong: The thing is like a good woman–durable and rugged. If it smelled better, we'd marry it. **800-445-5545**

Pictures of Men Walking

Ozwald Boateng

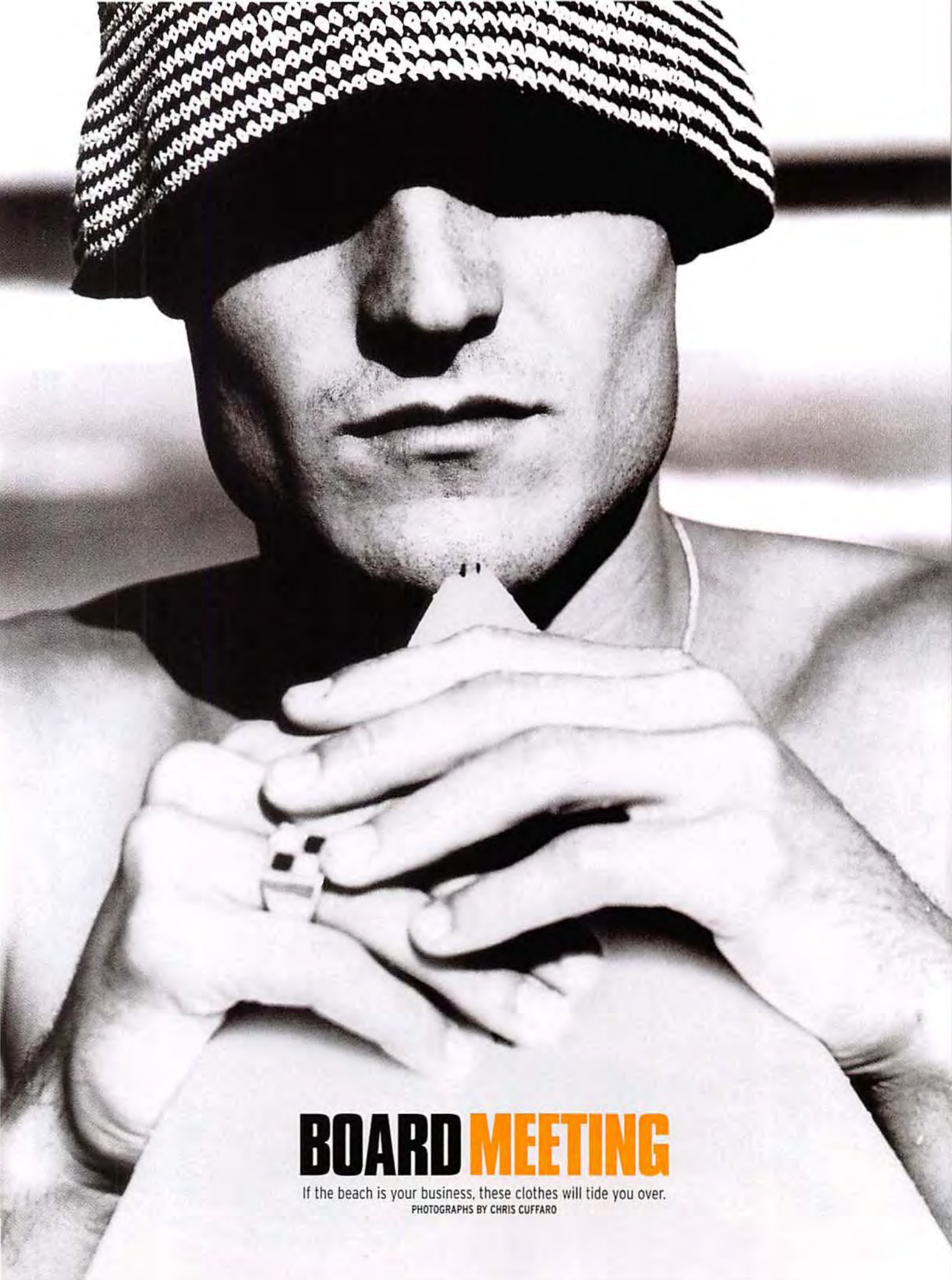
The designer from Ghana made his mark with his original pink-and-red pinstripe suits made with royalty-worthy tailoring. But it's the costumes that he designed for PlayStation 2's *Driver 2* game that really get us hot and bothered. **212-358-9516**

Emporio Armani

This spring EA breaks out tight-fitting slacks, shirts and suits. Coupled with stiff cotton and polyurethane-coated linen, the clothes feel like a second skin and will make impersonating an inanimate statue even easier. **www.emporioarmani.com**

Photography: (Sneakers) Michele Gastl

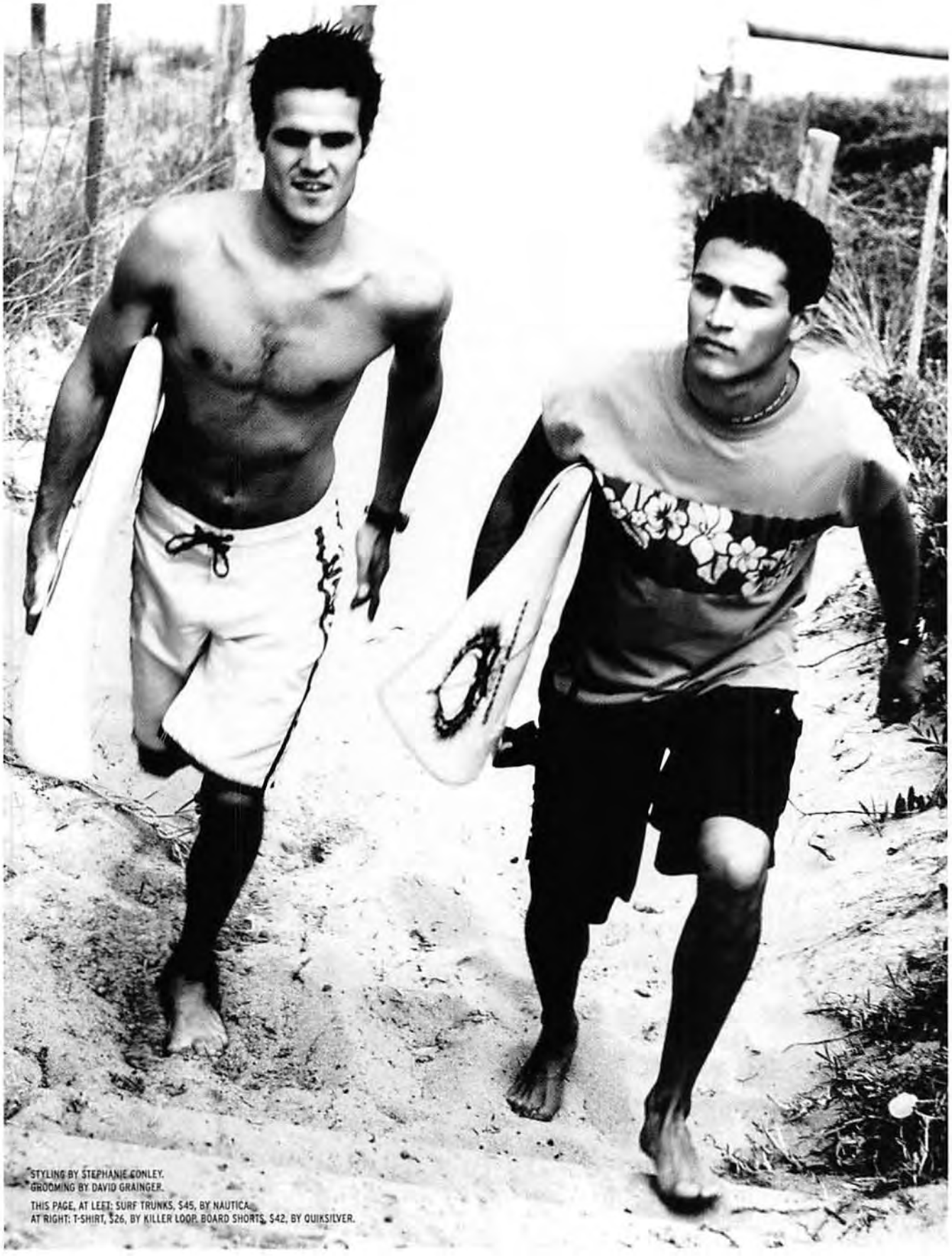
DOS AMIGOS.
UNO OBJETIVO.
a.d. one
presenta
VIVA LOS ZAPATOS
Long Live the Shoes!
a.d. one
For a store near you visit 81shoes.com
a.d. one



BOARD MEETING

If the beach is your business, these clothes will tide you over.

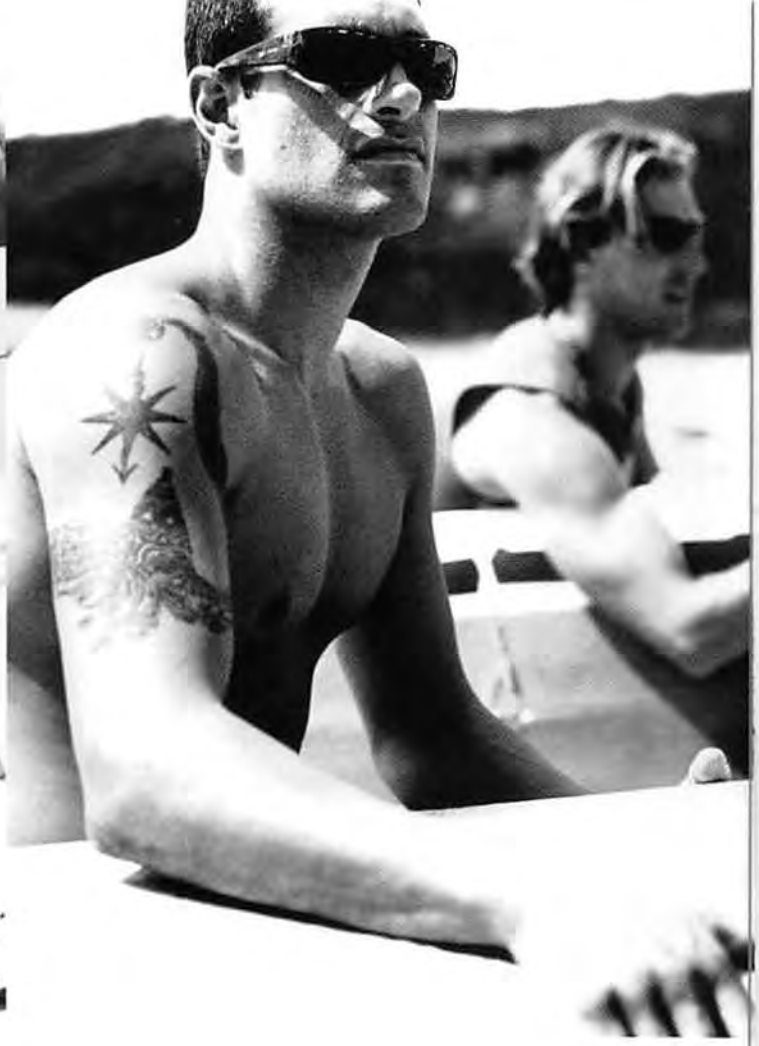
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS CUFFARO



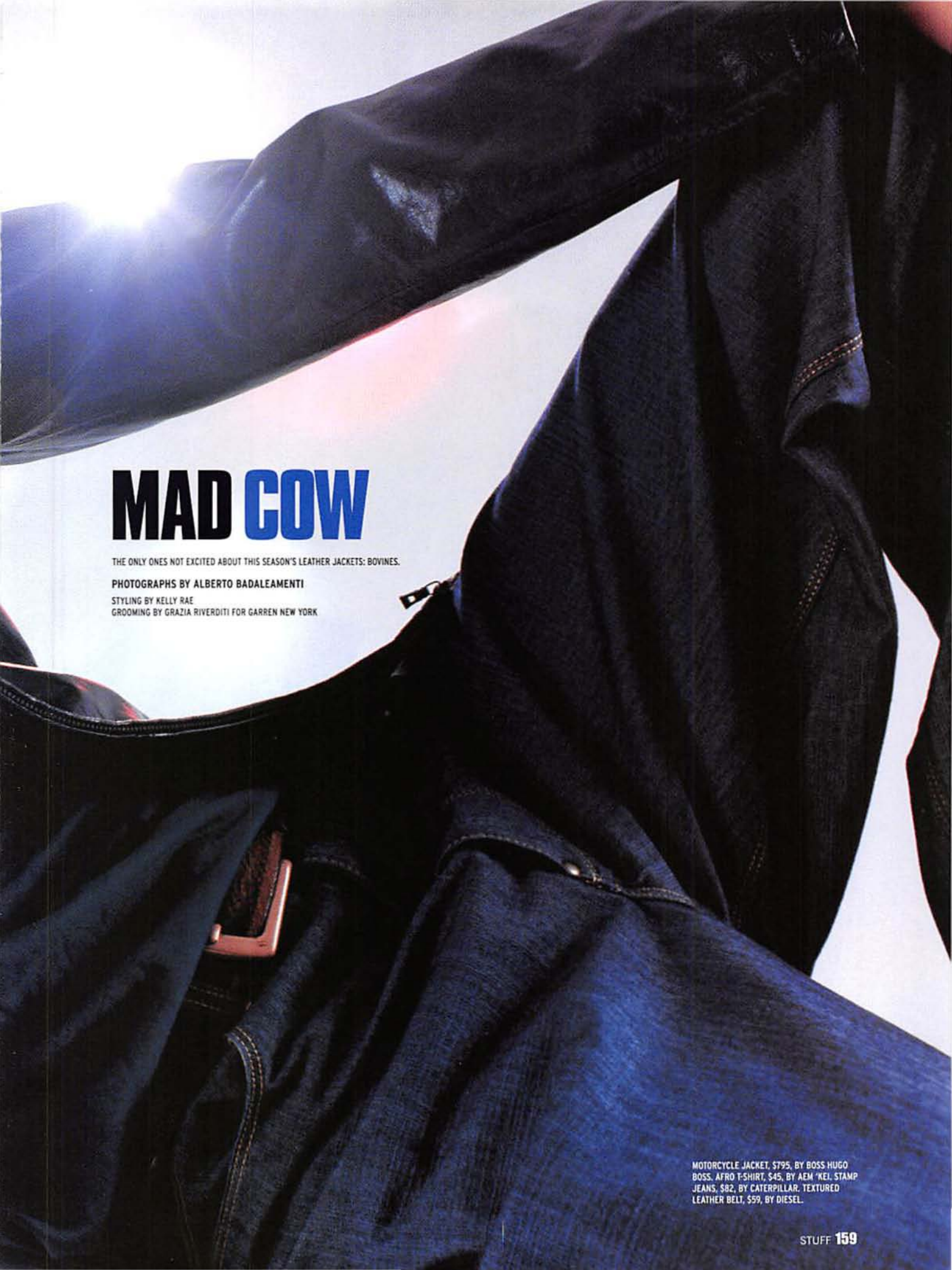
STYLING BY STEPHANIE CONLEY.
GROOMING BY DAVID GRAINGER.

THIS PAGE, AT LEFT: SURF TRUNKS, $45, BY NAUTICA.
AT RIGHT: T-SHIRT, $26, BY KILLER LOOP. BOARD SHORTS, $42, BY QUIKSILVER.

OPPOSITE PAGE: TANK TOP, $28, BY TOMMY JEANS. CUFF, $45, BY J. LINDEBERG. JEANS, $78, BY LEVI'S JEANS.
THIS PAGE, TOP LEFT: BOARD SHORTS, $36, BY OP. TOP RIGHT, AT LEFT: T-SHIRT, $28, BY LEVI'S JEANS. BOARD SHORTS, $42, BY QUIKSILVER. MERC SLIDES, $45, BY GRAVIS. TOP RIGHT, AT RIGHT: T-SHIRT, $27, BY CATERPILLAR. PAINTED JEANS, $260, BY D&G. LOW-TIDE FLIP-FLOPS, $40, BY GRAVIS. BOTTOM RIGHT: DISPATCH JACKET, $78, BY ECKO UNLIMITED. CARGO SHORTS, $58, BY POLO JEANS.



THIS PAGE, TOP LEFT, AT LEFT: TANK TOP, $28, BY TOMMY JEANS.
TOP LEFT, AT CENTER: SHORTS, $42, BY KILLER LOOP.
TOP RIGHT: TATTOO BY LARGE HAIRY MAN.
BOTTOM LEFT: T-SHIRT, $75, BY MOSCHINO. SHORTS WITH CARGO SIDE POCKETS, $58, BY POLO JEANS.



MAD COW

THE ONLY ONES NOT EXCITED ABOUT THIS SEASON'S LEATHER JACKETS: BOVINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERTO BADALEAMENTI

STYLING BY KELLY RAE
GROOMING BY GRAZIA RIVERDITI FOR GARREN NEW YORK

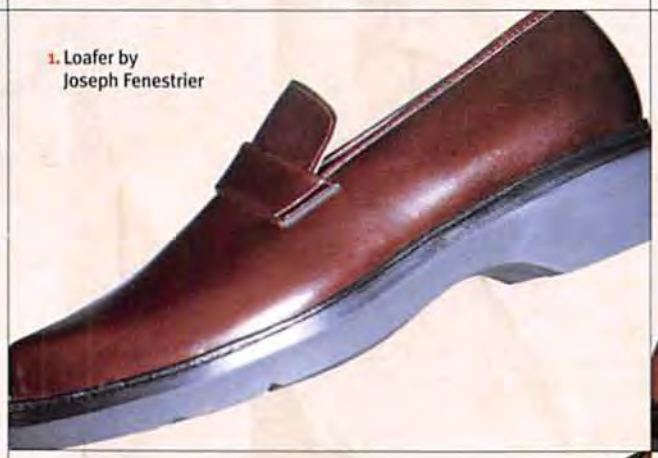
MOTORCYCLE JACKET, $795, BY BOSS HUGO BOSS. AFRO T-SHIRT, $45, BY AEM 'KEI. STAMP JEANS, $82, BY CATERPILLAR. TEXTURED LEATHER BELT, $59, BY DIESEL.

THIS PAGE GAO MOTORCYCLE JACKET, $529, BY DIESEL. VEST, $58, BY LEVI'S JEANS. PERFORATED LEATHER PANTS, $498, BY DKNY. BELT, $48, BY A|X ARMANI EXCHANGE.

OPPOSITE PAGE JACKET, $1,448, AND LEATHER PANTS, $1,298, BOTH BY EMPORIO ARMANI. SHIRT, $140, BY HUGO HUGO BOSS.

OPPOSITE PAGE, AT TOP HUNTER-x DIP-DYED JACKET, $660, BY DIESELSTYLELAB. BEARING LEATHER PANTS, $60, BY CATERPILLAR. TEN-EYE STEEL 1919 BOOTS, $130, BY DR. MARTENS. **AT BOTTOM** MOTORCYCLE JACKET, $295, BY CLAIBORNE MEN'S. TIE-DYED SWEATER, $88, BY A|X ARMANI EXCHANGE. CLASSIC-FIT JEANS, $68, BY cK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS.

THIS PAGE JACKET, $89, BY REACTION KENNETH COLE. WAXY NAPA LEATHER JEANS, $298, BY NAUTICA JEANS. COME-HITHER LOOK. MODEL'S OWN.



1. Loafer by Joseph Fenestrier

2. Bosses lace-up by Skechers

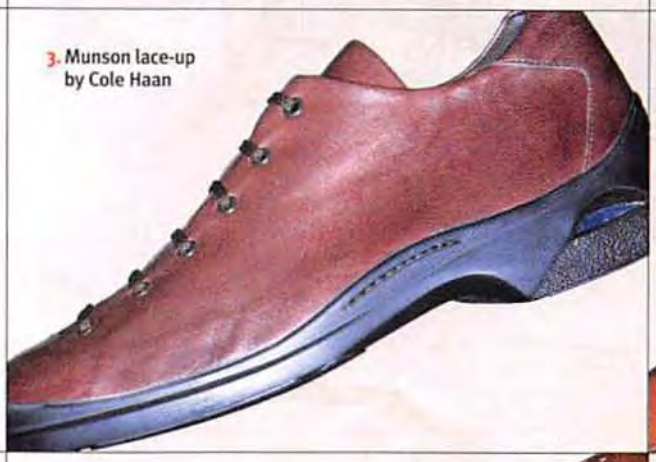
5. Cameo loafer by BCBG

6. Perrier lace-up by John Lobb

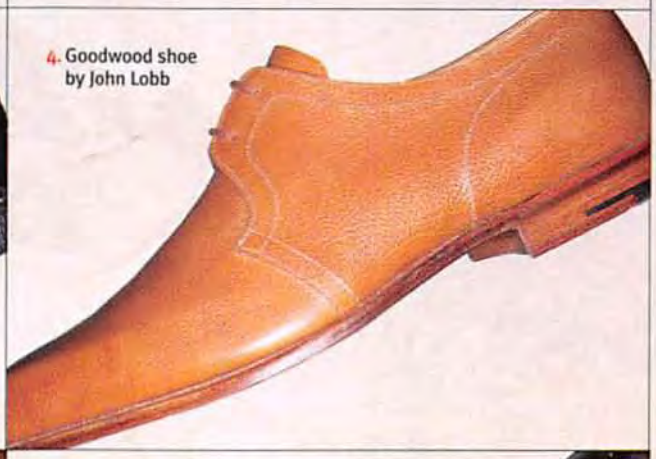
ONE OF THESE SHOES COSTS $3,800...

Can you pick it?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA
STYLING BY RICHARD STEWART

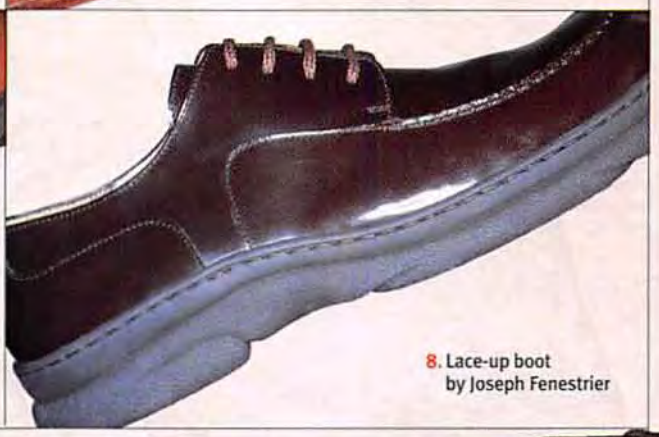


3. Munson lace-up by Cole Haan

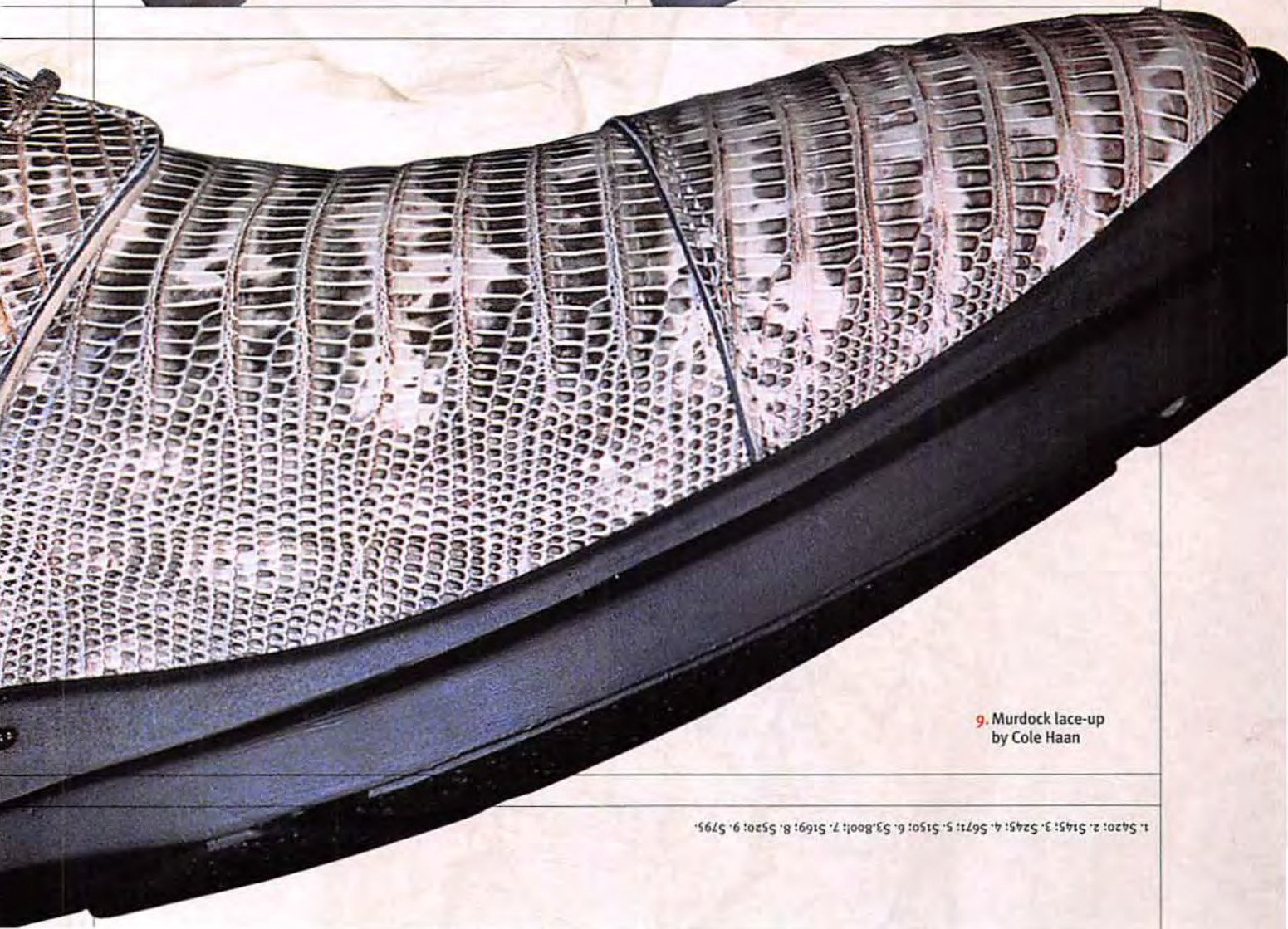


4. Goodwood shoe by John Lobb

7. Perforated lace-up by Giraudon



8. Lace-up boot by Joseph Fenestrier



9. Murdock lace-up by Cole Haan

1. $420; 2. $145; 3. $245; 4. $671; 5. $150; 6. $3,800; 7. $169; 8. $520; 9. $795.

SmartBombs

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, BECAUSE WE SAY SO

How to...

Make Alligator Boots

Poodle death: A heartbreaking crime that ravages Florida's elderly citizens whose doggies did nothing worse than wander too close to the water. The revenge? Harpoon yourself a gator and cobble his ass!

1 The Florida open-water gator season only lasts the month of September. Leave your Winchester and your skirt at home, though: Real men get up-close and shish-kebab their lizards. But you won't get within spearing range—that's six feet—during the day. When the sun's up, gators are like big Bambis with skin problems—skittish and scared. Do your alligator stalking at night.

2 **GATOR-TAMING GEAR** According to Florida wildlife officials, you'll need a 12-foot-long wooden pole with a detachable speargun tip. Attach the tip to a 10-inch stainless steel cable that's fixed to 50 feet of nylon rope. Tie a reflective buoy to the end of the line. And don't forget your bang stick—a wooden pole with a .357 magnum bullet on the tip—to finish him off.

3 **THE TRICKY PART** When you're ready to nail the beast, stab it with the harpoon. The lizard will leap—but the buoy will mark its location. It will take three or four friends to help haul in what is basically a bucking bronco with Ginsu knives for teeth and a wrecking ball for a tail. When he's a yard from the surface, jab him with the bang stick about six inches behind his eyes, and *bang!* Thus the clever name. Miss his two-inch-long Mesozoic brain pan and you'll suffer the indignity of your friends yelling "air bang stick!" while you're being torn to ribbons. Killed him? Good. Now go and get a few more. You need at least two belly skins for a decent pair of boots.

4 **BUTCHER THAT SUCKER** Clear the kitchen table and skin that toothy amphibian. (Save the head and feet to make paperweights!) Scrape off all tissue and cover the inside with an eighth of an inch of salt. Roll it up and let the salt soak up the juicy innards for 24 hours. Shake off the salt and repeat. To tan the cured hide, it has to be pickled in chemicals for three months, kind of like your deadbeat Uncle Evan. For best results, send it to American Tanning and Leather in Griffin, Georgia. They charge about $150 to tan a good gator.

5 SEWING YOUR SHIT-KICKERS "First, you've got to cut the vamp—that's the foot part of the boot," says boot maker Thomas Arditti. Next, make the pipe, which is the part that goes up your leg. Stitch the vamp and the pipe together. Soak it and mold it around a wooden shoe form called a boot last. When it dries, stitch it to an insole, line the boot and sew a welt around the outside. Sandwich a metal shank between the insole and the outsole (watch *Oz* for pointers). Stitch the two together, nail on a heel and step on men wearing penny loafers. *—John Parrish*

When decapitating someone, boot selection is of the utmost importance

SHIT HAPPENS

You're Beheaded!

To lose eight ugly pounds fast, just run a kilo of hash into Riyadh and the weight will fall right off.

CAN I RECOVER FROM DECAPITATION? No.

DOES IT HURT? A good executioner makes it as painless as an intense haircut. But pity Mary, Queen of Scots, who lost her head in 1587. Her lame excuse for an executioner came out swinging, giving her three full strokes with a dull ax before using his trusty, rusty pocketknife to finish the job. Use of the relatively painless guillotine, which started during the French Revolution, made the wholesale dispatch of the aristocracy so swift and efficient that by the time heads stopped rolling in Gay Paree in 1981, the French had become the nation they are today—a head shorter than the Germans and the Brits. And very scared.

DO PEOPLE REMAIN CONSCIOUS AFTERWARD? In 1905, a French doctor conducted an experiment with a murderer's freshly severed head. Immediately after the execution, the doctor noted contractions of the subject's eyes, followed by a total cessation of movement. The doctor then shouted the criminal's name (Languille) twice over the next 20 seconds. Both times Languille's eyelids opened and the doctor noted the subject's eyes focusing on his own. Modern experts claim that you retain consciousness for only two to three seconds after being decollated—just long enough to realize how much Lifetime TV sucks.

DOES THIS ACTUALLY HAPPEN IN THE MODERN WORLD? But of course! According to Amnesty International, beheading remains one of the official means of punishment in the Congo, the United Arab Emirates and Saudi Arabia for offenses ranging from murder to dope dealing. The Saudis set a personal record when they lopped off a whopping 191 heads in 1995. Also, spontaneous decapitation is not unheard of in the four U.S. states (Delaware, Montana, New Hampshire and Washington) that still hang their captives, since sometimes the rope pops the noggin right off.

Illustration: (Gator) David Tazzyman

Now he'll never get into that pudding cup

UNDER THE HOOD

The Hand Grenade

Providing mankind with an easier way to crack open piñatas since 1904!

GRENADES EN VOGUE The modern hand grenade helped the Japanese scratch a check in the WIN column in the Russo-Japanese War when soldiers—looking for more effective ways to kill people in holes—began lobbing tin cans filled with explosives and rocks at one another. This was hurtful. The new weapon didn't really become standard issue until World War I.

HOW DO THEY WORK? First, they're hollow, so the canisters can be filled with just about anything from high explosives to tear gas to giblet gravy. Whether you want to reduce a man to a pile of ground chuck or make him cry like Dick Vermeil, there's a hand grenade for you. Second, grenades employ a pin-and-safety mechanism to light the fuse. Pulling the pin causes the safety to pop off, igniting the primer. The fuse takes four to five seconds to burn; any longer and your target would have a chance to return your little present. After all, a grenade is like a cigar—once you light it and give it to somebody, you don't really want it back. *–Salvatore Tuzzeo Jr.*

Some Cool Grenades

THE STUN GRENADE Like a cheap hooker, the nonlethal SG packs the minimum amount of bang for your buck. It's perfect for hostage situations and holiday gatherings.

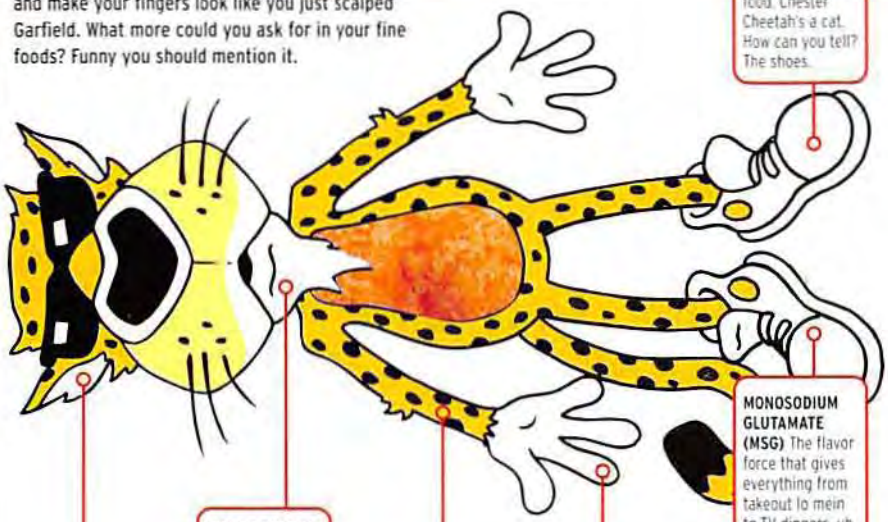
THE INCENDIARY GRENADE Packed with thermate, a chemical mixture that becomes molten iron when detonated, an incendiary grenade can eat through a half-inch of steel or Bill Maher's head.

THE FRAGMENTATION GRENADE Frags have segmented exteriors to distribute shrapnel evenly upon detonation, making it a mess for the maid to clean up later.

KNOW WHAT YOU EAT NO. 10

Chee-tos

These twiglike orange snacks will keep you regular and make your fingers look like you just scalped Garfield. What more could you ask for in your fine foods? Funny you should mention it.



CORNMEAL An energy-boosting grain found in polenta and cat food. Chester Cheetah's a cat. How can you tell? The shoes.

SODIUM One ounce contains 290 milligrams of sodium—the same as an order of medium fries at Mickey D's. If lost in the wilderness, feed Chee-tos to a squirrel—it will lead you to water.

MALTODEXTRIN Truly versatile, this carbohydrate moonlights as a coating on pans. But its most slick role is in colonic remedies, into which it's tossed to reduce looseness of the stool and to lubricate the digestive system. Say hi to it twice!

YELLOW 6 Also used to aesthetically enhance sausages and gelatin, this dye contains small amounts of carcinogens. But no worries—according to the FDA, No.6 doesn't pose a serious risk to humans. You *are* a human, right?

EXTRACT OF ANNATTO Thanks to this plant, Americans have the most orange cheese in the world. Abroad, annatto brightens lacquers and is used as a vaginal antiseptic. Have a vaginal wound? A Chee-to will fix it! Plus, it's a mild purgative. Eat up.

MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE (MSG) The flavor force that gives everything from takeout lo mein to TV dinners, uh, flavor may cause headaches, nausea and sobbing in sensitive people. So what? In the '60s, MSG worked its magic on baby food, but studies found that it destroyed nerve cells in the brains of infant mice—who grew up and moved to Florida. To vote. *–Lisa Lombardi*

Chee-tos Factoids

1948 The Frito Co. debuts Chee-tos. Fearing the snack's orange lastiness will set off a bloody revolution, the Soviets begin plans to blockade Berlin

1989 Frito-Lay releases Chee-tos Curls. It is the last straw for oppressed East Germans. The Berlin Wall tumbles. The people have spoken.

2000 A scare over genetically altered corn causes Frito-Lay to pull Chee-tos off store shelves. Chechen rebels respond by sacking the city of Grozny.

In a Nutshell

The Big Bang

Explained at last—in 50 words or less.

An explosion 15 billion years ago expanded the universe from something smaller than this dot (.) to something large enough to hold Alec Baldwin's ego. It occurred with such precision that if the atomic mix had been slightly different within the first microsecond, we wouldn't have stars, planets or moons.

Photography: (Nutshell) Jens Mortensen. Illustrations: Gary Burnham.

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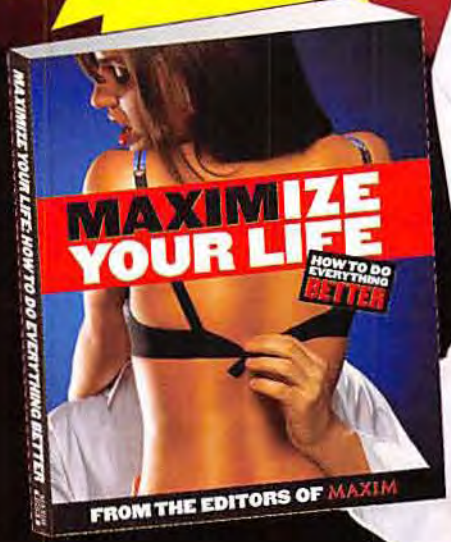

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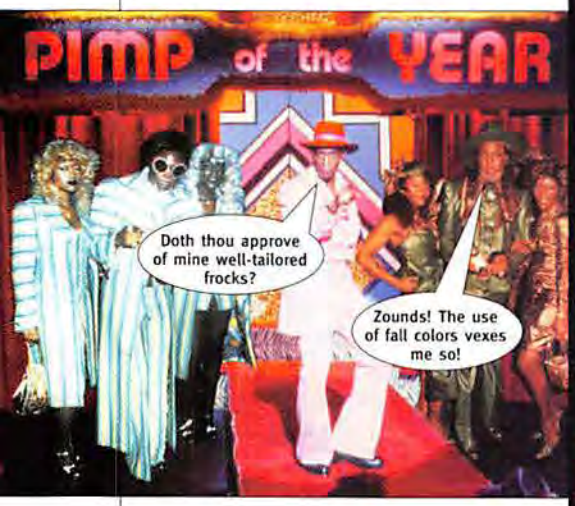

Talk like a...

Pimp

"My bottom woman tried to give me some jib, like I'm some chili pimp! I decided to cop and blow. I thought about Ike-ing the bitch, but I didn't want to muss the shine on my new gators."

BOTTOM WOMAN A pimp's main whore. His meal ticket. "Bottom" because she's his foundation. Without her, it all falls apart.

BOY Heroin. Male names that begin with H, like Henry or Hank–but not Herodotus–are also used to mean heroin. Pimps are clever.

CIRCUS LOVER One with all the sexual perversions–the whole circus. And we aren't talking about juggling.

CHILI PIMP A small-time, one-whore pimp.

COP AND BLOW A system of pimping, in which you hire and ditch prostitutes daily, as opposed to building a stable. This allows you to be ruthless, as long as you are a good recruiter.

GATORS Alligator shoes. A sign you've arrived as a pimp–or that you like alligator shoes.

GEORGIA'ED When one is taken advantage of sexually without receiving money. This happens to us all the time.

GORILLA PIMP A pimp who's all muscle, no brains. These are bad. Don't work for them.

HARD LEG An old streetwise and/or used-up prostitute.

IKE To hit a woman. As in Ike "knows how to keep his pimp hand strong" Turner.

JIB Mouth.

PRAT Pretend rejection in order to increase desire.

WHORETEL Prostitution-friendly hotel. Don't expect a continental breakfast. *–Jacob Kalish*

How to...

Go on the Lam

Getting stalked by a transvestite? Girlfriend turning into a whining nag? Just plain bored? Step out of this life and screw up another one.

CHANGE YOUR NAME First you'll need a shiny new ID. Life on the run takes a little more effort than altering your birthdate to sneak past bouncers. But securing a totally legal alternative identity is surprisingly easy, if you have no prior police record. Head to your local county courthouse and fill out all of the standard forms. You will need a birth certificate and a current address. Practice introducing yourself as Nick Poppagiorgio.

CREATE A PHONE NETWORK As you crisscross the country in search of a suitable hideout, pick up a cell phone somewhere along the way–say, Ohio. That way when you call people from your cell–which makes it hard to trace in the first place–they'll think you're in Akron. When you get to, oh, Colorado, set up an address that's actually just a mailbox (you can find companies offering this service in the yellow pages). Get a local phone number listed to your new address and then have all calls forwarded to wherever you end up–maybe Oregon. Oregon's nice. So when people call you, they'll be calling a number either in Ohio or Colorado, but clever you will be...doing whatever people do in Eugene. Get used to hemp rallies, drum circles and discussions on how you really "stuck it to the man."

DON'T BE STUPID Never ever make a call from a place where braying loudspeakers or background noise can give away your location. Did *The Fugitive* teach you nothing?

HEAD FOR THE BORDER The Canadian one, that is. According to one private investigator who specializes in bounty hunting, "The Canadian border is pretty wide open. About 90 percent of the time, they don't ask for identification." Unless you've bumped someone off, you have a better chance of meeting John Candy than getting extradited back to the States. Of course, you'll be stuck listening to a lot of Bryan Adams music with a nation of puckheads.

Nepal, Tunisia, Morocco and Togo lack extradition treaties and offer somewhat pleasant climates, sandy beaches and exotic peoples. But getting there may take a little more than a drive to Toronto, eh?

WEAR SUNGLASSES All the time. Duh.

SWITCH CABS A LOT If you think you're being followed in your new place of residence, traveling in cabs or other forms of public transportation will make you harder to tail. Have a cab drive you a short distance, get out, take the bus a few blocks and hop in another cab going in the opposite direction. Works every time.

GET A SEX CHANGE If your pursuers are on to you (clue: your mom shows up), you may be forced to take extreme measures. Requirements: 18 years of age, 12 months of continuous hormone therapy and $100,000. Add an incredibly sharp knife and at least two viewings of *The Vagina Monologues* to complete the transformation. Freak. *–Ryan D'Agostino*

Self-Defense 101

THE ART OF THE FALSE SEIZURE Drop to the ground, flail and gibber (optional Alka-Seltzer insert will facilitate Old Yeller–like foam). Your assailant will probably hit you only once. You win again!

Illustration: Gary Baughman

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You've got a problem. Something is bothering you. Keeping you up at night. But enough about those voices. If you've got a question, then we've got **Professor Heinz Krankelschnit,** newly appointed Lecturer in Kegel Studies at the University of Refrigeration and Auto Transmission Maintenance in Gulf Breeze, Florida.

That bad taste in your mouth is his poo

Troubled? Searching? Painfully confused about your own sexuality? Send your questions to:

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Or e-mail 'em to
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WHY AND HOW ARE OBJECTS IN THE MIRROR CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR?

–Jarett Nicholson, Nashville

To provide a wider view and eliminate passenger-side blind spots, the mirror is convex (outwardly curved). This makes the objects appear smaller and farther away, so car manufacturers provide the handy reminder. I wonder how many *schiessekopf* readers have been crushed into knockwurst by a Mack truck while deciphering the words. But why should I care? You are all ignorant bastards.

CAN YOU BE ARRESTED FOR RAPING AN ANIMAL?

–Josh P., Louisville, Ky.

Gott im Himmel, I am sincerely hoping not. The legal status of bestiality varies from state to state, but in those states where getting jiggy with a piggy is against the law, rape is not considered a distinction, as an animal cannot give consent. But those who say this do not know my delightful pet hog, Nietzsche, but enough *Schweinerei*. Already I have said too much, and once again the cruel men from the ASPCA will tear us apart. They don't know what love is!

WHAT IS THE TICKLE YOU FEEL IN YOUR THROAT THAT CAUSES YOU TO COUGH?

–Bob Gillespie, Pennington, N.J.

In the upper respiratory tract, small hairlike structures called cilia move upward to push out debris such as dust, phlegm and wayward gerbils. An excess of debris causes the reflexive expulsion of air–a cough. I knew a girl named Cilia once. You won't be hearing from her for a long time, I'm afraid.

"I'd like to come between them," says a reader in Wisconsin

WHY ARE THERE BATHROOM ATTENDANTS?

–Marianne M., via e-mail

To interfere with a harmless professor who is innocently conducting an after-hours biology seminar in the stalls at *der discoteca* with a young student, it seems to me. But if you ask those in the hospitality business, they will say that bathroom attendants are present to maintain a high standard of service in the bathroom by making sure it is at all times clean and hygienic. And also to videotape you while you urinate. Not that I mind.

WHAT IS THAT THING ON RASHEED WALLACE'S HEAD?

–John Rankin, Seattle, Wash.

His face–*nicht wahr*? I love that joke. You are likely referring to the patch of gray hair. It covers a birthmark. The hair turned gray during Herr Wallace's freshman year in high school. Frankly, it disturbs me that you would ask such a question. Clearly you are a troubled little man.

Stare at this picture too long and absolutely nothing will happen

ARE SIAMESE TWINS COUNTED AS ONE PERSON OR TWO PEOPLE IN THE CENSUS? AND IS SEX WITH CONJOINED TWINS A MÉNAGE À TROIS?

–Jack V., Springfield, Ill.

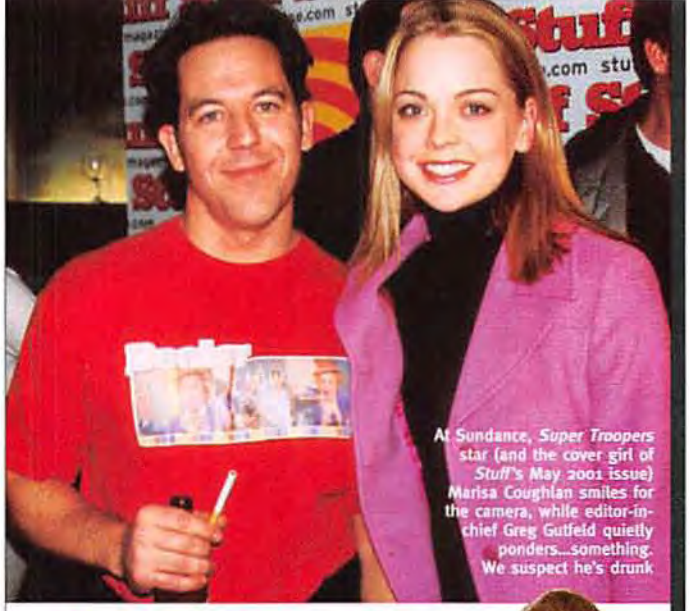
You mean a doubleheader, so to speak? *Natürlich* there is no obligation for parents to report conjoined births. Therefore, it's unknown how many Siamese twins are in the USA. Though my formula is simple: Count every set of Siamese twins and divide by two–surgically! *Ach du lieber*, I crack me up. As for the ménage à trois, it depends on whether everyone's playing ball, so to speak, *ja*?

WHAT'S THE POINT OF DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME?

–Robert M., San Francisco

To save daylight, you *katzenjammer*! DST may sound like the mind-expanding drugginess, of which I, of course, know nothing. But it was first instituted in the U.S. during World War I to conserve fuel, and it was soon adopted in my own fatherland. Even now it saves America 10,000 barrels of oil daily–one percent of its consumption. Originally, DST was a matter for individual U.S. localities, leading to much confusion. But in 1966, it was made law throughout the continental U.S., though it is not observed in eastern Indiana and Arizona, which is frankly baffling. Are they hoping the rest of us will change our minds? In the old country, such treason would cost you your toes!

Photography: (Prof) Warren Salowe



At Sundance, *Super Troopers* star (and the cover girl of *Stuff*'s May 2001 issue) Marisa Coughlan smiles for the camera, while editor-in-chief Greg Gutfeld quietly ponders...something. We suspect he's drunk

Party People In the House

From the Super Bowl to Sundance, *Stuff* magazine and its big fluffy jackets (thank you, Phat Farm) were out in full force, striking fear into the hearts of locals, law enforcement and small domestic pets.

Here, cast members from the sickly funny *Super Troopers* pose for a group picture, just before getting run over by a large Chevy Suburban (rumored to have been driven by Patrick Swayze).

Marylouise Burke, Daniel Minahan and Brooke Smith pose at the party held for their flick, *Series 7*. In it, characters compete in a kill-or-be-killed game show. After this pic was taken, the three opened fire on the stars of *Temptation Island*.

Danny Glover (far left) and *3 A.M.* director Lee Davis (far right) stand there grinning. Also pictured: three more people. We're a little fuzzy as to what was going on by this point in the evening. Note to self: Tequila and cold medicine don't mix.

At our second annual FUBU Super Bowl party in Tampa, L.L. Cool J shows us what's dear to his heart. And that's, uh, *Stuff* magazine. Yep! Later, we all went hot-tubbing at Hef's. OK, maybe not. But what's up with that guy in the back?

Photography: (3 A.M.) Ron Crouty.

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Clothing Credits
Date with Destiny p.82-87
Black matte jersey bikini top and shorts by Carolina Herrera (212-396-1884). Brown sheared legend mink bikini top by J. Mendel (888-832-5830). Eagle belt by Chanel (800-550-0005). Black Classes X boots by Christian Louboutin (212-396-1884). Cap-sleeved wrap top by Norma Kamali (www.omo-norma-kamali.com). Perforated shorts by JOOP! (at ZAO, NYC). Open-toe ankle boots by Bottega Veneta (877-362-1715). Black gabardine samurai shorts by John Bartlett (at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000). Rhinestone belt by Iceberg (310-274-0760).

Room with a View p.88-91
Black mesh skirt by Katayone Adeli (212-260-3500). Black mesh tank by Maione Weissler (at What Comes Around Goes Around, NYC, 212-343-9303). Black lace panties by Bisou Bisou (at Nordstrom's). Black heels by Candies (www.candies.com). Red slip by Victoria's Secret (Michal's own). Yellow heels by Christian Louboutin (212-396-1884).

Fine Crystal p.92-96
Hot-pink and purple bra, purple garter and purple fishnets by Agent Provocateur (www.agentprovocateur.com). Maroon shirt by Xuly Bet (stylist's own). Zip-up boots by Ungaro (at Diavolina, L.A., 323-936-3000). Black lace top by Anthony Franco (at Anthony Franco Boutique, L.A., 323-874-6493). Blue fishnets and white panties by Agent Provocateur. Hot-pink and red bra and sheer pink panties by Agent Provocateur. Knee-high black boots by Rodolphe Menudier (at Diavolina, L.A., 323-936-3000). Silver top by Anthony Franco. Black panties and necklace/wrist cuffs by Agent Provocateur.

Vacation Sex p.122-128
Pink bikini by Zimmermann (www.zimmermannwear.com). Silver bracelets and sunglasses (stylist's own). Aqua bikini by Zimmermann. Orange bikini by Zimmermann. Orange sunglasses by Christian Dior Motard Sunglasses by Safilo Group (at select Christian Dior boutiques). Hoop earrings, stylist's own.

Where to Buy p.174
Short-sleeved T-shirt by Diesel (877-4-DDIESEL). Long-sleeved T-shirt by Ted Baker (212-343-8989). Smokey Jade burnished leather vest by cK (at Bloomingdales). Kulter black leather pants and leather belt, both by Diesel.

"It's been a few days. Should I let the gimp out of the box?"

Photography: Alberto Badalamenti. Styling: Kelly Rae. Grooming: Grazia Riverditi for Garren New York.

Additional Photo Credits

Corrections: Issue 14: p.24: Female robot: Image©2000 Peter Menzel. Image is from the photography book *Robo sapiens: Evolution of a New Species* by Peter Menzel and Faith D'Aluisio. A Material World Book. The MIT Press. **Issue 15: p.80-81:** The photographer is Philip Jones Griffith, not Robert Cappa.

p.12: Guy w/ robot: Foto Fantasies. **p.18:** Gutfeld: Greg Broom; mom: courtesy of Greg Gutfeld; vacuum: PhotoDisc; dart board: International Stock; turkey baster: Superstock; outlet: Tony Stone; toaster: Tony Stone; golf clubs: Stock Shop; joystick: Image Bank; Palm Pilot: Image Bank. **p.22:** Kattan: Photofest. **p.25:** Bat: PhotoDisc. **p.30:** Name tag: PhotoDisc; Wallace: AP. **p.32:** Cows: Corbis; Nelson: Globe; Sandburg: Corbis; E.T.: Globe; Einstein: Image Bank. **p.34:** Bisset portrait: Photofest; Bisset hand on head: Globe; Bisset scuba gear: Foto Fantasies; Bisset head: Neal Peters Collection; Bisset big hair head: Visages; Bisset bikini: IPOL; Bisset crochet dress: Photofest. **p.36:** Farley: MPTV; Kid Rock: Corbis Outline; Chyna: Retna; Reese: Isabel Snyder/Corbis Outline; Lil' Kim: Ron Galella; Madonna: Neal Preston/Corbis Outline; Puffy: Corbis Outline; Jones: George Holtz/Corbis Outline; Bale: MPTV; Yeltsin: Sipa Press; Otis: Steve Shaw/Corbis Outline; pyramid: Corbis Images; seagull: Liaison; terrier: Animals Animals. **p.38:** Flag: PhotoDisc; Jackson Jr.: Globe; Queen: Sipa Press; Brown: Retna; gonorrhea: Medichrome; Luckiest Jock: courtesy of Vivid Video. **p.40:** Woods: Globe; Clinton: Globe; turtle: Animals Animals. **p.50:** Devil mask: Photonica; Kansas: Corbis Outline; Asia: London Features; Cross: Shooting Star; Starship: Liaison; Loverboy: Retna. **p.51:** Devil horns: Photonica; Bush: Sipa Press; Marx: Corbis Outline; Kansas: Corbis Outline; Loggins: London Features; Wang Chung: London Features; The Hooters: London Features; Air Supply: Retna; all flames: Corbis Images. **p.52:** Song pillow: Damien Donck. **p.54:** Matthews: Retna; yodelers: Everett; Scatman: Jerry Wolfe/Globe; Hong Kong Phooey: Foto Fantasies. **p.56:** Spin Doctors: Starfile; Nelson: Corbis Outline; Baxter: Starfile; Crowe: Corbis; Snider: London Features; Leen: London Features. **p.57:** Björn Again: Retna; Zombie: Berliner Studios. **p.58:** Russell: London Features; Sixx: Archive; Deville: London Features; Dupree: Retna; Suys: Corbis Outline; Clapton: Globe. **p.60:** Crystal ball: Index Stock; bunny: PhotoDisc; Maxwell: courtesy of The National Enquirer. **p.62:** Ben-Hur: Everett. **p.64:** Glass window: Foto Fantasies; Something About Mary: Everett; Stripes: Photofest; Swingers: Foto Fantasies; Fast Times: Photofest; Clueless: Shooting Star; Risky Business: Neal Peters; Wayne's World: Everett; Trainspotting: Kobal. **p.70:** Pop portrait: Matthias Clamer/Corbis Outline; Pop hands together: Chuck Pulin/Starfile; Pop in tub: Frank W. 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WOMEN'S STUDIES

OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

HOW TO ENTER: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 15, 2001, for inclusion in the May 2001 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.

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WINNER SELECTION: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.

PRIZE/VALUE: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.

NOTIFICATION/TERMS: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.

RELEASE OF LIABILITY: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.

WINNERS LIST: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2002. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where proscribed by law may omit the stamp.)

LETTERS, TRUE LIES AND WRONG!

COMPETITION RULES

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WINNER SELECTION: Selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.

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ODDS OF WINNING: Depends upon number of entries submitted. One winner per contest.

NOTIFICATION/TERMS: Winner will be notified by mail. Except where prohibited, winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity and the publication in STUFF Magazine of his/her entry without additional compensation. The winners grant to STUFF permission to edit his/her entry within the sole discretion of STUFF, and publish his/her stories. Winners release STUFF, Nike, Kremlyovskaya and their parent and affiliate companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. For "Wrong! Contest," entries will not be returned.

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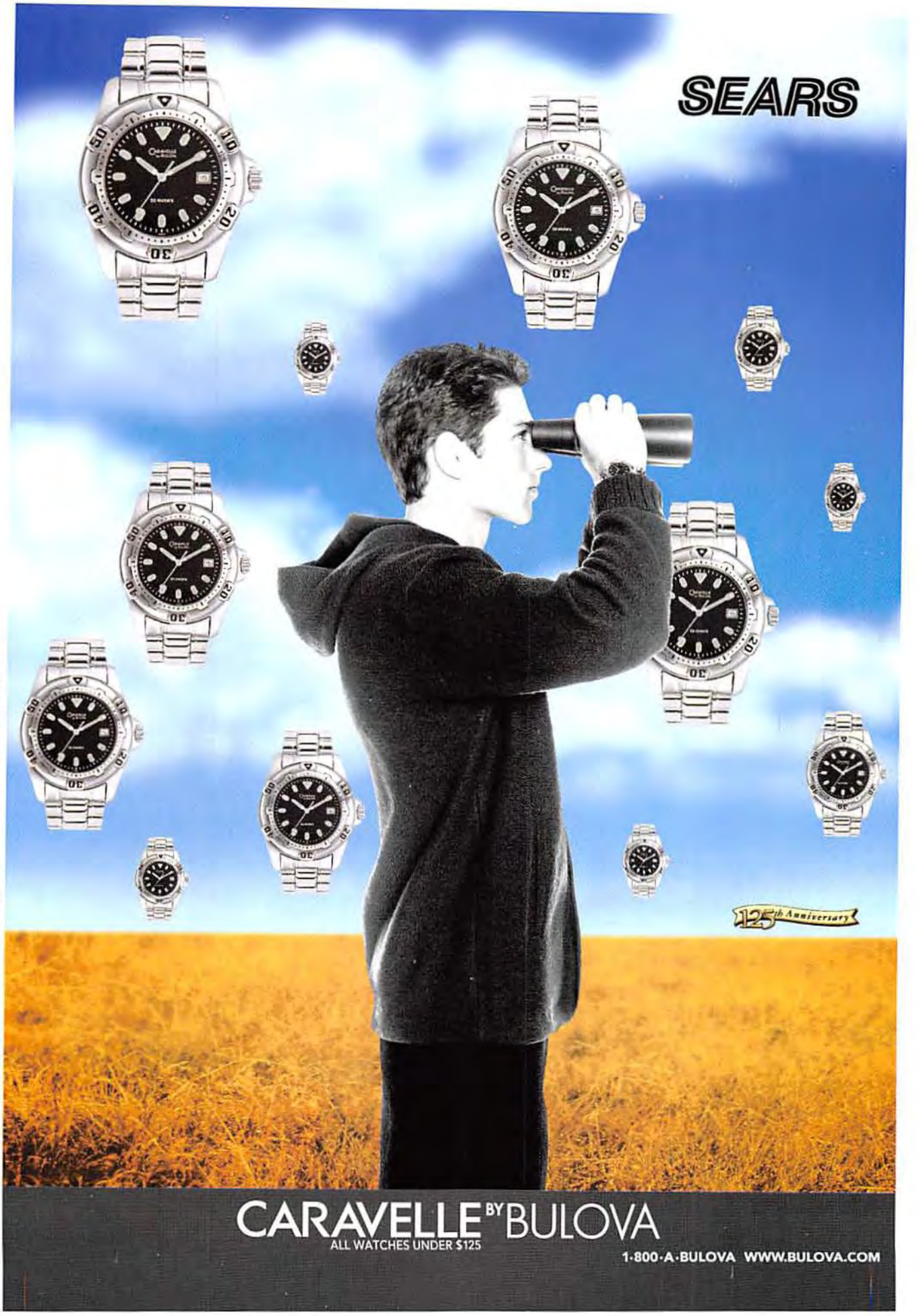
Photography: Damien Bonck.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